THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

Ταδε δαει μαξεσθ ομοια, δια δε των αυτων αει.

EPICHARMUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH WHETHAM, 144 CHESNUT STREET.

1838.

PRINTED BY A. I. DICKINSON.

In presenting to the public a new edition of Cowper's translation of the Iliad of Homer, it may, perhaps, be proper to remark that it has been the aim of the publisher to render the work as accurate as possible, and to exhibit it in such a form as to be agreeable to the reader without putting the price beyond the reach of any one who might wish to possess the work. The notes and emendations of the author's last edition have all been retained; nor has the publisher allowed the slightest change to be made in the work, so that it may justly be said of this edition, that it is Cowper's translation just as Cowper left it. Any thing by way of commendation would be superfluous. The friends of the translator will judge for themselves, and the merit of Cowper stands too high in the estimation of the public to require commendation.

The English reader will be pleased to observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danaï, are signified Grecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Briseis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in heaven on that occasion.

BOOK I.

Sing, Muse, the deadly wrath of Peleus' son
Achilles, source of many thousand woes
To the Achaian host, which numerous souls
Of heroes sent to Ades premature,
And left their bodies to devouring dogs
And birds of heaven (so Jove his will perform'd)
From that dread hour when discord first embroil'd
Achilles and Atrides king of men.*
Who of the gods impell'd them to contend?
Latona's son and Jove's. For he, incens'd
Against the King, a foul contagion rais'd
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,

* Homer exhibits his hero, not such as he ought to have been, but such as he had heard him reported; avoiding thus the folly into which many have been betrayed of delineating a perfect character, a character consequently that cannot serve as an example, and, for that reason, useless.—Se Clarke.

For the affront from Atreus' son receiv'd
By his priest Chryses. To the fleet of Greece
He came with precious ransom to redeem
His captive daughter, and Apollo's wreath
And golden sceptre bearing in his hand.
  His supplication was at large to all,
The host of Greece, but most of all to two,
The sons of Atreus, highest in command.*
  Ye gallant chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
(So may the gods who in Olympus dwell
Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety) take my gifts
And loose my child, in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.
  At once the voice of all was to respect
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;
But so it pleas'd not Atreus' mighty son
King Agamemnon, who with harsh rebuke
And with loud threat'nings stern him thus dismiss'd.
  Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks
I find thee not now ling'ring, or henceforth
Returning, lest the garland of thy god
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought.
I will not loose thy daughter, till old age
Find her far distant from her native soil,
Beneath my roof in Argos, at her task
Of tissue-work, and partner of my bed.
Move me no more. Be gone; hence while thou may'st.
  He spake, the old priest trembled and obey'd
Silent he roam'd the loud remurm'ring shore,
Till far retir'd the venerable man
Pray'd to his sov'reign god, Latona's son.

* *Homer is highly* commended by Aristotle for with*drawing himself so soon*; after a short exordium he ceases *to speak in his own* person, and from the moment that *Chryses appears, the* poem, not the poet, engages our attention.

God of the silver bow, who with thy power
Encirclest Chrysa,* and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos* and Cilla the divine,
Sminthian Apollo ?† If I e'er adorn'd
Thy beauteous fane, or on thy altar burn'd
The fat acceptable of bulls or goats,
Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge
On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.
Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The god,
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,
March'd in his anger; shaken as he mov'd
His rattling arrows told of his approach.
Like night he came, and seated with the ships
In view, despatch'd an arrow. Clang'd the cord
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.‡
Mules first and dogs he struck, but, aiming soon
Against the Greeks themselves his bitter shafts,
Smote them. The frequent piles blaz'd night and day.
Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew:
The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened
The host in council. Jove's majestic spouse,
Mov'd at the sight of Grecians all around
Expiring, touch'd his bosom with the thought,§

* Islands of the Sigæan Sea, nearly opposite to Troy and at no great distance from it. Cilla was a town of Troas.

† So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, sminthos in their language meaning a mouse.—*See the Scholiast, as quoted by Barnes.*

‡ For this singular line the translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one.

Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ αργυρεο ιο βιο ιο.

§ *The goddess* had two reasons for the partiality to the *Greeks: first*, because she was in such high repute in Ar

The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
Uprose Achilles ardent, and began.
Atrides! I suppose, if we escape
With life, we now must wander home again,
Since war and plague unite to lay us waste.
But time is urgent;—haste we to consult
Priest, prophet, or interpreter of dreams,
(For dreams are also of Jove) that we may learn
What crime of ours Apollo thus resents,
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
He charges on us, and if sooth'd with steam
Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.
He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose,
Calchas, an augur foremost in his art.
He all things, present, past, and future knew,
And him his skill in prophecy, a gift
Conferr'd by Phœbus on him, had advanced
To be conductor of the fleet to Troy;
And thus, intelligent, the sage began.
Noble Achilles! Would'st thou learn from me
What cause hath mov'd Apollo to this wrath,
The shaft-arm'd king?* I shall divulge the cause.
But not till thou shalt cov'nant first and swear
That both in argument and by the sword
Thou wilt protect me; for I judge amiss,
Or the most pow'rful man of all the host,
Whose will no Greek disputes, shall be incens'd

that the whole country was said to be her temple: secondly, because Paris had decided against her when she stood candidate with Minerva and Venus for the prize of beauty. Minerva, on the latter account, patronized them also.—*Vide Schol. per Barnes.*

* *Apollo, or the sun,* says Macrobius, is called εκηβολος *or* εκατηβολος, *because he darts his rays from the greatest height and distance; for* by his arrows his rays are intended.

And wo to him who shall incense a king!
For though he smother his revenge to-day,
He still retains it, and at last performs.
Speak, therefore, wilt thou interpose and save me?
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.*
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the god,
Speak boldly. No—by Jove's beloved son,
By that Apollo whom thou seek'st in prayer
And in whose name thou prophesiest, none,
While I shall breathe and see the light of day
Shall lay the hands of violence on thee
In all this camp. Not even should'st thou name
King Agamemnon, sov'reign of us all.
Then was the seer embolden'd, and he spake.
No vow, the god, no hecatomb unpaid,
But the dishonour of his priest, resents,
Whom Agamemnon menaced, and refused
His daughter's freedom at the richest price.
He is the cause. Nor will Apollo grant
End or abatement of this heavy wo,
'Till ye restore her to her father's arms
Gratuitously freed, and send beside
A hecatomb to Chrysa. This perform'd,
There yet is hope the god may be appeased.
He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The hero Agamemnon, thron'd supreme.
Tempests of black resentment overcharged
His heart, and indignation fired his eyes.
Reproaching Calchas first, he thus began.
Prophet of evil—ever such to me!†

* Clarke observes, that epithets of this kind, expressive of some particular endowment either of mind or body, should be considered as *appellatives* rather than as epithets; and, *for that reason*, condemns it as a folly to censure Homer *for calling his hero* swift on all occasions.

† *The proper import* of χακοσσομενος, according to Porphyrius, is χακομανιν αυτον ονειδιζων.

Ill tidings always are thy soul's delight,
And never came good word of thine to pass—
And now, the Greeks are to be taught that I,
I mov'd Apollo's wrath, and caus'd the plague,*
Choosing much rather than her father's gifts
To bear Chrysëis home, whom I prefer
To Clytemnestra's self, my first-espous'd,
With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
Accomplishments, she may be well compared.
Yet, being such, I will return her hence
If that she go be best. Perish myself—
But let the people of my charge be sav'd!
Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,
And seek it instant. It were much unmeet
That I alone of all the Argive host
Should want due recompense, whose former prize
Is elsewhere destin'd, as ye all perceive.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
Atrides, glorious above all in rank,
And as intent on gain as thou art great,
Whence shall the army gratify thee now?
The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns
Which we have taken, hath already passed
In distribution, and it were unjust
To gather it from all the Greeks again.
But send thou back this virgin to her god,
And when Jove's favour shall have given us Troy,
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.
To whom the sovereign of the host replied:†

* The poet's admirable attention to character is here manifested, who makes the exasperated sovereign *thrice* repeat the same accusation.—*Clarke.*

† *It was the opinion* of Rapin that these transition-lines *though Homer never* varies them, ought, for the refresh*ment of the reader*, to have been diversified as much as pos*sible. But Clarke*, with more taste and judgment, replies,

Godlike Achilles,* valiant as thou art,
Would'st thou be subtle too? But me no fraud
Shall over-reach, or art persuade, of thine.
Would'st thou, that thou be recompens'd, and I
Sit meekly down defrauded of my due?
And did'st thou bid me yield her? Let the Greeks
Requite me, then, with competent amends,
Such as may please me, and it shall be well.
Else, if they give me none, I will command
Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize
It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
And let the loser chafe. But this concern
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.
Come—Launch we now into the sacred deep
A bark well mann'd, prepared to carry hence
The beautiful Chryseïs, and with her
The sacrifice required. Go also one
High in authority, some counsellor,
Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
Thou most untractable of all mankind,
And seek by rites of sacrifice and pray'r
To sooth Apollo on our host's behalf.
Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
Ah! cloth'd with impudence as with a cloak,†

that such lines requiring to be transiently read and rapidly, cannot be too unadorned and simple.

* When Homer gives to his heroes the epithet godlike, we are to understand it, not as an ascription of universal excellence, but only of some one quality perhaps of mind or body, by which they merit praise.—*Clarke.*

† Some learned men, more qualified perhaps by zeal than discretion to plead the cause of Homer against those who charge him here with coarseness and vulgarity of invective, *allege in his defence*, that we ought not to account the expressions *in the original* as unjustifiable as they appear in *translation, because* the Greek words are incomparably *more harmonious* than any modern words by which the

And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou—
What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee
Wage covert war, or open? Me, thou know'st,
Troy never wrong'd; I came not to avenge
Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,
Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
Of Phthia the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,
And obstacles are numerous interpos'd,
Vale-dark'ning mountains, and the dashing sea.
No—Shameless Wolf!* For thy good pleasure sake
We came, and, Face of flint!† t' avenge the wrongs
By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,
On the offending Trojan—service kind,
But lost on thee, regardless of it all.
And now—What now? Thy threat'ning is to seize
Thyself, the just requital of my toils,
My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er
We ransack, half thy booty. Rapid march
And furious onset—these I largely share,
And thou, division made, the richest spoil;
For I, contented easily, bear home
To my own fleet the little that I win

can be rendered. The apology is certainly but a weak one, because it advances the ear into the province of the judgment, and makes the agreeable sound of a brutal expression an excuse for its meaning. A better answer seems to be, that in an age of simplicity and among a people as yet but imperfectly polished, the violent emotions of the mind seek only to gratify themselves, and angry persons finding violent and rude expressions most suited to that purpose, prefer them accordingly. It is not till a country has attained to a very high degree of refinement, that men learn to be angry with good manners, and to resent an affront with delicacy.

* *Κυνωπα.* † μεγ αναιδες.

After long battle, and account it much.
But I am gone, I and my sable barks,
(My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,
Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean
Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.
He ceas'd, and Agamemnon thus replied.
Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all,
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For in dissension ever and in blood
Is thy delight; yet valour is no ground
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heav'n.
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!
There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wrath a jot.* But this I say,
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chryseïs, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,
So sure the fair Briseïs shall be mine.
I will demand her even at thy tent.
So shalt thou well be taught, how high in pow'r
I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me.
He ended, and Achilles' bosom swell'd
With indignation; racking doubt ensued
And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
A passage through them, with his blade unsheath'd

* After many attempts to change this expression for a better, *I find myself obliged* to retain it. It has been called *a vulgarism; but our language* affords no synonime of equal *force, and it has the* authority of Shakspeare who uses it in *one of the finest scenes* of Othello.

To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,
Or to command his stormy spirit down.
So doubted he, and undecided yet
Stood drawing forth his faulchion huge; when lo!
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
Were dear, and who alike watch'd over both,
Pallas descended.* At his back she stood
To none apparent, save himself alone,
And seiz'd his golden locks. Startled, he turn'd,
And instant knew Minerva. Flash'd her eyes
Terrific, whom in haste he thus bespake.
Daughter of Jove, why com'st thou? that thyself
May'st witness these affronts which I endure
From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.
To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heav'n
Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,
Thine anger. Beauteous Juno, friend alike
To thee and to Atrides, bade me down:
Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy faulchion forth.
Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.
For I foretell thee true. Thou shalt receive,
Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss
For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.
To whom Achilles. Goddess, though provok'd
In the extreme, I dare not disregard
Thy word, which to obey is always best.
Who hears the gods, the gods hear also him.
He said; and on his silver hilt the force
Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade
Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn
Of Pallas. She to heav'n well-pleas'd return'd,

* The interposition of Minerva on the occasion signifies merely that his own good sense suggested to him a better course.

And in the mansion of Jove Ægis-arm'd*
Arriving, mingled with her kindred gods.
But though from violence, yet not from words
Abstain'd Achilles, but with bitter taunt
Opprobrious, his antagonist reproach'd.
Oh charg'd with wine,† in stedfastness of face,
Dog unabash'd, and yet at heart a deer!
Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,
Hast dared to take thine also; never thou
Associate with Achaia's chiefs, to form
The secret ambush. No. The sound of war
Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
Doubtless the course is safer far, to range
Our num'rous host, and if a man have dared
Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.
Tyrant! the Greeks are women, else themselves
Would make this contumelious wrong thy last.
But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.
By this same sceptre,‡ which shall never bud,

* The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

† When Nestor recommends it to Agamemnon to entertain the chiefs—see B. IX.—He suggests to him as a reason for it, that his tents are full of wine; which seems in some degree to corroborate this accusation of Achilles.—*Vide Schol. per Villoison.*

‡ They have but little taste for the writings of the ancients who object to this history of the sceptre as trivial and therefore tedious. Such cavillers have, however, been found among the moderns, though, as is well observed by Pope, the ancients must have had a juster opinion of it, or Virgil would never have given almost a literal translation of it, as he has in the following lines.

Ut Sceptrum hoc————————
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras,
Cum semel in sylvis imo de stirpe recisum
Matre caret, posuitque comas et brachia ferro;

Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
Its parent on the mountain-top, what time
The woodman's axe lopp'd off its foliage green,
And stript its bark, shall never grow again;
Which now the judges* of Achaia bear,
Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
Time shall be, when Achilles shall be miss'd;
When all shall want him, and thyself the pow'r
To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
When Hector at your heels shall mow you down,
The hero slaught'ring Hector! Then thy soul,
Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,
That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
A chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.
So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
Studded with gold, and sat. On th' other side
The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood,
When the harmonious orator arose,
Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
Dropp'd eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
Two generations past of mortals born
In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself,

Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus ære decoro
Inclusit, patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.

Æn. XII. 206.

To render these in English for the use of the unlearned reader, would be only to give him the translation of Homer's lines which he has now before him, over again.—*See Clarke.*

* In the beginning, every Grecian city had its king, by whom the people were governed, not arbitrarily, as was the case with the barbarous nations, but according to the laws and customs of their native country; and the most powerful sovereign was he who exercised his authority with the most justice. This is proved even by Homer, who calls his kings judges and dispensers of equity.

Dion. Halicarn. Antiq. Rom. Lib. 5.

He govern'd now the third*—amid them all
He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.
Ye Gods! great sorrow falls on Greece to-day.
Priam, and Priam's sons, with all in Troy—
Oh how will they exult, what triumph feel,
Once hearing of this strife aris'n between
The prime of Greece in council and in arms.
But be persuaded; ye are younger both
Than I, and I was conversant of old
With princes your superiors, yet from them
No disrespect at any time received.
Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Pirithous, Dryas, godlike Polypheme,
Exadius, Cæneus, and the hero son
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; warriors, all,
In force superior to the race of man.† [fought,
Brave chiefs they were, and with brave foes they
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights
The centaurs, whom with havock such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,

* He was therefore about ninety years of age.—*Clarke.*

† Pirithous, son of Ixion; Athenian by birth, but who dwelt among the Centaurs. At his marriage with Hippodamia he invited them to the wedding feast, when, being intoxicated, they layed violent hands on the Grecian women, on which account Pirithous, at the head of the Lapithæ, slew many of them and drove the rest to Malea, a mountain or promontory of Peloponnesus.—*Schol. per Villoison.*

Theseus was king of Athens, and a hero little inferior to Hercules.

Concerning Exadius and the Polypheme here intended the commentators are silent.

Cæneus was son of Elatus, and king of the Lapithæ: ori-
ginally a beautiful woman, but transformed at her own re-
quest by her lover Neptune into a man. Vide Schol. 7
Ill.

They call'd me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I serv'd them. Who is he?
What prince or chief of the degen'rate race
Now seen on earth, who might with these compare?
Yet even these would listen to my voice,
Which hear ye also; for compliance proves
Oft-times the safer and the manlier course.
Thou, Agamemnon, valiant as thou art,
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive
With our imperial chief; for never king
Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, or was thron'd so high.
Say thou art stronger, and art goddess-born,
How then? His territory passes thine,
And he is lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
And it shall be mine office to entreat
Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host.*
To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,
The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,
Old chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here—
Nought will suffice him but the highest place;
He must control us all, reign over all,
Dictate to all; but he must win us first.
If the eternal gods have made him brave,
Derives he thence a privilege to rail?

* If the reader feels himself in any part of this speech disposed to censure Nestor for his loquacity, he ought, at least, to praise the poet, who with a judicious attention to his time of life has made him such. Scaliger, whose business is, as the eulogist of Virgil, always to exalt him above Homer, inveighs bitterly against the latter on account of this garrulity of the ancient Pylian, but Plutarch justifies and applauds it.—*See Clarke.*

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.
When I become thy tool, and cease to move
But at thy sovereign will, may I be call'd
A dastard, and a fellow of no worth.
Give law to others. Think not to control
Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.
Hear yet again! And weigh what thou shalt hear,
I will not strive with thee in such a cause,
Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight
For her, whom having given, ye take away.
But I have other precious things on board;
Of those take none away without my leave.
Or if it please thee, put me to the proof
Before this whole assembly, and my spear
Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.
Thus they long time in opposition fierce
Maintain'd the war of words; and now, at length.
(The grand consult dissolv'd,) Achilles walk'd,
(Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps
Attending) to his camp and to his fleet.
But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,
A swift one, mann'd with twice ten lusty rowers;
He sent on board the hecatomb; he plac'd
Chryseïs with the blooming cheeks, himself,
And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.
So all embark'd, and plough'd their watery way.
Atrides, next, bade purify the host;
The host was purified, as he enjoin'd,
And the ablution cast into the sea.
Then slew they to Apollo, on the shore
Of the untillable and barren deep,
Whole hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam
Slowly in smoky volumes climb'd the skies. [while
Thus was the camp employed; nor ceas'd the
The son of Atreus from his threats denounc'd
At first against Achilles, but command

Gave to Talthybius and Eurybates
His heralds, ever faithful to his will.
Haste—Seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son
Achilles. Thence lead hither by the hand
Blooming Briseïs, whom if he withhold,
Attended by an armed force, myself
Will come and seize her—He shall rue the hour.*
Thus harshly charg'd he sent them, and they went.
With tardy steps unwillingly they pac'd
The ocean's border to the barks and tents
Where lodg'd the Myrmidons. Him there they found
Beneath the shadow of his bark reclin'd,
Nor glad at their approach. Trembling they stood
In presence of the royal chief, awe-struck,
Nor question'd him or spake. He not the less
Knew well their embassy, and thus began.
Ye heralds, messengers of gods and men,
Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.
I blame not you; the fault is his alone
Who sends you to conduct Briseïs hence.
Go then, Patroclus, haste, my generous friend!
Lead forth, and to their hands consign the maid.
But be themselves my witnesses before
The blessed gods, before mankind, before

* Much fault has been found by some critics with the interpretation given of this passage in the first edition, in which Agamemnon was made to say, that *if Achilles withheld Briseïs, he would come himself and take her, nor her only, but other spoil also.* But the words are equally susceptible of either sense, and the sense there given is even recommended by the Scholiast, who paraphrases the expression συν πλεονεσσι thus—*μετα πολλων και αλλων κτηματων, αυτην αφαιρησομαι.—See Barnes in loco.*

The mistake therefore rests with them who charged it as *such on the translator.* Finding it, however, perfectly in*different which of* the two senses he prefers, he has now *adopted theirs.*

The ruthless king, should want of me be felt
To save the host from havock*—Oh, his thoughts
Are madness all; intelligence or skill,
Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp
May be secur'd from inroad, none hath he.
  He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
But led forth fair Briseïs; at his hand
Those two receiv'd her, and, departing, sought
The tent of Agamemnon. Loth she went
From whom she lov'd, and looking oft behind.
Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
With eyes directed to the gloomy deep
And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.
  Short-liv'd I must be, and yet being thine
Oh parent goddess! may with cause expect
Some honour from Olympian Jove supreme:
But Jove despises me, for I am robb'd
By Agamemnon of my just reward.
  So pray'd he weeping, whom his mother heard
Within the gulfs of Ocean, where she sat
Beside her ancient sire. From the gray flood
Ascending sudden, like a mist, she came,
Sat down before him, strok'd his face, and said.
  Why weeps my son? and what is thy distress?
Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share.
  To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied,
Thou knowest—why should I at large unfold
To thee, inform'd already, my complaint?
At Thebes, Eëtion's city, we arriv'd,
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.
Just distribution made among the Greeks,
The son of Atreus for his lot receiv'd
Blooming Chryseïs. Her, Apollo's priest,
Old Chryses, follow'd to Achaia's camp,

* The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful aposiopesis.

That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
And golden sceptre of the archer god
Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,
But chiefly to the foremost in command
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest
All recommended reverence of the seer,
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.
But Agamemnon might not so be pleas'd,
Who gave him rude dismission; he, in wrath
Returning, pray'd, whose prayer Apollo heard,
For much he lov'd him. A pestiferous shaft
He instant shot into the Grecian host,
And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept
The whole wide camp of Greece, till at the last
A seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.
I first advis'd propitiation. Rage
Fir'd Agamemnon. Rising, he denounc'd
Vengeance, and hath fulfill'd it. She, in truth,
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send
Propitiation also to the king
Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
Briseïs, mine by the award of all,
His heralds, at this moment, lead away.
But, if thou can'st, assist me—I am thine.
Haste hence to heaven, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
Press him with earnest suit on my behalf.
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the gods,
With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,*

* Jupiter having acquired supremacy in heaven, made an exorbitant use of his power and treated the other gods with much haughtiness. A sedition among them was the consequence and a conspiracy to bind him. But Thetis, apprized of their intentions by her father Nereus, hastened to

l to bind the thunderer, thou did'st loose
s, O goddess! calling to his aid
lred-handed warrior, by the gods
but by men Ægeon nam'd.*
ı prowess and in might surpass'd
r Neptune, who, enthron'd sublime,
nd only to Saturnian Jove
d glory. Fearing him, the gods
ıt presumptuous enterprise abstain'd.
refore, of these things reminding Jove,
his knees;† entreat him that he give
of Troy his succour, and shut fast
ed Grecians, pris'ners in the fleet,
may find much solace in their king,‡
the mighty sovereign o'er them all,
amemnon, may himself be taught
ıess, who hath dared dishonour thus
tself, and bulwark of his cause.

Jupiter, attended by Ægeon, who terrified them
purpose. Jupiter, learning the particulars of this
. Thetis, suspended Juno by the wrists, command-
e and Apollo to work for Laomedon, and in re-
of such signal service rendered him by Thetis,
on her son Achilles the honour of complete ven-
the injury done him by Agamemnon.—Achilles,
sage, desiring the punishment of the Grecians,
lly reminds his mother that those deities who
them had formerly been confederated against
Vide Schol. per Vill.
non of the sea.—According to Clarke such names
ı and things as were in use only among the
ere said by the poets to be given by the gods,
d only among the vulgar, by men.
Grecians touched the head or beard in token of
and as an acknowledgment of superiority; joined
ls to confirm a covenant, and embraced the knees
le to supplication.—*See the Schol. in Villoison.*
ωνται.

To whom the goddes weeping while she spake.
My son! ah, wherefore have I brought thee forth,
Why rear'd thee, doom'd to sorrow as thou wast!
I wish thee safe, and wish thee many years,
But vainly—for thy lot is hasty death,
And sorrow while thou liv'st. Fate therefore frown'd
With darkest aspect on thy natal hour.
But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
I will myself plead for thee in the ear
Of Jove, the thunderer. Meantime at thy fleet
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks
Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
For to the banks of the Oceanus,*
Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,
He Journey'd yesterday, with whom the gods
Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.
Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,
That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem
Of my endeavour, or my prayer shall speed.
So saying she left him, but with anger fir'd
For fair Briseïs forc'd from his embrace
By stress of pow'r. Meantime Ulysses came
To Chrysa with the hecatomb in charge.
Arriv'd within the haven deep,† their sails
Furling, they stow'd them in the bark below.
Then by its tackle lowering the mast
Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
Heav'd anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;
Forth came the victims of Apollo next,
And, last, Chryseïs. Her Ulysses led

* A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer. *Vide Diod. Sicul.* lib. i. p. 86 and 88.

† The original word (πολυβενθεος) seems to express variety of soundings, an idea probably not to be conveyed in an English epithet.

Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
Of her own father, and him thus address'd.
O Chryses! Agamemnon, king of men,
Hath sent me forth in haste, to render back
Thy daughter to thee, and with her we bring
An hecatomb on all our host's behalf
To Phœbus, hoping to appease the god
By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire.
He spake, and gave her to him, who with joy
Receiv'd his daughter. Then, before the shrine
Magnificent in order due they rang'd
The noble hecatomb. Each lav'd his hands
And took the salted meal, and Chryses made
His fervent pray'r with hands uprais'd on high.
God of the silver bow, who with thy power
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine!
My prayer prevail'd then—the afflicted Greeks
Have felt thy power, and thou hast honour'd *me*.
Oh hear me once again—now heal the host,
Delay not—drive the noisome pest away.
So spake the suppliant Chryses, and was heard.
Then pray'd the Grecians also, and with meal
Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
First pierc'd, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs
They, next, invested with the double cowl,
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
The priest burn'd incense, and libation pour'd
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth
Train'd to the task. The thighs with fire consum'd,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, pierc'd it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Their *whole task thus* accomplish'd, and the board

Set forth, they feasted, and were all suffic'd.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left
Distributing the cups, serv'd every guest.
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
To song propitiatory gave the day,
Chaunting to Phœbus, archer of the skies,
Melodious pæans. Pleas'd, Apollo heard.
But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;
And, when the day spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd
Aurora, look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
Then spread th' unsullied canvass to the gale,
And the wind fill'd it. Roar'd the sable flood
Around the bark, that ever as she went
Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away.
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
With scantlings long, and sought their several tents.
But swift Achilles, Peleus' noble son,
Beside his gallant bark or in his tent
Pin'd all the day, nor would in council seek
Distinction, or appear in battle more,
Though his heart panted for the glorious field.
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the east,
Then all the everlasting gods to heaven
Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son
From the salt flood emerging, sought betimes
Olympus and the boundless fields of heav'n.
High, on the topmost eminence sublime
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceiv'd

he Thunderer seated, from the gods apart.
he sat before him, to his knees applied
'er left hand, plac'd her right beneath his chin,
nd thus the king, Saturnian Jove, implor'd.
Father of all, by all that I have done
r said that ever pleas'd thee, grant my suit.
ask some honour on the waning days
f my unhappy son, doom'd soon to die,
or he endures dishonour now, depriv'd
y Agamemnon of his just reward.
ut oh! consent not thou to his disgrace,
lympian Jove! but honour him, and grant
'roy's host to prosper, till Achaia's host
Vith tenfold honours heal his present harm.
She spake, to whom the Thunderer nought replied,
ut silent sat long time. She, as her hand
Iad grown there, still importunate, his knees
lasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd.
Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,
r send me hence (for thou hast none to fear)
lainly refused; that I may know and feel
y how much I am least of all in heaven.
To whom, o'erwhelm'd with sadness, at the last,
'hus Jove replied. Hard task and full of strife
'hou has enjoin'd me; Juno will not spare
or jibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
ounds daily in the ears of all the gods,
'hat I assist the Trojans; but depart,
est she observe thee; my concern shall be
low best I may perform thy full desire.
nd to assure thee more, I give the sign
ıdubitable, which all fear expels
t once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirm'd,
lay, after, be revers'd or render'd vain.
He ceas'd, and under his dark brows the nod
ouchsaf'd of confirmation. All around

The sovereign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reel'd.*
Their conference clos'd, they went; she down at once
With headlong plunge into the briny deep,
And to his own ethereal mansion Jove.
His dread approach perceiv'd, uprose the gods,
And all at once, to meet the sire of all.
He reach'd his throne and sat.—Nor had he held
That conference with the daughter of the deep
By Juno unobserv'd, who all in haste
As touch'd with deep resentment, thus began.
Oh close and politic! what goddess shares
Thy counsels now? That favour free to all
Is still refus'd to me, unworthy deem'd,
Think what thou may'st, to know one thought of thine.
To whom the Sire of gods and men replied.
Juno, despair to be inform'd of all
My plans and views; Jove's consort as thou art,
Thou could'st not learn them. What thou can'st, thou shalt,
And none in heaven or earth with less restraint.
But leave That hidden which I choose to hide,
Nor search nor ask what none in heaven shall know.
Then thus, with eyes full-orb'd the spouse of Jove.†

* When Phidias was asked after what original he would make his statue of Jupiter, he answered that he had found one in this passage of Homer.—*Vide Macrob.* lib. 5. c. 13.

† Objections have been made to the epithet ample-eyed as not a proper version of βοωπις, and this now substituted will be found alike exceptionable. But Riccius, in his Dissertations on Homer, sufficiently justifies such an interpretation. Observing on the particle βω he says—*Quæ particula nihil quidem per se, atque seorsim significat, sed tamen eas voces, quas componit, intendendi, atque exaugendi vi*

Dread son of Saturn! why these words to me!
Far less asperity might serve to chide
My first inquiry; for I ever left,
Till now, thy secret counsel to its course.
But fear now prompts me—Thou hast been beguil'd
By Thetis, daughter of the hoary deep,
Who was an early suitress at thy knees.
Ah? Thou hast given her the assuring sign,
And Grecians are to perish at the ships
By thousands, for the glory of her son.
  To whom, incens'd, the Sovereign lord of air.
Ah subtle! Ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my conceal'd designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou say'st—I am well pleas'd
That so it should be. Be advis'd, desist,
Hold thou thy peace. Else, if these dreadful hands
Approach thee once to seize thee, not the force
Of all the gods shall give a check to me.
  He said,—whom Juno, awful goddess, heard
Apall'd, and mute submitted to his will.
But through the courts of Jove the heavenly powers
All felt displeasure; when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interpos'd to sooth
His beauteous mother Juno, and began.—
  What end can be expected but the worst

prædita est a bovis nempe magnitudine, unde deducitur. He then proceeds to vindicate the epithet in this sense of it, and adds,—*Magni autem in muliere, latique oculi, ac multum hiantes pulcherrimi Græcis maxime, atque Hebræis habebantur,* and concludes with the following Latin translation of the Greek expression—

Expassis oculis formosa, augustaque Juno.

Vide Dissert. X

Of this loud brawling for the sake of man,
This din among the gods? Farewell the feast
With all its joys, if spleen must thus prevail.
But let me warn, already not unwarn'd,
My mother to assume her sweetest smiles
To sooth my father, lest he chide again,
And the whole banquet suffer in the storm.
For, if he pleas'd, the Thunderer could unthrone
All here, and, in a moment, dash us down
From heaven to earth—So sovereign is his power.
Then seek to sooth him, for his kindness, once
Secur'd to thee, will soon be felt by all.
He ended, and, upstarting, plac'd a cup
Full-charg'd between his mother's hands, and said.
Be meek, be patient, rule thy troubled heart;
Lest, though I love thee and would gladly aid,
I see thy punishment, and want the power.
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seiz'd
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.*
"From morn to eve I fell," and dropp'd, at last,
Half-dead in Lemnos, where with timely speed
The native Sintians flock'd to my relief.†
So he; then Juno, beauteous goddess, smil'd,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand
Receiv'd the goblet. He from right to left

* Hercules having laid Troy in ruins, was, on his return, driven to Cos by a storm of Juno's raising, who hated him, and who had contrived to cast Jupiter into a profound sleep that he might not interrupt her purpose. Jupiter awaking, in resentment of her artifice practised on him, punished her with bonds, which Vulcan attempting to loose was discovered by Jupiter and cast headlong down to Lemnos.—*Vide Schol. per Barnes.*

† *So called from* Σινω to hurt, because they are said to *have been inventors of* martial weapons.—Vide Schol. per *Vill.*

:tar from the beaker drawn, alert
:ed to all the powers divine.
rang with laughter not to be suppress'd
of Vulcan in his new employ.*
ɜnt they in festivity the day,
were cheer'd; nor was Apollo's harp
or did the Muses spare to add
ive melody of vocal sweets.
n the sun's bright orb had now declin'd,
his mansion, wheresoever built
ame matchless architect, withdrew.
ɔ, kindler of the lightnings, climb'd
ch whereon his custom was to rest
entle sleep approach'd him, and repos'd
ı imperial consort at his side.

'eader, in order that he may partake with the gods
llery of this scene, should observe that the crippled
'ted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all
ɜs administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.
served by the Scholiast that Homer inserts not a
ıile in this first book of the Iliad, and Madame
ıkes the same remark concerning the first of the
Simplicity, they say, and a manner less sublime,
uited to the beginning of such a poem. In the
however, of the Paradise Lost, Milton has given
which no man ever thought misplaced, or would
count surrender.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

BOOK II.

Sweet sleep all night both gods and warrior chiefs,
But not the Thunderer, held. He, waking soon,
Mus'd how to slay the Grecians at the ships
With dreadful havock, for Achilles's sake.
At length, this counsel pleas'd him as the best
And likeliest; to despatch an evil Dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, he thus began.
  Haste, evil Dream! Seek swift the Grecian fleet,*
And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent,
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time

* The ships being drawn ashore, the camp was pitched above them, with no interval or a very narrow one between. The English reader will do well to bear this in mind, else *camp* and *fleet* used indiscriminately as they are by Homer *will often puzzle him.*

When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arriv'd. The gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The request
Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, wo to Troy!
So charg'd the Dream departed. Swift he sought
Achaia's camp and Agamemnon there.
Him lying in his tent he found, immers'd
In dewy sleep ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact
Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.
His form assum'd, the awful Dream began.
Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms,
Giv'st *thou* the night to sleep? It ill beseems
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charg'd, as thou art, with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well; from Jove I come,
Who much compassionates and thinks on thee,
Although so far remote. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arriv'd. The gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.
So spake the Dream, and went; him leaving lost
In hopes and musings not to be fulfill'd.
Full sure he thought Troy's fatal hour arriv'd.*

* Macrobius and others have invented a number of trivial and idle arguments to prove that if Agamemnon was deluded by the dream, his delusion was not, however, *necessary and unavoidable.* Whereas, by this whole machinery the author means no more than poetically to inform us, that *notwithstanding* the defection of Achilles, Agamemnon still

Vain thought! He knew not the designs of Jove;
That both to Greeks and Trojans he ordain'd
Hard conflict yet, and agonies and groans.
Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear
The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest
New-woven, elegant, he first put on,
And his broad mantle—brac'd his sandals, next,
To his unsullied feet, and slung his sword
With argent studs adorn'd; assuming, last,
The sceptre of his sires from age to age
Time-proof, and unobnoxious to decay,
He issued forth into the camp of Greece.
  Soon as Aurora climb'd Olympus' top
With notice to the gods of rising day,
He charg'd his clear-voic'd heralds to convene
The Greeks in council. Those obey'd the charge,
And these in haste assembled at the call.
At Pylian Nestor's ship he gather'd, first,
The senatorial chiefs, to whom his dream
And his intended course he thus reveal'd.
  My fellow-warriors, hear! A dream from heaven,
Amid the stillness of the vacant night
Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,
And air, of noble Nestor. At mine head
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.
  Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms,
Giv'st *thou* the night to sleep? It ill beseems
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charg'd as thou art, with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well; from Jove I come,
Who much compassionates and thinks on thee,
Although so far remote. He bids thee arm

flattered himself, still believed, still dreamed that he could take the city.—*See Clarke.*

Thine universal host; for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arriv'd. The gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,
Then vanish'd suddenly, and I awoke.
Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may,
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself
Will prove them, recommending instant flight
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
Dispers'd, shall, next, encourage all to stay.*
He ceas'd, and sat—and Nestor next arose,
The king of sandy Pylus, to address
The listening princes, and he thus began.
Friends, councellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
This dream from other lips we would account
A falsehood, and renounce it as a snare,
But since he tells it who commands us all,
Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece,
He ceas'd, and ere his steps could bear him forth,
The sceptred chiefs, obedient to the sage,
All rose; meantime the people throng'd around.
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now clustering, and now scatter'd far and near,
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
So they, a various throng, from camp and fleet
O'er the green level mov'd in just array
And tribe by tribe to council. In the midst
Rumour, Jove's messenger, with ardent haste
Inspir'd, and urg'd them to the spot. They met.

* Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts lest the army should so resent his treatment of their favourite *Achilles*, as to be indisposed to serve him.—Vide *Clarke*.

Tumultuous was the concourse. Groan'd the earth
When down they sat, and loud was every tongue.
Nine heralds, then, with voices trumpet-ton'd
Enjoin'd them silence, that the royal chiefs
Might speak to them; and scarcely, at the last,
Were they all settled, and the din was hush'd,
When Agamemnon, sovereign of the host,
Sceptre in hand, arose. (The labour'd work
Of Vulcan's art that sceptre was of old;
He gave it to the king, Saturnian Jove;
Jove to swift, Hermes messenger of heaven,
And he to Pelops; Pelops, in his turn,
To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
To empire over Argos and her isles.)
On that he lean'd, and rapid, thus began.
Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars!
Hard is my lot, entangled as I am
By unpropitious Jove. He promis'd once,
And with a sign, that Troy should be our own;*
But now, (that promise void) he sends me back
To Greece, asham'd and with diminish'd powers,
So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid
Many a proud citadel in dust, and more
Hereafter shall, resistless in his might.
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)
Will make us vile with ages yet to come.
For should we now swear truce, till Greece and Troy
Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,

* *He alludes to the sign given at Aulis.*

Our banded decads should exceed so far
Their units, that all Troy could not supply
For every ten, a man, to fill us wine;
So far the Grecians, in my thought, surpass
The native Trojans. But her walls include
Still others—men from various cities call'd,
Who much impede me, and defeat my wish
To desolate her streets with sword and fire.
Nine years have also pass'd, nine years complete;
Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,
And all our wives and little-ones at home
Sit watching our return; meantime, the work
That brought us, is a work still unperform'd.
Accept ye then my counsel. Let us hence—
Hence to our country—since in vain we wait
The fall of Troy, not yet to be subdued.*

So spake the sovereign, whom, except the fe w
Already warn'd of his intent, all heard
With minds in tumult toss'd. Commotion shook
The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
Of the Icarian deep, when south and east
Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove.
And as the rapid west descending shakes
Corn at full growth, and bends the loaded ears,

* It is impossible to imagine a speech more artfully contrived than this, which at the same time that it seems to recommend the return of the army, in reality is filled with arguments that recommend their stay. The promise of Jove—the fatal consequences to their honour—their superiority in number—and the decay of their ships and tackle, are all so many reasons which ought to deter them from the measure at present; while the only reason for their departure is a mere *gratis dictum* of the speaker, and of no force at all—

Ου γαρ ετι Τροιην αιρησμεν ευρυαγυιαν.

Vide Dionys. Halicarn. lib. qui inscribitur τεχνη cap. 8 & 9.

So was the council shaken. With a shout
All sprang towards the ships; up flew the dust
And overhung them; deafening were the cries
To clear the grooves and slide the barks to sea;*
Down went the galley-props, and up to heaven
Their echoing transports at the thought of home.
Then baffled Fate had seen the Greeks return,
But Juno, timely, thus to Pallas spake.
Unconquer'd daughter of imperial Jove!
Alas! what see we? Shall Achaia's sons
Borne o'er the billowy flood, regain at last
Their native shores by flight? And shall they leave
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her king,
The Argive Helen, in whose fatal cause
So many thousand Greeks have perish'd there?
Haste then—descend among them—and by force
Of soft persuasion win them to repent
Of such mad purpose, ere the fleet be launch'd.
She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
But darting swift from the Olympian heights,
Soon found, in wisdom like another Jove,
Ulysses. Fixt he stood, and stood remote
From all his fleet, for anguish wrung his heart.
Approaching him, the goddess thus began.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Whence all this headlong hurry to the fleet?
Alas! what mean ye? Shall Achaia's sons
Borne o'er the billowy flood, regain, at last,
Their native shores by flight? And shall they leave
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her king,
The Argive Helen, in whose fatal cause
So many thousand Greeks have perish'd there?

* By the *grooves are to* be understood the drills or *trenches which received the* keels of the galleys, and which *served to guide them in* their descent to the water.—*Vide Schol. apud Clarke.*

Haste—seek the frantic people—and by force
Of soft persuasion win them to repent
Of such mad course, ere yet they launch the fleet.
She ceas'd, whose well-known voice Ulysses own'd,
And, casting off his cloak, which from the ground
Eurybates his herald gather'd up,
At Agamemnon's hand he next receiv'd
The everlasting sceptre, and with haste
Impetuous rush'd at once into the throng.
The prince or chief whom he encounter'd there
He gently caution'd—Dastards, fear, he said,
Thou should't not. Go—resume thy proper seat,
And counsel others to return to theirs.
To thee Atrides' purpose is unknown.
He meant a test to prove you—nothing more—
And vengeance follows next. At Nestor's ship
He spake his heart—all were not present there—
I tremble for the sons of Greece—the wrath
Of Agamemnon is no slight concern—
Jove makes the king, and loves the king he makes.
But him of baser sort whose shouts he heard
He with the sceptre smote, and thus reprov'd.
Hence, fellow, to thy seat again—be still,
And listen to thy rulers. When wast thou
Of name or note in council or in arms?
We may by no means all be sovereigns here.
A host of Greeks and every Greek a king
Were inconvenient. One, and one alone,
Rais'd and instructed by Saturnian Jove
To govern and to judge, may well suffice.
With such authority the troubled host
He sway'd; they, quitting camp and fleet again,
Rush'd back to council; deafening was the sound
As when a billow of the boisterous deep
Some broad beach dashes, and the Ocean roars.

The host once more all seated and compos'd
Thersites still was heard, and he alone.
Loquacious, loud, and coarse, his chief delight
Was to inveigh against the kings of Greece,
But always when occasion promis'd him
The public laugh. Him Greece had sent to Troy
The miscreant who sham'd his country most.
He squinted, halted, gibbous was behind
And pinch'd before, and on his tapering head
Grew patches only of the flimsiest down.
He hated most, and therefore most revil'd
Achilles and Ulysses. But the theme
Of his shrill notes was Agamemnon now,
'Gainst whom the Grecians, for Achilles' sake,
Were secretly incens'd. He set his voice
At highest pitch, and thus aspers'd the king.
Whereof complains, what wants Atrides now?
Thy tents are fill'd with treasure, and contain
The choicest damsels, given thee by the Greeks,
And taken in the towns that we have won.
Or is more gold thy wish? A ransom brought
By some rich Trojan for his son's release,
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
Or yet some new Chryseïs, to be thine,
And thine for ever? Our supreme, methinks,
Ought not have caus'd us that accursed plague.
Oh nerveless things! mere women as we are!
Why launch we not our barks, and leave him here
To brood his hoards alone, that he may learn
The value of a chief without his host?
For he hath dar'd to irritate a man
Far braver than himself, whose lovely prize
He even now detains. But as for him,
He sleeps; Achilles is an easy man

And gall hath none within him, or his hand
Would make this contumelious wrong thy last.*
  Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
Thersites. Instant starting to his side,
Noble Ulysses with indignant brows
Survey'd him, and severely thus reprov'd.
  Thersites! Railer?—peace—nor deem thyself,
Although thus eloquent, alone excus'd
The deference due to kings.† Thou, least of all
Atrides' followers, being, as thou art,
So far the worst of all, should'st dare to sport
With royal names, or take them on thy lips.
Nor art thou worthier to appoint the Greeks
Their time to voyage home. How soon, how late,
With what success, at last, we shall return,
Is dark and doubtful to the wisest here.
And whence thy spleen? and wherefore from thy seat
Hast thou revil'd the king? It is because
The Grecians nobly recompense his toils.
But mark me. If I find thee yet again
Raving and foaming at the lips as now,
May never man behold Ulysses' head
On these my shoulders more, and may my son
Prove the begotten of another sire,
If I not strip thee to that hide of thine

* The extremest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.

† It is a fine observation of Plutarch that Ulysses reproaches not Thersites as lame, or bald, or distorted, but merely as a railer; whereas Juno, the mother of Vulcan, and even at a time when she is kindly disposed toward him, denominates him from his lameness.

Ὀρσεο, Κυλλοποδιον, εμον τεκος.

Iliad xxi. 331.—*Clarke.*

As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
Home to thy galley, snivelling like a boy.
He ceas'd, and with his sceptre on the back
And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,
He wept profuse, while many a bloody whelk
Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.
Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,
Deep-sighing, wip'd the rheums. It was no time
For mirth, yet mirth illumin'd every face,
And laughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts
Illustrious, both by well concerted plans
And prudent dispositions of the host,
Ulysses hath achiev'd, but this by far
Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd
This slanderer, and cut short his coarse harangue.
The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,
Take liberties with royal names again.
So they—Then, glorious chief! Ulysses rose
The sceptre in his hand, while at his side
Minerva standing in a herald's form
Commanded silence; that his words impress'd
On all the multitude from front to rear
Might influence every mind. Then thus he said.
Atrides! wretched prince! Thee now, alas!
The Greeks all destine to peculiar shame
n sight of all mankind. Their promise pledg'd
t their departure from the fruitful shores
f Argos, never, never to return
ll Troy should lie a ruin, they renounce,
d with a puny boy's or widow's whine
gh out their sorrowful desires of home.
d home, I grant it, to an aching heart
ms sweet.* The seaman from his wife detain'd

Some for πονος here read ποθος; which reading I have
ed for the sake both of perspicuity and connection.

One only month, while wintry storms confine
His bark in port, sits mournful at her side.
But, as for us, our exile has endur'd
Nine circling years. I, therefore, can excuse
The murmuring Greeks; and yet a lean return
Succeeding hopes so rich—oh foul reverse!
My friends, be patient. Time will soon evince
If Calchas' prophecy be false or true.
For well we know, and all whom Fate has spar'd
Can witness it; that, lately, while the ships
Charg'd with the doom of Priam and of Troy
Within the port of Aulis from all parts
Assembled lay, and we beside the fount
With perfect hecatombs the gods ador'd
Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream
Ran crystal-bright, a wonderous sign appear'd.
A dreadful serpent, dappled on the back
With crimson spots, and by Olympian Jove
Himself protruded, from the altar's foot
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
Eight youngling sparrows with the parent-bird
Sat screen'd with foliage on the topmost bough.
The screaming little-ones with ease he gorg'd;
And while the mother, circling o'er his head,
With shrillest agony bewail'd her loss,
He seiz'd her by the wing, first, drew her down
Within his spiry folds, and then devour'd.
The feather'd family thus all consum'd,
Jove who had sent him, signaliz'd him too,
For he transform'd him suddenly to stone.
We wondering stood, to see that strange portent
Intrude itself into our holy rites,
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd
Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
A prodigy by Jove himself produc'd,
An omen, whose accomplishment indeed

.t, but whose fame shall never die.
this serpent in your sight devour'd,
oungling sparrows, with their dam, the
ıinth,
ine years must war on yonder plain,
he tenth, Troy's spacious town is ours.*
ake the seer, and all is now at hand.
erefore, brave Achaians! go not hence
m's royal city be your prize.
as'd, and such a shout ensued, that all
ow ships return'd the deafening roar
mation, the delighted host
ng to extol the glorious chief.
Nestor rose, and, by the gods, he said,
ıuncils seem the play of idle boys,
'd in the great concerns of war.
now, are all your promises and vows?
ıuncils manly once, your serious acts,
s, sacrifices, solemn oaths
rith the smoke away, and left behind
:anglings only, such as if prolong'd
ɜ, could afford us no redress.
Agamemnon! still be thou the same,
the battle forth as thou art wont.
here be a Greek, perchance, or two,
ɜnt from the rest, leave such to pine
pe alone; since never, as they wish,
revisit Argos, till events
ıt have prov'd Jove's promise false or true.†

o translated this whole passage—closely enough,
observes, but not very musically.
rsion of it, too long for insertion here, may be
ıis treatise de Divinatione, book 2.
composition of the speech, it is observed by the
ɜ have a consummate display both of logical skill
:ical eloquence.
me commentators, Nestor is here supposed to hint

For I affirm it. On the self-same day
When we embark'd from Greece, designing death
And desolation to the race of Troy;
Both by his right-hand thunders, and the sign
Of which ye hear, Jove ratified our hopes.
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each
Possess some Trojan's wife, and till the rape
And sighs of Helen have been first aveng'd.
Who then? What Grecian languishes and sighs
To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand
On his own vessel, and he dies the first.
  But thou, O king, both exercise thy own
And hear the thoughts of others. I suggest
A measure now not worthy to be scorn'd.
Divide the host in districts and in tribes,
That each may aid his neighbour. This perform'd,
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
With ease, what chief, what private man deserts,
And who performs his part. The base, the brave,
Such disposition made, shall both appear;
And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
The gods, or our supineness, succour Troy.*
  To whom Atrides, king of men, replied.
Oldest, and worthiest of Achaia's sons
To be consulted! Oh—I would to heaven
That I had ten in council wise as thou,†

at Achilles and Patroclus; by some at Thersites and a few others like him. The former conjecture is most probable, a buffoon and a snarler being beneath his notice.

* To those who inquire why this excellent advice was not given sooner, the Scholiast well replies, that either the Greeks and Trojans till now had only skirmished, or the former had never found it necessary till Achilles had renounced the service.—*Vide Vill.*

† A just preference is here given to wisdom against force. He does not wish that he had ten such as Ajax, but as Nestor.—*Cic. de Senec.*

Then, soon should Priam's royal city fall,
And yield her spoils to our victorious hands.
But Jove afflicts me. From Saturnian Jove
My doom is altercation to no end;
Thence came, between Achilles and myself
That fiery clash of words, a girl the cause,
Myself aggressor.*—Once that breach repair'd,
Troy's long reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now, that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
High-mettled horses, well survey and search
His chariot on all sides, that no defect
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.
So will we give the day from morn to eve
To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
Till night divide us. Every buckler's thong
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.
Wo then to whom I shall discover here
Loitering among the tents; none such with ease
Shall 'scape due punishment. The vulture's maw
Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.
He spake; whom all applauded with a shout
Loud, as when roll'd toward some headland coast,
The billows beat against a rock that shoots
Afar into the deep, and which the flood
Leaves never, let the winds blow whence they may.

* Two or three words will be sufficient to point the reader's attention to the artful and excellent management of the poet in this important crisis. Ulysses exhorts the people to stay; Nestor recommends immediate battle; and Agamemnon makes an early and public confession of his fault, that the army may the less resent it.—*Vide Dionys. Halicarn. lib. qui inscribitur Τεχνη* cap. 8 and 9.

Arising, forth they rush among the ships;
Smoke every where ascends; in every tent
They take repast, and each invokes his god
For safe escape from danger and from death.
But Agamemnon in his tent prepar'd
For sacrifice to all-commanding Jove
A fifth-year, fatted ox, and to his feast
Summon'd the noblest of the sons of Greece—
Nestor, Idomeneus, the kindred pair
Oïleus' son and Telamon's, the brave
Tydides, and Ulysses sixth and last,
Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,
Heroic chief! unbidden, for he knew
His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.*
Grasping the hallow'd meal they compass'd round
The destin'd ox, and Agamemnon pray'd.
Almighty Father! Glorious above all! [lime,
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in heaven thy throne sub-
Let not the sun go down and night approach,
Till Priam's roof fall flat into the flames,
Till I shall burn his gates with fire, and hew
His hack'd and riven corslet from the breast
Of Hector, and till numerous chiefs, his friends,
Around him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground.
Such prayer he made, but though Saturnian Jove
Receiv'd the hallow'd offering, his request
Not yet he granted, but to double toil
Doom'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.
They then, the triturated barley grain
First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
Deep in the victim's neck revers'd, then stripp'd

* Some learned men have gravely busied themselves in arguing the question whether Menelaus did well or ill, going uninvited.—There can be no doubt that Homer gives it as a proof of the familiar friendship that subsisted between the brothers.—*Clarke*

The carcase, and divided at their joint
The thighs, which in the double cawl involv'd
They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
Ascending fierce from billets seer and dry.
The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals
Suspended held. The thighs with fire consum'd,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, pierc'd it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all suffic'd.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake.
Atrides! Agamemnon! king of men!
No longer waste we time in useless words,
Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
To which heaven calls thee. Send thine heralds forth,
Who shall convene the Grecians at the fleet,
That we, the chiefs assembled here, may range,
Together, the embattled multitude,
And edge their spirits for immediate fight.
He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.
At once, he bade his clear-voic'd heralds call
The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud
Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.
Then Agamemnon and the kings of Greece
With haste dispos'd them in their several tribes,
With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanc'd
Bearing the precious Ægis on her arm,
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay,
Fring'd with twice fifty twists of purest gold,
The worth of each twice fifty sterling beeves.*
All martial fire herself, in every breast

* *Money stamped with* the figure of an ox.

She kindled ardours infinite, and strength
For ceaseless fight infus'd into them all.
Farewell the thoughts of home! each thirsted now
For Grecian glory, and for Greece no more.
As when devouring flames some forest seize
On the high mountains, splendid from afar
The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
The steel-clad host innumerous flash'd to heaven.
And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans
Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Cayster's banks*
On wanton plumes, successive on the mead
Alight at last, and with a clang so loud
That all the hollow vale of Asius rings,†
In number such from ships and tents effus'd,
They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth
Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.
As in the hovel where the peasant milks
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fill'd,
Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
Swarm all round him, so the Grecians swarm'd
An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
Bright-arm'd, high-crested, and athirst for war.
As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks
With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
Their leaders them on every side reduc'd
To martial order glorious; among whom
Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,
To threaten or command," like Mars in girth,
And with the port of Neptune. As the bull

* A river of Asia Minor, so called from Cayster, son of Penthesilea the Amazon. Cayster was the father of Semiramis.

† *So called from* Asius, son of Coteus, king of Lydia.

Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
For he surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
Of heroes, eminent above them all.*
Ye muses! (ye are heavenly, and beheld
A scene, whereof the faint report alone
Hath reach'd our ears, remote and ill-inform'd)
Teach me the princes and the chiefs of Greece.
The host at large—Their multitude was such,
That to immortalize them, each by name,
Ten mouths, ten tongues, an everlasting voice
And breast of adamant, would ne'er suffice.
Jove's daughters only, the Olympian choir
Have power proportion'd to the mighty task.
I will rehearse the captains and their fleets.
Boeotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,†

* When the poet would illustrate and give particular splendour to a subject or means to impress it most forcibly, he uses multiplied similes to effect his purpose. In this passage he employs no fewer than six, but various in their drift and tendency. One represents the splendour of the host, another the number, a third the clang of armour, a fourth the thunder of the horse-hoofs and of the warriors marching, a fifth the marshalling of the troops to battle, and a sixth the majestic person of the commander. So, when at the close of the 17th book he would give an adequate idea of the difficulty with which the body of Patroclus, so long a subject of contest, was at last rescued by Ajax and Menelaus, he expends five similes on the occasion: and three in the fifteenth, to magnify in our apprehension the force of Hector and the firmness of the Grecians.

† Homer, who, it might have been supposed, would have begun his geographical account from Athens or Sparta, or, more probably, from *Mycenæ*, the city of the sovereign, chose to begin it from Bœotia; not for the sake of any peculiar dignity in the character of it, but merely because as a promontory it afforded him a point of particular notoriety.—He is highly applauded by Macrobius for the exactness

And Leïtus, whose partners in command
Arcesilaüs and Prothoenor came,
And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks
Of Aulis follow'd, with the hardy clans
Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plains
Of Mycalessus them, and Harma serv'd,
Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength
Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
March'd, with Eutresis and the mighty men
Of Thisbe fam'd for doves; nor pass unnam'd
Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
Of Haliartus added to the war,
Nor whom Platæa, nor whom Glissa bred,
And Hypothebæ,* and thy sacred groves
To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
A record next for her illustrious sons,
Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine
Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name.
These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
Thrice forty warriors, had arriv'd at Troy.
Aspledon and Orchomenos obey'd
Two sons of Mars—Iälmenus renown'd
In spear-fight, and Ascalaphus the brave.
Them bore Astyoche, a virgin pure
And undeflower'd, till secretly embrac'd

with which he performs his poetical journey, who, on t
contrary, much censures Virgil for his inattention in t
article.—*Vide Macrob.* lib. 5, cap. 15.

† Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs
Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself s
pone.—Vide Schol. per Barnes.

In Actor's palace by the god of war.
In thirty ships came their confederate powers.
  Epistrophus and Schedius, valiant sons
Of old Iphitus, the heroic son
Of Naubolus, the brave Phocensians rul'd.
These Cyparissus and the rugged rocks
Of Python sent, and Crissa the divine;
Those Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
Hyampolis, Cephissus, sacred stream!
And moist Lilæa at its fountain-head.
An active race, in forty ships they came,
And took their station on Bœotia's left.
  Swift Oïlean Ajax to the field
Led forth the Locrians. Of an humbler crest,
Far humbler, and of smaller line was he
Than Ajax Telamon, and with a guard
Of linen Texture light his breast secur'd,
But in all Greece none hurl'd the spear as he.
From fair Augeia, Cynus, Scarpha, came
His powers; from Opoëis and Bessa some,
From Tarpha, Thronius, the Boagrian banks,
And from Calliarus the rest. All these
Were Locrians from beyond Eubœa's isle,
And forty were the banks that brought them all.
  The fierce Abantes of Eubœa next—
From Histriæa cloth'd with purple vines,
From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates
Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights
Of Dios, rock-built citadel sublime,
And from Caristus and from Styra came
Their warlike multitudes, in front of whom
Elphenor march'd, Calchodon's mighty son,
With foreheads shorn and wavy locks behind,
They follow'd, and alike were eager all

To split the hauberk with the shorten'd spear.*
Twice twenty were the ships of his command.
  Nor Athens, had withheld her generous sons,
The people of Erectheus. Him of old
The teeming glebe produc'd, a wonderous birth!
And Pallas rear'd him; her own unctuous fane
She made his habitation, where with bulls
The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs
Her annual worship celebrate. Them led
Menestheus, whom (sage Nestor's self except,
Thrice school'd in all events of human life)
None rivall'd ever in the just array
Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships
Black-prow'd, had borne them to the distant war.
  Twelve were the ships of Ajax, and he rang'd
His band from Salamis at Athens' side.
  The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
And of Hermione, that stands retir'd
With Asine, within her spacious bay;
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
And of Trœzena, with th' Achaian youth
Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
Wave-worn Eïonæ; these all obey'd
The dauntless hero Diomede, whom serv'd
Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a chief
Of deathless fame, his second in command,
And, god-like man, Euryalus, the son
Of king Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third,
But Diomede controll'd them all, and him
Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.
  Mycenæ's noble city, and the rich
Corinthus, Aræthyria's fair abodes,

* Their custom was not to hurl the spear, but to attack *spear in hand.—Vide Strabo*, lib. 10.

Orneia, and Cleonæ, Sicyon, where
Adrastus sway'd his sceptre at the first,
With Hyperesia, Ægium, and the heights
Of Gonoëssa, spacious Helice,
Pellene, and the towns of all the coast
For royal Agamemnon furnish'd forth
A hundred ships. The mightiest and the most
His followers were. All bright with burnish'd brass
He mov'd exulting in his glorious lot,
His band unrivall'd and his power supreme.
From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,
Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilius,
And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot
The surf of Ocean falls, some sixty barks
With Menelaus. From the monarch's host
The royal brother rang'd his own apart,
Whom, kindling with peculiar rage himself,
He urg'd to battle, claiming at their hands
Furious redress of injur'd Helen's woes.
Pylus, Arene, Thryos by the fords
Of Alpheus, Æpy with her stately towers,
Pteleos and Helos, Cyparissa dark
With broad redundance of funereal shades,
Amphigenæ, and of deathless fame
Dorion. In Dorion erst the muses met
Thrëïcian Thamyris, on his return
From Eurytus, Oechalian chief, and hush'd
His strains for ever; for he dar'd to vaunt
That, would the tuneful choir of Jove themselves
With him contend, he would deserve the prize.
They, therefore, so provok'd, struck blind the bard,
And doom'd him to oblivion of his art.*

* *Thamyris* was the son of Philemon and the nymph Ar-

These were the cities of the spacious realm
By Nestor rul'd, and ninety were the barks
In which their powers had follow'd him to Troy.
  Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
Entomb'd; a generation bold in fight,
And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men
Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks
Graz'd numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak
Enispe; Mantinea city fair,
Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,
Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships
To Troy conducted; numerous was the crew,
And skill'd in arms, which every vessel brought,
And Agamemnon had with barks himself
Supplied them, for, of inland realms possess'd,
They little heeded maritime employs.
  The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
Myrsinus and th' Hyrminian plain between,
The rock Olenia, and th' Alysian fount;
These all obey'd four chiefs, and galleys ten
Each chief commanded, with Epeans fill'd.
Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,

sias. He excelled both in beauty and as a poet, and wagered with the muses that if he proved more skilful on the lyre than they, they should submit to his embraces; otherwise, they should deprive him of what they pleased. He was worsted, and punished with the loss of sight and intellect.—We have cause to regret that all his works have perished; such honourable testimony given to his talents by this chief of poets, sufficiently proves his excellence as a bard, whatever might be his vanity.

This short history of him is evidently introduced by the poet to diversify his matter and relieve the mind of the *reader.*

This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung
From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house.
Diores, son of Amarynceus, those
Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,
Polyxenus was chieftain o'er the rest,
Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son.
  Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
Th' Echinades, whose opposite aspect
Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,
Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
Phyleus in wrath his father's house renounc'd,
And to Dulichium wandering, there abode.
Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.
  Ulysses led the Cephallenians bold.
From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these,
And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
And from the opposite Ionian shore.
Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
To Troy, in twice six galleys crimson-prow'd.
  Ætolia's warriors under Thaos came
Andremon's son. From Olenos were they,
From Chalcis, from Pylene, from the walls
Of Pleuro, and from rock-bound Calydon.
For Meleager now, with all the sons
Of Oeneus was extinct; to Thoas' hands
Had therefore pass'd the whole Ætolian realm,
And forty were the barks that realm supplied.
  Idomeneus, spear-practis'd warrior, led
The numerous Cretans. In twice forty ships
He brought his powers to Troy. The warlike bands
Of Cnossus, of Gortyna wall'd around,
Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky-white,

Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth
Of Rhytius him obey'd; nor these were all,
But others from her hundred cities Crete
Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
Commanded, with Meriones in arms
Dread as the god of battles blood-imbrued.
  Nine ships Tlepolemus, for mighty size
And courage fam'd, like Hercules his sire,
Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes
Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,
Those Lyndus, and the rest the shining soil
Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore
To Hercules (what time he led the nymph
From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,
After full many a city laid in dust)
Astyocheia. In his father's house
Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-fam'd
Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime,
When he his father's hoary uncle slew
Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,
And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil
And many woes he suffer'd, till at length
At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
He spread himself abroad. Much was he lov'd
Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
And shower'd abundant riches on them all.
  Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came;
Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore
To Charopus the king; Nireus, in form,
(The faultless son of Peleus sole except)
Fairest proportion'd of the sons of Greece.
But he was heartless, and his men were few.*

* The poet, it is observed, by his manner of mentioning *Nireus*, whose name he thrice repeats, contrives admirably

Nisyrus, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos
Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
Calydnæ nam'd, beneath two valiant chiefs
Their troops dispos'd; Phidippus one, and one
His brother Antiphus, begotten both
By Thessalus, whose sire was Hercules.
In thirty ships they sought the shores of Troy.
The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair
Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles rul'd.
But these, perforce, rènounc'd the dreadful field,
Since he who should have rang'd them to the fight,
Achilles, in his fleet resentful lay
For fair Briseïs' sake; her loss he mourn'd,
Whom, after many toils, and after sack
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he smote
Epistrophus and Mynes, valiant sons
Of king Evenus, he had made his own.
He, therefore, sullen in his tent abode,
Dead for her sake, though soon to rise again.
From Phylace, and from the flowery fields
Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given
By consecration, and from Iton green,
Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea,
And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came
A people, whom, while yet he liv'd, the brave
Protesilaüs led; but him the earth
Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,
To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,
And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died

to give some importance to a person, who otherwise had so little that he was hardly worth mentioning at all.—*Vide Clarke.*

Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land
Long ere the rest, a Dardan struck him dead.
Nor had his troops, though fill'd with deep regret,
No leader; them Podarces led, a chief
Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,
But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung,
Who sprang from Philacus the rich in flocks.
But him Protesilaüs, as in years,
So also in desert of arms excell'd
Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;
For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
With forty sable-sided ships arriv'd.
  Pheræ and Boebe from the broad expanse
Of the Boebean lake reflected clear,
With Glaphyræ and Iäolchus sent
Eleven barks, Eumelus at their head.
Loveliest of all the sisters of her house
Alcestis him to king Admetus bore.
  Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
With Melibœa and Thaumasia, sent
Seven ships; their rowers were good archers all,
And every vessel dipp'd into the wave
Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd
To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
Commanded; but he, suffering anguish keen
Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there
Had left sore-wounded, but were destin'd soon
To call to dear remembrance whom they left.*

* Philoctetes, while he cleansed the altar of Minerva in Lemnos, was bitten by a serpent and left there by the Greeks, because the priests of Vulcan were accounted singularly skilful in the cure of such wounds. But it was decreed in heaven that without the arrows of Hercules, Troy *should not* be taken, which arrows Philoctetes had in his *pos*[illegible] [illegible]onsigned to him by their owner at his death.

Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops
Yet wanted not a chief; them Medon rul'd,
Whom Rhena to the far-fam'd conqueror bore
Oïleus, fruit of their unsanction'd loves.
  From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude
With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town
Of Eurytus Oechalian born, came forth
Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
And by Machaon, healers of disease
Expert alike, and thirty ships were theirs.
  The men of Ormenus, and from beside
The fountain Hypereia, from the tops
Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band;
Them rul'd Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obey'd.
  Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösson white,
Argissa and Helone; they their youth
Had under Polypœtes rang'd, the son
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day,
When he the Centaurs punish'd, and pursued
Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.
Nor them led he alone. With him was join'd
Leonteus, dauntless warrior, from the bold
Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire.
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.
  Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
And the robust Peræbi, warriors bold,

The Greeks regretted him therefore as a person necessary to the success of their enterprise, and, after the death of Achilles, Ulysses was despatched to Lemnos that he might obtain the important arrows. He succeeded and returned with them to the camp. Paris fell by one of them, and the destruction of Troy soon followed.

And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.
To these were join'd, who till the pleasant fields
Where Titaresius winds; the gentle flood
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows
Unmixt as oil; for Stygian is his stream,
And Styx is the inviolable oath.*

Tenthredon's offspring Prothoüs, gallant chief,
From Peneus and from Pelion forest-crown'd,
In forty ships his brave Magnesians brought.

Say, Muse, of all who follow'd into fight
The sons of Atreus, who in worth excell'd,
And whose the noblest steeds? Eumelus' mares—
(The son of Pheres) they were noblest far,
Their hue, their age, their measur'd height the same,
And swift as eagles. On Pieria's hills
Bred by Apollo, the courageous pair
Exulted in the terrors of the field.
Of heroes, none (while yet Achilles rag'd)
With Telamonian Ajax might compare;
Nor Ajax with Achilles once restor'd,
Nor steeds, in all the Grecian host, with his.†

* Madame Dacier inquires, since Titaresius was a branch of Styx, whose waters Strabo calls destructive, why the poet gives it epithets expressive of amenity, and supposes him to have done so, influenced by superstitious fear, as they were who gave the name Eumenides to the Furies. But Clarke more justly understands his intention to be, not to characterize it as a salubrious stream, but merely to affect the mind of the reader agreeably by a short account of a river with a beautful country on the banks of it.

An account similar to this of the Titaresius and the Peneus Pliny gives of the Peneus and the Eurotus. "The Peneus," he says, "receives the Eurotus, and yet admits it not; but for a short space renouncing it, bears it floating like oil upon its surface, and refuses all mixture of its silver stream with those penal waters, made such by the Furies."

But he, self-prison'd in his camp, no thought
But of revenge on Agamemnon knew.
Meantime, along the margin of the deep
His soldiers hurl'd the disk, or bent the bow,
Or to its mark despatch'd the quivering lance.
Unharness'd at the chariots' side the steeds
Cropp'd the green lotus, or at leisure browz'd
On celery wild, from watery freshes gl-an'd,*
While under shadow of the sheltering tent
The chariots rested, and the charioteers
Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord
Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.†
Fire seem'd to scorch the plain where'er they trod,
And the earth groan'd, as when the lightnings hurl'd
By angry Jove in Arimi descend
On Typhon's rumour'd bed, and lash the ground.‡
And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charg'd
The rapid Iris wing'd her way to Troy.

achievements has not yet arrived, the poet seizes here, as he does in several other places, a transient occasion to praise him.—*Vide Clarke.*

* Either celery, parsley or smallage. Horses, Plutarch observes, allowed longer rest than usual, are subject to disorders in the feet for which this herb is a remedy. It is not without reason, therefore, he adds, that the horses of Achilles are thus fed, and that they are the only horses mentioned in the Iliad which are so.

† It is a just and beautiful discrimination that the poet makes between the soldiers and the commanders. The former found spirits and leisure to amuse themselves, but the latter, mortified to be deprived of all opportunity for the acquisition of glory, could only wander about in sadness.—*Madame Dacier.*

‡ One of the giants who fought against the gods. What place is meant by Arimi is uncertain. Virgil calls it Inarime, adopting, as Clarke supposes, a corruption of Homer's words Εν Αριμοις, and instances a similar one of the Greek word Κατερος, which the Romans, melting the conjunction into the word itself, called cæteri.

It was the time of council, when the throng
At Priam's gate assembled, young and old:
The fleet ambassadress of heaven approach'd,
And with the voice and form of Priam's son
Polites, who, confiding in his speed,
Sat posted high on Æsyeta's tomb
To watch the Grecians coming—thus began.
My father! still debating, speeching still,
As all were peace? such, such is thy delight;
But lo inevitable war! myself
Have witness'd many, but a host like this
Saw never yet; for, as the sands or leaves
In number, they approach to gird the town.
But, Hector, chiefly thee I shall advise.
Be this thy part. Within Troy's ample bounds
We have confederates many, and the tongues
Of men disseminated far and wide
Are various. Let the chiefs of every clime
Command their own, that none command in vain.
The goddess spake, nor Hector disobey'd
But clos'd the council. All at once they arm'd,
Wide flew the gates, forth issued horse and foot,
And boisterous stir arose.—In Ilium's front
On a smooth spot, an hillock lifts its head
On earth the mount of Batiæa nam'd,
But Amazon Myrinna's tomb, in heaven.
There Troy and her allies set forth the war.
Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,
Led on the Trojans; with whom march'd the most
And the most valiant, dexterous at the spear.
Anchises' valiant son Æneas led
The Dardans—(offspring of a mixt embrace,
Half-human, half-divine, in Ida's vales
Him Venus bore to his illustrious sire)
He rul'd the Dardan band, but not alone,
Join'd with Archilochus in that command
And Acamas, Antenor's martial sons.

From Ida's foot, and Trojans by descent,
Zeleia's wealthy sons, who drink the clear
Æsepus, follow'd Pandarus to fight
Lycaon's son, an archer, who by gift
From Phœbus' self obtain'd the bow he bore.
Apæsus, Adrastæa, Terias, steep
Aërial hill, and Pitueia clad
With spiry pines—their bands Amphius, arm'd
With linen corslet, and Adrastus led,
Sons of the ancient and unrivall'd seer
Percosian Merops. Warn'd himself, he warn'd
Them also to decline the ruthless war,
But vainly, for their destiny prevail'd.
The warrios of Percote, and who dwelt
In Practius, in Arisba, city fair,
In Sestus in Abydus, march'd behind
Asius Hyrtacides, a dauntless chief;
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From fair Arista and Selleis' bank
By tawny steeds and of superior size.
Hippothöus the spear-arm'd Pelasgians led
Who till Larissa's glebe; Hippothöus join'd
With brave Pylæus; a fraternal pair,
The pride of Lethus, their illustrious sire.
The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes)
Heroic Acamas and Piröus rul'd,
And, rang'd for battle, the Ciconians saw
Trœzenus' son, Euphemus, at their head.
Pæonia's archers* for their leader own'd
Pyræchmes. Distant Amydon their home,

* Not properly *archers*, but whose weapon was a dart with a thong attached to it, by which they launched it forth and recovered it. The same, according to Dacier, with what the Romans called *amentatum jaculum*. But a word was wanting by which this idea could be well expressed in English. The Greek word is αγχυλοτοξοι.

From Axius' side they came; from Axius' side,
Diffusive stream, and beautiful as broad.
Pylæmenes, a chief of sturdiest form,
From Eneti for forest-mules renown'd,
From splendid dwellings on Parthenius' banks,
From Sesamus, Cytorus, and the heights
Of Erythini, Cromna, and the rude
Ægialus, his Paphlagonians brought.
Epistrophus and Odius from the mines
Of distant Alybe where silver grows,
March'd with the Halizonians. Mysia's sons
Chromis conducted, and his bold compeer
The augur Ennomus; but him no skill
In augury preserv'd, what time immers'd
In Xanthus' stream, with many a warrior more,
And pierc'd by swift Æacides, he died.
Ascanius, godlike youth, and Phorcys led
The Phrygians from Ascania's distant land,
All bent on feats of arms;—Mœonia's sons—
Mesthles and Antiphus from Tmolus' foot,
where dwelt their sire Pylæmenes, to whom
The water-nymph Gygæa bore them both.
The Carians, people of a barbarous speech,
Attended Nastes; from Miletus they,
From wood-crown'd Phthira, from Mæander's side
And Mycale's cloud-piercing summit came.
Them Nastes and Amphimachus controll'd
Amphimachus and Nastes, Nomion's sons;
And, simple youth! Amphimachus to fight
Went forth with gold bedizen'd like a girl.
But gold him sav'd not from the deadly stroke,
When in the river by Achilles' sword
He perish'd, and the conqueror seiz'd it all.
Last, summon'd from the gulfy Xanthus' side,
Sarpedon and the blameless Glaucus rang'd
The firm-set phalanx of the Lycian band.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojan a performance of the covenant.

BOOK III.

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,
With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,
The host of Troy advanc'd. Such clang is heard
Along the skies, when from incessant showers
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away;
Wo to the land of dwarfs! prepar'd, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.*
Not so the valiant Greeks; but silent all;
All silent, and resolv'd on mutual aid.
As when thick mists involve the mountain's head,
Fear'd by the shepherd-swain, but to the thief
Happier than midnight, and the eye extends
To a stone's throw its indistinct survey,

* There is a nation much addicted to agriculture in the upper parts of Ægypt near to the sea, consisting of little people, who, when the cranes visit their country, and, devouring their seeds, occasion a famine there, wage war with the invaders.

With such thick dimness of excited dust
In their impetuous march, they fill'd the air.
Now, host to host oppos'd, in Ilium's van
The godlike Paris shone;* a leopard's skin
Adorn'd his shoulder that sustain'd besides
His faulchion and his bow; two spears he shook
With glittering points, and challeng'd to contend
In arms with him the boldest of the Greeks.
Him soon as warlike Menelaus saw
Striding before his host, such joy he felt
As feels the lion lighting in his range
On some huge carcase, antler'd stag or goat.
By famine urg'd, nor hounds nor hunters aught
He fears, but rends it in the sight of all,
So Menelaus in his soul rejoic'd
At sight of Paris; vengeance in his heart
And in his hopes, all arm'd at once he left
His chariot with a leap, and trod the plain.
Heart-struck by conscience, Paris, at the sight
Of Menelaus, shrank into his host,
There seeking refuge from the fate he fear'd.
As one descrying in the woodland heights
A dreadful serpent, at the sight recoils,
His limbs quake under him, his ruddy cheek
Turns deadly pale, he flies, he disappears,
So godlike Paris, at the dreaded sight
Of Menelaus, plung'd into his ranks,
And vanish'd, lost among the crowds of Troy.†

* Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original.

† This is an admirable picture of a man not absolutely destitute of courage yet not sufficiently courageous. Conscious of his own baseness, yet at the same time conscious that he alone had furnished the cause of quarrel, and, therefore, earlier than even Hector himself, striding forth to challenge the bravest, but instantly on the appearance of the adversary whom he had particularly injured, shrinking *into his lines* again.—*Clarke.*

lim Hector mark'd and sharply thus reprov'd.
is! poor maniac, bound in woman's chains,
matchless form, but false as thou art fair,
that thy birth had fail'd, or that thy death
l barr'd thy nuptials! thou had'st then escap'd
s ignominious gaze, this public shame.
n wish! but kind as can be felt for thee.
v loud the Grecians laugh! thy noble form
mis'd them deeds as noble; but thy mind
uits it, timid, feminine and frail.
ld'st thou be such, yet traverse, with thy friends,
billowy deep into a foreign land,
st with the natives, bring the beauteous bride
valiant princes hither, and in her
ef to thy father, mischief to us all,
me to thyself, and triumph to our foes?
l dar'st not meet him! Ah! thou should'st have
known
w brave a chief thou dids't not fear to wrong;
l that thy lyre, and all thy specious gifts
m Venus' hand, bright locks and beauteous form,
uld lose their charms once mingled with the
dust.
avish awe restrains them, or the host
s moment, to requite thy many crimes,
uld new-attire thee in a suit of stone.*
'o whom the godlike Paris thus replied.
tor! I merit it; thy blame is just;
l thy own heart is like the temper'd axe
t in the shipwright's hand divides the plank
else divisible. The steel defies
opposition, and all danger thou.
, let the gifts of Venus 'scape thy blame.
gods are absolute, and what they give,

* Αἰνὸν ἐσσο χιτῶνα.

Or good, or ill, mere mortals must receive.
Now, therefore, if it please thee that I wage
This desperate conflict, bid the people sit
Both Greeks and Trojans, and between them place
The warlike Menelaus and myself
To fight for Helen and the wealth she brought.
The conqueror wins them both; if mine the palm,
I keep them, and if his, he bears them home.
Then, peace confirm'd, the Greeks shall see again
The lovely women of their native land,
And ye in safety till the fields of Troy.
  The heart of Hector bounded at the word.
He issued forth, and, with his balanc'd spear
Athwart, push'd back the Trojans, and they sat.
Meantime the Grecians aim'd with bow and sling
To strike him; but the king of men exclaim'd
With loudest voice, forbidding the attempt—
  The gallant Hector by his air intends
A parley—strike him not, ye sons of Greece!
  He said; they paus'd, and over all the field
Mute silence reign'd, when Hector thus began.
  Ye Trojans and Achaians brazen-greav'd!
Hear what my heart forbids me to suppress,
The words of Paris, author of the war.
All others on the field he bids dispose
Their polish'd armour, all in either host;
While he with Menelaus shall contend
For Helen and her treasures; she and hers
Shall be the conqueror's prize; this strife shall end;
And peace oath-bound and amity ensue.
  The hero ceas'd, and silence still prevail'd,
Till warlike Menelaus thus replied.
  Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
These woes have heaviest fallen. I see with joy
The hour that separates our hosts arriv'd,
For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much,

And much by Paris, author of the war.
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.
Bring, then, two lambs, for Earth and for the Sun,
This white, that sable, on the part of Troy.
We will, ourselves, supply a third for Jove.*
Let Priam also solemnize, himself,
The ceremonial, lest his faithless sons
Transgress the sacred covenant. Youth is rash;
But when an elder comes, he weighs at once
But past and future, and considers well
How good may likeliest be deriv'd from each.†
He said, and hoping an immediate close
Of all their toils and sufferings, all rejoic'd;
Their chariots left, in lines they rein'd the steeds,
Put off their armour, side by side dispos'd
Shields, bucklers, helmets, glittering on the field,
And the hosts sat, small interval between.
Then Hector with despatch, sent forth to Troy
Two heralds to invite the ancient king
And bring the victims. With the same despatch
King Agamemnon order'd to the fleet
Talthybius for the victim due to Jove,
Nor he the monarch's mandate disobey'd.
Iris, ambassadress of heaven, the while,

* The Scholiast observes that the sacrifice to the earth and the sun was made by the Trojans, and that to Jupiter by the Greeks; the former considering themselves as indebted to the earth and sun for all necessaries of life, a dearth of which they had reason to apprehend from the immense consumption of them by such a host of enemies, and the latter making a sort of appeal to Jupiter, as guardian of the rights of hospitality, against the infringement of them by Paris in the rape of Helen.—*Vide Vill.*

† The speech of Menelaus is excellently adapted to the character given him as a speaker by Antenor.—*See line 240 of this book.*

Sweet to the ear, but brief, &c —Clarke.

To Helen came. Laodice, she seem'd,
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
King Helicaon. In her own recess
She found her, weaving there a gorgeous web
Inwrought with fiery conflicts for her sake
Wag'd by contending nations. To her side
With eager looks she came, and thus she said.
Haste, dearest nymph! the field presents a sight
To raise thy wonder. The Achaian host
And Trojan, bent so lately on the work
Of mutual havock, and athirst for blood,
Sit silent, (for the battle sleeps) the arm
Of each reclining on his grounded shield,
And with his bright spear planted at his side;
Paris and Menelaus theirs direct
Against each other, and the conqueror's love
Shall henceforth, undisputed, all be thine.
So saying, the goddess into Helen's soul
Sweetest desire infus'd to see again
Her former lord, her parents and her home.
At once, o'ermantled with her snowy veil
She started forth, and as she went, let fall
A tender tear; nor went she forth alone,
But with two maiden's, Clymene the fair
And Æthra to attend her hasty steps
That bore her quickly to the Scæan gate.
There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus sat,
Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,
All, elders of the people: warriors erst,
But idle now through age, in voice alike
All indefatigable as the fly,
Which, perch'd among the boughs, sends forth at
noon

Through all the grove its slender ditty sweet.*
Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,
Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd.
Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,
Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like
In feature to the goddesses above!
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
Resistless as thou art and all divine,
Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.†
So they among themselves; but Priam call'd
Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear!
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former lord, thy kindred and thy friends.
I charge no blame on thee. The gods have caus'd,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
Name to me yon Achaian chief for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.
Declare his name. Some royal chief he seems.‡

* Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicála. The grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favourite abode of the cicála is in the trees and hedges.

† On this passage Quintilian says—What then must be our thoughts of this beauty? For these are not the words of Paris who stole her, or of any other youth, or of one of the people, but of the elders, of the wisest men in Troy, of the assessors of Priam. Nay—even Priam himself, exhausted by a ten years' war, deprived of so many children, in the article of extreme danger, to whom that countenance which had deluged with tears so many others ought to have been odious, even he is a witness of these remarks, and, instead of resenting them, calls her his daughter, places her at his side, makes her apology, and even acquits her of being the cause of his misfortunes.—*Lib.* 8. c. 4.

‡ A question has been asked, how it happened that the

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex.
Oh worthy of all reverence from me
And filial love! I would that I had made
Some bitter death my choice, when I renounc'd
The nuptial bed, my kindred, the delights
Of friendship, and my daughter's dear embrace,
For thy son's sake! But death was not my choice.
Grief, therefore, now consumes me night and day.
But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
And once (unless I dream) by sacred ties
A brother to the shameless wretch, myself.
Then him the ancient king admiring, said.
Oh blest Atrides! whom propitious heaven
Appointed at thy birth to reign supreme
O'er all these thousands of the youths of Greece!
The dexterous charioteers of Phrygia, once,
These eyes beheld, with Mygdon at their head
And Otreus, god-like chiefs! and they encamp'd
On Sangar's banks.* It was in Phrygia's day

siege having now lasted nine years, Priam should never have made these inquiries before. To which it is answered by some, that till now the Greeks employed themselves in the siege of other cities dependent upon Troy, rather than of Troy itself. And by others, that till Achilles confined himself to his camp, the Trojans through the terror with with which he impressed them, remained close prisoners in their city, not daring to show themselves even on their walls; so that, during all that time, Priam had no opportunity for such inquiries. *Vide Schol. per Vill.*—The question is captious, and the answers, though frivolous, as good as it deserves. A reader of taste, (at least if he have the original before him,) instead of questioning if the conversation be not introduced at too late a period of the story, will enjoy it and be satisfied.

* *Homer* distinguishes Phrygia from the country around *Troy, though* since his time they have been confounded.

Of warfare with the man-defying race
The Amazons, and, chosen her ally,
Myself was present; but an host like thine
For multitude I saw not even there.*
The venerable king observing next
Ulysses, thus inquir'd. My child, declare
Him also. Shorter by the head he seems
Than Agamemnen, Atreus' mighty son,
But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest;
He hath dispos'd his armour on the plain,
But like a ram, himself, from rank to rank
Majestic passes; a fleece-laden ram
Amidst a numerous flock all snowy-white.
To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied.
In him the son of old Laertes know,
Ulysses; born in Ithaca the rude,
But rich in stratagem, and deeply wise.
Then answer thus, Antenor sage, return'd.
Princess! thou hast describ'd him: hither once
The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf
Embassador with Menelaus, came,

Phrygia, properly so called, was on the banks of the Sangar.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

* The Amazons dwelt on the banks of the Thermodon, a river of Scythia; were the reputed daughters of Mars and Venus, and had their name from a practice of depriving themselves of the right breast, lest it should incommode them in the use of the bow.

Melanippa and Hippolyta were leaders of the Amazonian host, and observing that Phrygia was a fine country, abounding in pasture for horses and in hills adapted to the cultivation of the vine, invaded it with all their forces, which they encamped on the side of the Sangar. Mygdon and Otreus, at the head of the Phrygian army, ere the Amazons had yet possessed themselves of the mountains that formed the barrier of their country, attacked them in their camp and gained a victory, to which Priam, young at that time, had the honour to contribute.—See Schol. per Vill.

And at my board I entertain'd them both.
The person and the intellect of each
I noted; and remark'd, that when they stood
Surrounded by the senators of Troy,
Atrides by the shoulders overtopp'd
The prince of Ithaca; but when they sat,
Ulysses had the more majestic air.
In his address to our assembled chiefs,
Sweet to the ear, but brief, was the harangue
Of Menelaus, neither loosely vague,
Nor wordy, though he were the younger man.*
But when Ulysses rose, his downcast eyes
He rivetted so fast, his sceptre held
So still, as if a stranger to its use,
That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chaf'd and angry idiot, passion-fixt.†
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,
Found none to wonder at his noble form.‡

* This, as Pope has well observed, is perfectly well managed. It was not fit that, on such an occasion, Menelaus should remain unnoticed, yet Helen was not the proper person to notice him; the poet, therefore, employs Antenor to give him his just eulogium.

† His brow being gathered into wrinkles, as is the case when a man of an expressive countenance collects his thoughts, gave a severity to his look that might have been construed as a sign of anger; and his sceptre held motionless, on account of his being absorbed in the subject on which he was about to speak, gave him the air of a man whose mind is perfectly vacant. A head crowded with ideas, and a head with none in it, are often indicated by similar gestures.

‡ *The poet* has described and exemplified three kinds of *eloquence.* That of Nestor is sweet, that of Menelaus, con-

The third of whom the venerable king
Inquir'd, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian chief,
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest,
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?
Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex.
A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
The Cretans, and among the chiefs of Crete
Stands, like a god, Idomeneus. Him oft
From Crete arriv'd, was Menelaus wont
To entertain; and others now I see,
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
And give to each his name; but two brave youths
I yet discern not; for equestrian skill
One fam'd, and one a boxer never foil'd;
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
In lovely Sparta still, or, if they came,
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.
She said; but they already slept inhum'd
In Lacedæmon's vale, their native soil.
And now the heralds through the city pass'd,
Charg'd, for that sacred service, with the lambs,
And with a goat-skin tumid with the vine's
All-cheering juice; Idæus also bore
The golden cups and beaker, and, arriv'd
At Priam's side, thus call'd the senior forth.
Son of Laomedon, arise. The chiefs
Of Ilium and of Greece invite thee down
Into the plain, to solemnize a truce.
Paris and Menelaus with the spear

cise, but that of Ulysses, copious and forcible, frequent and rapid as the snow in winter. With him, therefore, says Quintilian, shall no man be accounted comparable.—Lib. 12, c. 10.

Contend for Helen. Helen and her wealth
Shall be the conqueror's prize. Sworn peace ensues,
The Grecians seek again their native shores,
And we in safety till the fields of Troy.
He spake, and Priam, shuddering, bade his train
Produce his chariot. They in haste obey'd.
He mounted, stretch'd the reins, and at his side
Anterior pressing, next, the splendid seat,
They drove together through the Scæan gate.
Erelong, arriving on the destin'd spot
They left the chariot, and proceeded both
Into the interval between the hosts.
At once, upstood the monarch, and upstood
The wise Ulysses. Then the heralds rang'd
The rites in order; broach'd the wine, and pour'd
Fresh water on the hands of all the kings,
And Agamemnon, drawing from its sheath
At his huge faulchion's side, his dagger forth,
Cut close the forelocks, which the heralds gave
In portions to the chiefs of either host.
All thus prepar'd, the sovereign rais'd his hands
On high, and offer'd thus his prayer aloud.
Jove, father who from Ida stretchest forth
Thine arm omnipotent, o'er-ruling all,
And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing sun,
Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye
Who under earth on human kind avenge
Severe, the guilt of violated oaths,
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!
Should Menelaus fall by Paris's hand,
Be Helen and her wealth, thenceforth, his own,
While we shall cleave the billows back to Greece,
Should Paris in the bloody contest yield
His life to Menelaus, then shall Troy
Surrender Helen with the wealth she brought,
And pay such equitable fine besides

As shall be famous in all times to come.
Which fine should Priam and his sons withhold
Though Paris fall, I will demand it here
In ceaseless battle, till the whole be mine.
He said, and pierc'd the victims; ebbing life
Forsook them soon; they panted, gasp'd and died,
Then pouring from the beaker to the cups
They fill'd them, worshipp'd the immortal gods
In either host, and thus the people pray'd.
All-glorious Jove, and ye the powers of heaven,
Whoso shall violate this contract first,
So be their blood, their children's and their own,
Pour'd out, as this libation, on the ground,
And let their wives bring forth to other men!
So they; but Jove complied not. Then arose
Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said.
Hear me, ye Trojans and ye men of Greece!
Hence back to wind-swept Ilium I return,
For Menelaus with my son engag'd
In combat—How could I sustain the sight?
Jove knows, and the immortal gods alone,
Which falls the victim of his fate to-day.
So spake the god-like monarch, and dispos'd
Within the royal chariot all the lambs;
Then, mounting, check'd the reins; Antenor next
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.*
Then, Hector and Ulysses pac'd the ground,
Brought lots and shook them in a brazen casque

* Priam carries home the lambs with him, that he may send them round the city for the information of those not present at the ceremony; for it was customary for the natives of a place to make that use of the victims slain in confirmation of a sworn treaty; but the strangers who were parties to it, cast their victims into the sea. A sacrifice to the gods was always eaten, because they considered themselves then as feasting company with them.—Schol. per Vill.

For proof, who first should hurl the rapid spear.
Mean-time the people rais'd their hands on high,
And many a Grecian thus, and Trojan pray'd.
All-glorious Jove! whose provident survey
From Ida's summit governs all below!
Of these two combatants, set wide the gates
Of hell for him who caus'd these troubles first,
And be our portion amity and peace!
And now majestic Hector shook the lots
His eyes averting wide, and, as he shook,
Forth leap'd the lot of Paris.* Then, at once,
Retiring to the ranks where each had left
His armour and his fiery steeds, they sat.
Nor was fair Helen's paramour, the while,
Inactive seen, but arming for the fight.
His legs he first in polish'd greaves enclos'd
With silver studs secur'd; his bosom, next,
He guarded with a corslet from the breast
Of young Lycaon, for his brother's size
Was just his own;† his argent-studded sword

* There is an appearance of great generosity in the behaviour of the Greeks on this occasion, who confide the shaking of the lots to an enemy so interested in the event as Hector. And Hector shows himself worthy of that confidence, turning his face aside while he shakes them, lest his eye, if he saw them, should affect his hand, and he should favour the lot of Paris.

† It has been surmised that Homer here intended a stroke of the comic kind, and to insinuate that his own corslet being rather an ostentatious ornament than a useful piece of armour, Paris, for that reason, did not choose to expose it, or himself in it, on an occasion of so much danger, and therefore borrowed the corslet of Lycaon.

The supposition serves at least to account for a circumstance which needs explanation, and finds none in the context.

It seldom happens that Homer leaves even the minutest *matter to conjecture*. When he tells us in the outset of the

Of ponderous brass, and tough broad shield he slung;
He set his helmet on his graceful brows
Whose crest of horsehair nodded to his step
In awful state; and, last, he seiz'd a spear
Of massive strength, but fitted to his gripe.
Mean-time the hero Menelaus made
Like preparation for his glorious task.
When thus the rivals, each among his friends,
Had arm'd at every point, with eyes that flash'd
Fiercest defiance, to the ground they mov'd.
Each host beheld them with the steadfast gaze
Of expectation On the measur'd ground
Full near they stood, both shook their threatening spears,
And rage incited both. First Paris hurl'd
His quivering spear, and smote the rounded shield
Of Menelaus; but his doubling point
Enforc'd no passage through the stronger brass.*
Next, Menelaus hurl'd. But first he pray'd.
All-righteous Jove! now grant me just revenge,
Now let the impious aggressor die!

14th book, that Nestor armed himself with the shield of his son Thrasymedes, he takes care to tell us likewise the reason, namely, that Thrasymedes had taken his father's shield into the field with him.

* Paris had this name given him either because he was exposed when an infant by his parents, or because he has escaped by the aid of a shepherd the fate designed for him. The word αλεξω, from which the name is taken, signifies both to *drive away* and to *assist*. His mother Hecuba dreamed, while pregnant with him, that she brought forth a burning torch which fired and consumed all Troy together with the woods of Ida. The soothsayers, having heard her dream, enjoined her to cast out her infant immediately on its birth to be devoured by wild beasts. The child was accordingly sent to Ida and left there, but a shepherd, finding him, and being struck with his beauty, took him to his home and reared him.

That men unborn may shudder at the thought
Of hospitality with rape repaid.
He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierc'd the splended corslet and the vest
On his smooth flank; but with a sideward bend
Eluding half its violence, he liv'd.
Then, Menelaus, with the downright edge
Of his bright faulchion smote him on the casque;
And all his blade fell shiver'd to the ground.
He look'd to heaven, and with a groan exclaim'd—
There is no power that favours wrong as thou,
Jove! I believ'd that Paris should have died
For his offence; but lo! my faulchion falls,
In fragments, and my spear was hurl'd in vain.
Then, starting forward, by his hairy crest
He seiz'd him fast, and, turning, dragg'd him thence
Toward the Grecian host.* The broider'd band
That underbrac'd his helmet at the chin,
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
Choak'd him;† and now had Menelaus won
Immortal fame, his rival dragg'd away,
But Venus mark'd the moment, snapp'd the brace
Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd ox supplied,
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.‡
The hero seiz'd and swung it to the Greeks
Who took the prize in charge; then, spear in hand,

* The Scholiast here makes a silly inquiry, why did he not rather seize his sword? As if a man in the act of fighting could possibly have leisure to choose what he would seize.—*Clarke.*

† In the minutest circumstances Homer is always attentive to character.—*Clarke.*

‡ Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher *and fitter for* use than of another that dies diseased.

He flew again to pierce his rival's heart,
But easily (what cannot power divine?)
Venus thence snatch'd him in a cloud involv'd
To his own nuptial chamber. There she left
Her favourite to inhale its sweets again,
Perfumes of every name, and went, herself,
To summon beauteous Helen. Her she found,
With many a fair spectatress of the field,
High-station'd on the Scæan tower, and shook
Her fragrant mantle with a sudden hand.*
An ancient dame she seem'd, for Helen, erst,
In Sparta wont to dress her fleecy stores,
And one who dearly lov'd her. Such disguise
The goddess wore, and, whispering, thus began.
Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptur'd couch
Dazzling alike in looks and in attire
He waits thy wish'd return. Thou would'st not dream
That he had fought; he rather seems prepar'd
For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.
So saying, she tumult rais'd in Helen's mind.
Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,
Her beauteous bosom and bright-beaming eyes
She knew her, lost in wonder she replied.
Cruel! would'st thou ensnare me yet again?
To that more distant city in the vales
Of Phrygia or Mœonia, for the sake
Of some new Favourite, will thou lead me next?
Is Menelaus' victory the cause,
And his kind purpose to receive again
His traitress, that these arts are now employ'd?
Go—sit, thyself, with Paris for his charms
Renounce Olympus, seek it never more,
Mourn, or be happy, as he frown or smiles,
Till made his consort, or perchance his slave.

* *Where we lately left her.*

I go not (now to go were shame indeed)
To dress his couch; nor will I be the jest
Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs
Are infinite, and more than I can bear.
To whom, the foam-sprung goddess thus, incens'd,
Ah wretch! provoke not me; lest in my wrath
Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhor'd.
She said; Jove's daughter trembled and obey'd,
And, closely veiled, and with a noiseless step
Stole after Venus, unobserved of all.
In Paris' mansion, soon as she appear'd,
Each sportive maiden to her task return'd,
While she, far loveliest of her sex, regain'd
Her nuptial chamber. There, the queen of smiles,
Obsequious, with a splendid seat, herself,
Supplied her, and she sat;* sat face to face
With Paris, whom with eyes as in disdain
Averted, she severely thus reproach'd.
Thou hast escap'd.—Ah would that thou had'st died
By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!
Thou once did'st vaunt thee in address and strength
Superior. Go then—challenge yet again.
The warlike Menelaus forth to fight.
But hold. Repent this folly, and provoke

* Venus, perhaps, still wore the form of the ancient matron above mentioned, or perhaps in her own proper person she might stood to render this service to Helen, a daughter of Jove. The immortals would sometimes condescend to menial offices in favour of particular persons. Thus Minerva in the Odyssey assists Ulysses in the concealment of his treasures when he first arrives in Ithaca, and afterwards in his own palace bears a light before him.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

The hero of the golden locks no more.
Lest thy next step to combat prove thy last.
  She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.
Ah Helen, pierce me not with taunts so keen!
Me, Menelaus, by Minerva's aid,
Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.
We also have our gods. But let us love.
For never since the day when thee I bore
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves
To Cranäe's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, lov'd I as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.
  He spake, and sought, his bed, whom follow'd soon
Jove's daughter, reconcil'd to his embrace.
Mean-time Atrides like a lion roam'd
In quest of Paris; but no Trojan there
Or friend of Troy could point to his retreat,
Whom else, detested as he was by all
Like death itself, no refuge had conceal'd.*
  Then rose the king of men, and thus he said.
Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy!
Yourselves are witnesses—the palm is ours.
Ye, then surrender Helen and her wealth,
And bring such equitable fine besides
As shall be famous in all times to come.
  So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.

* This escape of Paris furnished Pandarus with a pretext for breaking the truce; it left the combat undecided, contrary to previous stipulation, and the Trojans consequently liable to a charge of treachery.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

In a council of the gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to despatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Máchaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

BOOK IV.

The gods, in council, on the golden floor
Of Jove reclin'd,* while graceful Hebe bore
The nectar round; alternately they drank
From golden cups, and look'd on Troy below;†
When thus, with sportive acrimony, Jove
Assay'd the temper of his fiery queen.
Two goddesses adopt Atrides' cause;

* Our poet's heaven is sometimes a *brazen* and sometimes a *golden* one. By the former epithet he means to give an idea of its durability, and by the latter, of its beauty.—*Vide Scholiast per Barnes.*

† Hebe was cup-bearer to all the gods; Ganymede to Jove only; and the key to this distinction is found in their respective names, Hebe signifying youth, and Ganymede, one who delights in wisdom. The gods were, all alike, accounted ever young, but it was deemed the peculiar attribute of Jupiter to rejoice in the depth of his councils.—Vide Schol. *per Barnes.*

Juno of Argos, and Minerva prais'd
In Alelcomene.* Their hero's toils
Amuse them both, and they are well content.
But Venus, loveliest Venus, she descends,
Averts her champion's danger on the spot,
And, at this moment, by her aid he lives.
But now, since Menelaus hath prevail'd,
Deliberate—What shall follow? Dreadful war
With all its woes renew'd? Or settled peace?
If peace ye choose, and all with one consent,
Stand Ilium's towers, and let the Sparton bear
Helen of Argos back to Greece again.
He said; low murmurings from both ensued,
As side by side they sat contriving plagues
For hated Ilium. Pallas, though incens'd
Against her father Jove, and even fir'd
With fiercest indignation, still was mute;
But Juno, less retentive, thus replied.
Hear I aright? what said Saturnian Jove?
Are all my labours vain? and have I tried
The steeds of heaven themselves, assembling Greece
For punishment of Priam and his sons
To no effect?—This shall not please us all.
Then answer thus the angry god return'd.
Ah ruthless! how have Priam and his sons
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
With never-ceasing rage to ruin Troy?
Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
Priam and all his house, and all his host
Alive devour;† Then, haply, thou wilt rest;

* A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.

† The expression is hyperbolical, and employed to impress as deeply as possible an idea of the intenseness of Juno's *aversion to Troy*. So Xenophon, in the Anabasis, Book 4,

Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
Live not between us a consuming fire
For ever. But attend; mark well the word.
When I shall also doom in future time
Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
Oppose me not, but give my fury way
As I give way to thine, not pleas'd myself,
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleas'd.
For of all cities occupied by man
Beneath the sun and starry cope of heaven,
Me sacred Troy, me Priam, and the race
By Priam rul'd, have ever pleas'd the most.
Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;
Libation there, and steam of savoury scent
Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.
To whom majestic Juno. My regard
Three cities share far more than all besides,
Argos, Mycenæ, Sparta, Should they prove
Obnoxious in thy sight, destroy them all.
I will not interpose on their behalf;
Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail
Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?
Yet ought not even my attempts to prove
Mere labour lost; I also boast a birth
Celestial: inexhaustible in wiles
Saturn, thy ancient sire, is also mine,
And both as sister and as wife of Jove
I claim respect. But thou art lord of all.
United thus, we will hereafter use
Mutual concession, and the gods, induc'd
By our accord, shall disagree no more.

at the end—Τȣτȣς. ην πως δυνωμεθα, και ωμȣς δει καταφαγειν—We ought, if we can, even to devour these men alive. But in both authors the word which I have rendered *alive* for idiom-sake, properly signifies raw.

Command Minerva, therefore, to the field,
That warping to a base and treacherous act
Some Trojan there, she may at once convert
The boundless triumph of the Greeks to rage.
So Juno; nor the sire of all refus'd,
But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.
Haste; seek the field, and influencing there
Some Trojan to a base and treacherous act
Turn all the triumph of the Greeks to rage.
The goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoir
Sprang from Olympus. As a fiery globe
Design'd by Jove a portent in the eyes
Of mariners, or of some numerous host,
Glittering descends and showering sparks aroun
In semblance such she darted to the field
And dropp'd between them. Either host alike
That prodigy beheld with fixt amaze,
And thus they said, "It is a sign from Jove.
Now follows war with all its woes again,
Or peace between us, by his fixt award,
For Jove is arbiter of both to man."*
But Pallas, like Laodocus in form,
A dauntless warrior, old Antenor's son,
Sought Pandarus throughout the host of Troy,
Lycaon's god-like offspring.† Him she found

* M. Terrasson is extremely witty on this passage, c
menting on which, he says—Un presage ridicule, cet as
qui promet la guerre *ou* la paix; car il vaudroit aut
qu'il n' eût point paru. But his wit was an ignis fat
which served only to mislead him, for as Clarke well repl
the meaning of the soldiers is this—*the affair shall nou
longer be undecided, since Jove has given us a sign
he himself has determined it, and we shall presently k
whether we are to have peace or war.*

† A question has been asked—Why did Pallas ch
one of the allies for this service, rather than a Trojan? A
Why Pandarus in particular? The answer given by A

Erect and tall amidst his shielded band
Of valiant warriors from Æsepus' side,
And rapidly, as one in haste, began.
  Shall I prevail? and dares Lycaon's son
Aim a swift arrow at the mark I wish,
At Menelaus? Not a Trojan lives
Who will not yield thee gratitude and praise;
But princely Paris, at the welcome sight
Of Menelaus by a shaft of thine
Sent to his funeral pile, with golden heaps
From readiest hands shall recompense the deed.
Shoot then, and make the glorious chief thine aim.
But, ere thou shoot, to Lycian Phœbus vow
An hecatomb, in honour of his aid,
All firstlings of the flock, at thy return.
  She ceas'd; with whom, infatuate, he complied,
And at the word uncas'd his polish'd bow
The horn of a salacious mountain-goat.
That goat forth-issuing from his cave, himself
In ambush plac'd, had stricken in the breast,
And back into his cave supine he fell.
Full sixteen palms his measur'd length of horn
Had spir'd aloft; the bow-smith, root to root
Adapted each, shav'd smooth the wrinkled rind,
Then polish'd all, and tipp'd the points with gold.*

totle, as the Scholiast cites it, is this. She chose not a Trojan because the Trojans all hated Paris, as appears from what is said at the end of the second book. And she chose Pandarus because he was covetous, which appears from his leaving his horses at home to save the expenses of keeping them abroad, and likewise because he was a Lycian, and the Lycians were proverbially addicted to perjury. *Vide Schol. per Vill.*—But perhaps a better reason of her choice than any of these, is, that he was an excellent archer, and therefore the fittest man for her purpose.

* Should the reader judge this too great a length for a single *goat's horn, he may* take it for the length of the two

That bow he strang, and, stooping to his task,
Prepar'd it well for use, behind a fence
Of Lycian shields, lest, seeing him, the Greeks
Should fly to smite him ere the wound were given.
His quiver's lid displac'd, he chose a dart
Unflown, full fledg'd, and barb'd with bitterest wo;
He lodg'd it on the chord, but ere it flew,
To Lycian Phœbus vow'd, at his return
To Zelia's walls, in honour of his aid,
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.
Then, seizing fast the reed, he drew the barb
Home to his bow, the bowstring to his breast,
And when the horn was rounded to an arch
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed
With fell impatience started to the goal.
Nor, Menelaus! Thee the blessed gods
Then left, but Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
Approaching, half suppress'd the cruel shaft.
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside
That haunts her slumbering babe, she gave its course
A downward slope, directing it herself
To his belt's golden ringlets, where the folds
Of his strong corslet should oppose it most.
The bitter weapon plung'd into his belt,
Transpierc'd that broider'd cincture; through its folds
His gorgeous corslet; stay'd not even there,
But, next, encountering his interior quilt
Deem'd arrow-proof, and his securest guard,
It pass'd that also, with its point inscrib'd
The hero's skin and div'd at last so deep
That life's warm current sallied from the wound.
As when a Carian or Mœonian maid

joined together, as some of the commentators do; but others *justify the measure* here given.

Impurples ivory trappings for the cheeks
Of martial steeds; them many a warrior views
With wistful looks, but they, at length, become
The prince's boast, too rich for all besides;
Such, Menelaus, seem'd those purple stains
Fast tinging all thy snowy limbs below.
  Chill horror, when he saw the sanguine stream,
Seiz'd Agamemnon, and the wounded chief
Himself too shudder'd; but, perceiving soon,
The barb still extant and the neck, he felt
Hope's refluent tide succeed its lowest ebb.
But Agamemnon with a sigh return'd
By all around them, seiz'd his brother's hand,
And, while he grasp'd it, thus complain'd aloud.
  My brother! when I swore this fatal truce,
And set thee forth our champion, I conspir'd
To slay thee; therefore have the Trojans stamp'd
Their covenant under foot, and wounded thee.
But sacrifice, libation, solemn oaths,
Hands join'd in hands, and confidence engag'd
Have still their force; and the attested Jove
Though silent now, hereafter shall exact
Large compensation; bondage shall requite
Their children and their wives, and death themselves.
For this I know, know surely; that the day
When Priam and his house, when sacred Troy
And all her sons must perish, is at hand.
Yes. Jove himself, high-thron'd Saturnian Jove
Shall, with his storm-clad ægis, in revenge
For this day's outrage, shock them. I relate
No fable. Time shall ratify the word.
But, oh my brother! should the Fates ordain
This wound thy death, what then must I endure?
I must again to Argos long-desir'd
Heart-sick with shame; for, once, thy spirit fled,
The thought of every Greek will be his home,

To visit and exhort his numerous host,
The fearless and alert with double force
And courage he inspir'd, while thus he spake.
  Argives! abate no spark of all your fire.
The faithless never have a friend in Jove.
Yon violators of their sacred oath
Shall feed the vultures; Troy shall be our own;
And every wife, and every child in Troy
Made captive, shall attend us home to Greece.
  So cheer'd he them. But whom he saw supine,
Or in the rugged work of war remiss,
In terms of anger them he stern rebuk'd.
  Dead marks for archers! shame ye thus your home
And feel no shame? Why stand ye thus aghast
Like heartless fawns that after long pursuit
Stand terror-fixt? Such seems your fixt amaze
And such your dread of battle. Or ye wait,
It may be, till the Trojans shall invade
Your galleys on the shore, in hope that Jove
To save you then, himself will interpose.*
  Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd
Atrides through the ranks, till he arriv'd
Among the Cretans arming for the fight.
There, like a boar in sturdiness of form
He found Idomeneus his foremost lines
Arranging, and Meriones the rear.
Joy fill'd him at the sight, and with a voice
All kindness to the king of Crete he said—
  In battle, in division of the spoil,
On all occasions, I distinguish thee,
Idomeneus! and when the mantling cup

* The sentiment is the same in substance with that of a Greek tragedian, which may be translated thus—

The help of heaven is theirs who help themselves.—Vill.

Rewards the valour of the Grecian chiefs,
If others drink by measure, measure none
Thou know'st, but thy cup constantly as mine
Replenish'd stands, thy will thy sole restraint.
Haste then, and fight as thou hast ever fought.*
  To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied.
Atrides! all the friendship and the love
Which I have promis'd will I well perform.
Hence. Hasten others, that no time be lost.
For Troy hath scatter'd to the winds all faith,
All conscience, and for such her treachery foul
Shall have large recompence of death and wo.
  He said, Atrides with a joyful heart
Turn'd thence, and paus'd not till he reach'd the band
Of either Ajax; them he found prepar'd
With all their cloud of infantry behind.
As when the goat-herd from a rocky point
Sees rolling o'er the deep and wafted on
By western gales a cloud, that, as it comes,
In distant prospect view'd, pitch-black appears,
And brings worst weather, lightning, storm and rain,
He, shuddering, drives his flock into a cave;
So mov'd the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,
Close-following either Ajax to the fight.
  Them also, pleas'd, the king of men beheld,
And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd.
  Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves
Move others, and no lesson need from me.

* The guest who was held in highest honour, was thus distinguished. He had no sooner drunk than the attendant filled his cup again to the brim, while others were served less liberally and only in proportion to the place they held in the estimation of the public.—*Athenæus*. lib. 5, c. 4.

Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! Were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers
Should totter, and his Ilium, storm'd and sack'd
By Grecian hands, a formless ruin lie.
Them leaving, in his progress, next, he found
Brave Nestor animating to the fight
With warmest eloquence his Pylian ranks
And issuing forth his mandates to the chiefs
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias. In his front
The charioteers, the chariots and the steeds
He plac'd, his bravest infantry behind,
And in the midst, that back'd as by a wall
They might perforce be brave, the timorous few.*
First to his charioteers he gave in charge
Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,
Shunning confusion. †Let no warrior, vain
And overweening of his strength or skill,
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,
Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.

* Quintilian pleasantly alluding to this passage, says—"A question has been made, whether the most forcible arguments should be placed first or last, or whether, according to Homer's method, they should be divided and assigned partly to the front, and partly to the rear, while the weakest are made to occupy the centre.—*Lib.* 5, *cap.* 12.

† This is a sudden transition from *narrative* to *dramatic*. Other instances of it will occur in the sequel, and the reader hardly needs to be told that it is an effect of the animation felt by the poet himself, and well calculated to animate the reader. A similar transition occurs in the Æneid, B. ix. 634.

———et cava tempora ferro
Trajicit, I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.

Supply that which is understood—*he said*, or *he exclaimed*—and you fetter all the vehemence of indignation felt by the speaker and completely efface the beauty of the passage.—*Vide Clarke.*

ınd if, dismounted from his own, he climb
ınother's chariot, let him wield the spear,
Iis wiser course, not seek to sway the reins.*
'hus fought your fathers, and, these rules observ'd,
aid many a bulwark'd citadel in dust.
Such was the counsel of the senior taught
by long experience. Agamemnon heard
Delighted, and in accents wing'd with joy,
Old chief! he said, thy dauntless spirit asks
ıs firm a knee. But time unhinges all.
Oh that the burthen of thy years were laid
On one far younger, and his youth were thine!
'o whom the valiant Nestor thus replied.
Atrides! I would gladly now be such
As Ereuthalion found me, whom I slew.†
But other gifts the bounteous gods bestow
On other years; and if I then possess'd
The powers of youth, I boast them now no more.
Yet shall I not renounce for such a cause
My proper place, but, mingling with the van,
Still counsel and harangue the charioteers.

* Diverse interpretations are given of this passage. I ıave adopted that which to me appeared most plausible. It eems to be a caution against the mischiefs that might nsue, should the horses be put under the management of . driver with whom they were unacquainted.—The scholium y Villoison much countenances this solution.

† Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, :nowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory t length. This passage may serve to confute those who harge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity.

The Pylians and Arcadians, in a dispute about their repective boundaries fought near the mountain Ancæus. Vestor, in single combat, vanquished Ereuthalion, but, hrough joy of his victory, pushing his claims too far, was ttacked by the Arcadians ere Ereuthalion was yet dead, nd defeated.—*Schol. per Vill.*

This is my province; and to poise the spear
And hurl it—young and vigorous as they are
And born since my decline—that task is theirs.
  He said; the monarch with a joyful heart
Departing, saw the noble charioteer
Menestheus, son of Peteos, where amidst
The brave Athenians, unemploy'd, he stood.
Encompass'd by the Cephallenian youth
No shrinkers in the field, the wary chief
Ulysses also stood not far remote.
For distant from the stir just then arisen
In either host, they knew not battle nigh,
And, therefore, waiting stood, till other Greeks
Should square the phalanx, and begin the fight.
Atrides mark'd and reprimanded both.
  Oh son of Peteos gallant prince! and thou
All trick, all subtlety and sly design!
Why stand ye trembling here, and from afar
Observing others? Foremost to defy
The burning battle's rage should ye be found,
Whom foremost I invite of all to share
The banquet, when the princes feast with me.
There ye are prompt; ye find it pleasant there
To eat your savory food, and quaff your wine
Delicious, till satiety ensue;
But here, though ten embattled bands should wage
Fierce conflict first, ye could be well content.
  To whom Ulysses, lowering, thus replied.
What words are these that have escap'd thy lips,
Atrides? Wherefore call'st me slow to fight?
Soon as the Grecians shall repeat the clash
Of fiery war, if thy desire be such
And that thy chief concern, thou shalt behold
The father of Telemachus engag'd
Among the foremost Trojans. But thy speech
Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.

When him thus mov'd he saw, the monarch smil'd
Complacent, and in gentler terms replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
My purpose was not to exhort or chide
Thee chiefly; for I know thee as my friend,
My gentlest friend, and that our hearts are one.
Go, therefore.—If an angry word escap'd,
Kinder shall follow it; and may the gods
Make this short contest like an empty dream!*
He spake, and leaving those, encounter'd, next
The son of Tydeus, Diomede the brave.
Close hemm'd around by chariots and by steeds
With Sthenelus his fellow-chief he stood,
The son of Capaneus. A sharp reproof
These also witness,d from the king of men.
Ah son of Tydeus, the renown'd in war!
Why skulking here? why peering through the lines?
So did not Tydeus, but the foremost fight
Chose rather; as is testified by those
Who saw with wonder his heroic deeds.
He never met my view, but by report
Of all who knew him, none was brave as he.
For with the godlike Polynices once
He enter'd but unarm'd and as a friend,
Mycenæ, seeking powerful aids to join
The host assembled for the siege of Thebes,
And earnestly they sued. We, well-inclin'd,
Had granted that request, but were deterr'd
By unpropitious omens from above.
Departing, therefore, to the reedy banks
Of the Asopus, there thy sire receiv'd
An embassy to sacred Thebes in charge.
He went: and found in Eteocles' hall

* The haste and impetuosity of Agamemnon, Clarke observes, are admirably illustrated both by the rashness of the reproof and the equally sudden apology.

Numerous Cadmeans feasting. With a heart
Estrang'd from fear, unfriended as he was,
The noble Tydeus yet provok'd them forth
To proof of manhood, and such aid obtain'd
From Pallas, that with ease he foil'd them all.
Sham'd and resentful, fifty of the town
Lay in close ambush waiting his return,
Mæon and Lycophontes at their head,
Both, dauntless warriors. These thy father slew,
Save Mæon, slew them all.* A voice from heaven
Bade spare the herald, therefore him he sent
To tell at Thebes that he alone surviv'd.†
Such once was Tydeus; and he left a son
Less valiant, though more eloquent than he.‡

* Eteocles, son of Oedipus, expelled Polynices from Thebes, his elder brother, who, retiring to Argos, found Tydeus there, a fugitive also. Adrastus, king of Argos, seeing them both clad in skins of beasts, Tydeus in that of a boar, and Polynics in a lion's, took that circumstance as his key to an oracle which had told him that his daughters should marry, the one a lion, and the other a boar. Accordingly, he gave his daughter Deipyle to Tydeus, and her sister Argeia to Polynices. He then sent them to Mycenæ, to solicit for him the aid of that city against the Thebans. Thyestes, the king of Mycenæ, would readily have complied, but by certain evil prognostics was prevented. The Greeks, however, arriving before Thebes, sent Tydeus into it as their ambassador, and on this occasion it was that he performed the feats here celebrated.—*Vide Schol. per Barnes.*

† When he was on the point of slaying Mæon also, Minerva whispered in his ear, that *his spear was broken.* Mæon is by some supposed to have been a herald as well as a commander, and to have been spared for that reason. The herald's was a sacred office, insomuch that the prohibition to harm them became proverbial.—*See Vill.*

‡ This speech may, perhaps, seem rather more prolix than was consistent with the hurry of the occasion, but it is to be noticed that Diomede is the last to whom Agamemnon *addresses himself.*

He ceas'd, and reverence of his office held
Tydides mute; but Sthenelus replied.*
Taint not thy lips, Atrides! with a lie,
For us thou know'st superior to our sires.
To those same walls we led inferior force,
And with that force, confiding in the gods,
Thrust from her seat the seven-gated Thebes,
Where they fell victims of their own offence.
Compare no more then their renown with ours.
To whom Tydides with a lowering brow.
My friend! accept good counsel. Hold thy peace.
If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
Excite his host to battle, he shall hear
No blame from me. For should the Greeks prevail
And Ilium perish, his shall be the praise,
And his the chief distress of our defeat.
Delay not therefore; but if others rush
To furious fight, let us be swift as they.
He said, and, at a leap, with all his arms
Dismounted. On his breast loud rang the shield

* It is observed by Dionysius Halicar, that Diomede's behaviour in this instance bespoke him a wise man and a well disciplined soldier. Though young and bold and of such rank in the army as seemed to entitle him to liberty of reply, he suffered the reproach of Agamemnon in silence; but afterward, when he had signalized himself in the battle, then he remembered the reproof and resented it. *See the beginning of Book ix.*—But it is asked, why then did Ulysses retort, who was both an experienced warrior and more celebrated for prudence than Diomede? To which this answer is given.—That he retorted for that very reason, because he was older and wiser, and therefore justly considered himself as worthy to be treated with more deference. The charges too are different; for he reproaches Ulysses with the worst kind of subtlety, and Diomede only as inferior to his father. The latter, also, being reproved as a talker, could not better refute the censure than by silence.—*Vide Clarke et Schol. per Vill.*

Of the impetuous chief. The sudden din
Had struck a terror to the boldest heart.
As when, excited by the blowing west,
The billows crowd toward some sounding shore;
First, on the distant broad expanse they curl
Their whitening heads, then, thundering smite the land,
O'erswell the rocks, and scatter wide the spray,
So mov'd the Greeks successive, rank by rank,
And phalanx after phalanx, every chief
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,
As voice in all those thousands none had been,
Heard mute; and, in resplendent armour clad,
With martial order terrible advanc'd.
Not so the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,
Loud answering all their bleating lambs without,
Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose.
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
But mingled languages were heard of men
From various climes. These Mars to battle rous'd,
Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terrour thence
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife,
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.*
She, foe alike to both, dispers'd the brands
Of burning hate between them, and enhanc'd
The woes of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.
And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield,
And spear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,

* This description, says Longinus, gives us not more justly the measure of Discord, than that of the genius of *Homer*.

oss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout
Loud intermix'd the slayer o'er the maim'd
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.
As when two torrents from the mountains shoot
Their mingling floods by wintry sources fed
Into one gulf, the solitary swain
Roaming the distant uplands, hears the roar,
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.
First, by Antilochus a Trojan died,
A foremost combatant, Thalysias' son,
Brave Echepolus. On the crested casque
He smote him, in his front infix'd the spear
And pierc'd the bone. Soul-sickening shades of death
O'erspread his sight, and like a tower he fell.*
Calchodon's offspring, Elephenor, chief
Of the well-train'd Abantes, seiz'd his feet
Impatient for the spoil, and would have drawn
The breathless body to a safe retreat,
But short was his attempt, for, as he stoop'd,
Agenor marking his unshielded side
Came spear in hand, and slew him at a thrust.
So died Calchodon's son, for whom arose
Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual rush'd
Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man.
Then fell by Telamonian Ajax slain
In his unwedded prime, Anthemion's son,
Prince Simoïsius. Him, what time she went

* The Scholiast asks—and why was not the first achievement given to Ajax or to Diomede? Which question, he says, some resolve by saying, that the Pylians first broke the ranks of the enemy. But to me, he adds, the poet seems to *distinguish an inferior* captain first with a design to *insinuate the influence of* fortune. But Clarke very properly *subjoins—why might* not the fact be such? What forbids *he opinion that the* poet records what he had learned from *adition?*

From Ida with her parents to attend
Their flocks on Simois' side, his mother bore,
And thence they nam'd him. But his days were few,
Too few to recompence the care that rear'd
His comely growth; for Ajax, mighty chief,
Receiv'd him on his pointed spear, and pierc'd
Through breast and shoulder, in the dust he fell.
So, nourish'd long in some well-water'd spot,
Crown'd with green boughs, the smooth-skinn'd* poplar falls,
Doom'd by the builder to supply with wheels
Some splendid chariot, on the bank it lies
A lifeless trunk, to parch in summer airs,
Such, Ajax left divested of his arms
Young Simoïsius.† Then, Priam's son

* Homer's sight served him well till he lost it. His description of natural objects is always accurate. The poplar, when it has attained its full size, is ever such as he describes it, branched above, with a bole quite naked.

† The following simile of Virgil—Æn. II. 626—has been compared with this of Homer, and has been preferred to it because it expresses the difficulty of the task, which Homer's leaves unnoticed.

Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cûm ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat:
Vulneribus donera paulatim evicta, supremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.

As when the peasants emulous contend
With axes to uproot an ancient ash
On the high mountains; bowing to a fall
She trembles oft and shakes her leafy locks,
Till, vanquish'd by degrees, she sinks, then groans
Her last, and drags down ruin after her.

But in reality (as Hobbes observes and Pope after him) it is absurd to make any comparison between them; for the two poets describe things widely different. Virgil, a great *city sinking into* ashes gradually, and Homer, a man

The bright-armed Antiphus through all the war
Hurl'd forth at Ajax; but the weapon err'd
And Leucus reach'd instead, Ulysses' friend
Drawing Anthemion's lifeless son aside.
Pierc'd through the groin he dropp'd him, and himself
Fell on the dead. Ulysses at the sight
Of Leucus slain, all bright in dazzing arms
And fir'd with vengeance, rush'd into the van.
Full nigh he came, and, with a peering look
Cast all around, dismiss'd his glittering spear.
Back fell the Trojans as the weapon left
The hero's hand. Nor was its fury vain.
It struck Democoon, Priam's spurious son
Call'd from attendance on the royal mares
Kept at Abydus.* The vindictive steel
At him Ulysses aim'd, and half the spear
Sent through his temples. With his sounding arms
He smote the ground, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then Hector and the van of Troy retir'd;
Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,
Those onward march amain, and from the heights
Of Pergamus Apollo looking down
In anger, to the Trojans call'd aloud.
Turn, turn again, ye Trojans! face your foes.
They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
Not adamant or steel. Fair Thetis' son
Fights not. The fierce Achilles in his tent
Self-fed with misery lies, and fell revenge.
Such from the lofty citadel was heard

* We find four kinds of filiation mentioned by Homer. The son is sometimes said to be γνησιος—sometimes νοθος—σκοτιος—παρθενος. Γνησιος is the son of lawful wedlock—νοθος, the son by a concubine—σκοτιος, the son of an uncertain father; and παρθενος, the son by a woman supposed a virgin.—*Schol. per Barnes.*

Apollo's voice, while, progeny of Jove
Tritonian Pallas, in the fainter Greeks,
Where such she saw, rous'd all their wonted fires.*
Then Amarynceus' son, Diores, felt
The force of fate, bruis'd by a rugged rock
At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian chief,
The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.
Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass
Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,
Gasp'd, eyed his friends, and spread his hands in vain,
Till Pirus, who had given the bruise, advanc'd
And pierc'd his navel. Through the wound's wide mouth
His bowels roll'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Nor Pirus long surviv'd; a brazen spear
Ætolian Thoas through his breast impell'd
Above the pap, and fix'd it in his lungs;
Then plucking forth the spear, he gash'd him next
Athwart the belly with his faulchion's edge
And stretch'd him dead. Yet stript he not the slain
Too well defended by the Thracian band,
Who so repuls'd him with propended spears,
That though of largest limb and first renown
For bright achievements, staggering he retir'd.
Thus side by side, with many a warrior more
In dust extended, the Epean chief
Diores, and the Thracian, Pirus lay.
Nought, then, deserving blame had *he* perceiv'd
Whom yet unhurt, and by herself secur'd
From dart or spear, Minerva should have led
Through all that field; so thick a throng of slain,
Both Greeks and Trojans, press'd the dusty soil.

* This name is either from τρεω, because she was terrible in fight, or as some suppose from the river Triton in *Lybia*.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars.

BOOK V.

THEN, to exalt him in all Grecian eyes,
And purchase him an everlasting name,
Pallas gave Diomede new strength to toil,
Fresh fortitude to dare.* His helmed head
She circled and his shield with living fires,
Bright as, when brightest, the autumnal star
In ocean lav'd, and recent from the deep.†
His brows and ample shoulders thus illum'd,
She urg'd him forth into the thickest fight.
There was in Troy one Dares; blest with wealth;
The priest of Vulcan; blameless in his life,
And father of two sons, Idæus nam'd,
And Phegeus, both well-disciplin'd in arms.

* Ajax is mentioned in the catalogue as the most distinguished warrior after Achilles. Why then is Diomede the first to signalize himself in the absence of that hero? Two answers are given; first, that Ajax excelled at all times. Secondly, that Diomede, a man ambitious of glory, was made more ardent in pursuit of it by the reproof he had so lately received from Agamemnon.—*Schol. per Vill.*

† Zoilus criticising this passage censures and calls it a most ridiculous one, asking, how did the hero escape burning?—Such was the taste of the man who deemed himself *worthy to be a judge* of Homer!

Their phalanx left, these drove impetuous on
To the assault of Diomede on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First, Phegeus hurl'd a spear, whose glittering point
Approach'd but touch'd him not, innocuous borne
O'er his left shoulder. Diomede his spear
Dismissing next, and with no devious flight,
Transpierc'd his chest, and forc'd him to the ground.
Down leap'd Idæus, fearing to defend
His costly chariot or his brother's corse,
Nor had himself escap'd the lowering storm
Of instant fate, but, lest his ancient priest
Should mourn all comfort lost, him Vulcan caught,
Involv'd in midnight darkness, safe away.*
Warlike Tydides, driving off the steeds,
Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care
To be conducted down into the fleet.
The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,
And one by flight preserv'd, through all their host
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seiz'd
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-battering Mars!
Leave we the Greeks and Trojans to the work
Of mutual slaughter, and the will of Jove,
Whatever, to its unimpeded course,
Lest, interfering, we incense our Sire.
So saying, from battle she conducted forth
The stormy Mars to a sequester'd seat

* This also in the account of Zoilus was a most ridiculous circumstance, who flippantly asks—if he wished to escape, why did he quit his chariot which afforded him his best chance of doing it? The answer is obvious—He acted as men do when terror deprives them of reason. Instead of being a blemish, therefore, it is a beauty; but a beauty *for which Zoilus*, it seems, had no taste, a natural one.

Where deep-embank'd Scamander roll'd below.*
Then died the courage of the Trojan host,
And every leader of the Grecians prov'd
Victorious. First by Agamemnon's hand
Huge Odius fell dismounted to the ground,
The Halizonian chief. He turn'd to flight,
But, turning, felt implanted in his spine
And through his breast impell'd the monarch's spear,
And with resounding armour smote the plain.
Idomeneus, Mœonian Borus' son
Phæstus arriv'd from fruitful Tarne, slew.
Him, mounting to escape, the king of Crete
Reach'd first, and with his long preventive spear
Pierc'd his right shoulder; from the chariot-front,
His eyes with Stygian horrors dimm'd, he fell
And his assailant's followers stripp'd his arms.
Scamandrius. son of Strophius, by the spear
Of Menelaus died. Well-skill'd was he
To rouse and with unerring aim arrest
All savage kinds that haunt the mountain wilds,
For him Diana taught. But Dian's art,
So oft his boast, nor even Dian's self
Avail'd him then; for, as he turn'd to flight,
Deep in his spine and through his breast impell'd
He felt, that moment, Menelaus' spear,
And with resounding armour smote the plain.
The brave Meriones Phereclus slew,
Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask
A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,
For Pallas dearly lov'd him. He the fleet,
Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
For Paris built, but had not, had he known
The import of the Delphian voice divine.†

* Ἡιονῆι.

† A famine prevailing in Sparta, recourse was had to the oracle. *The answer was, that* they must propitiate the gods

Phereclus fled; Meriones his flight
Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh
A spear implanted; close beneath the bone
It glided, graz'd his bladder as it pass'd,
And started forth before. Low on his knees
Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expir'd.
  Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,
Antenor's wife, to gratify her lord,
Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
Warlike Phylides* following close his flight,
A keen lance drove into his poll, his tongue
Cut from the root, and through his lips enforc'd
The glittering point. He prostrate in the dust,
The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.
  Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave
Hypsenor slew; Dolopion was his sire,
Priest of Scamander, reverenc'd as a god.
In vain before Eurypylus he fled;

of Troy. Menelaus went to Troy for the purpose, and, while there, consulted the oracle on his own concerns, and in particular inquired, when he should be a father. Paris, as it happened, repaired thither at the same time to inquire concerning a wife. While both stood at the shrine together, thus spake the oracle.

> Why come two princes, Trojan one, and one
> Achaian, doom'd to be no longer friends
> Or of like mind, to learn their lot from me?
> This asks how soon his filly shall bring forth,
> That wants a filly—But, Oh, sovereign Jove!
> With what dread counsel teems thy bosom now?

The Trojans, for their part, are said to have been admonished by the oracle in Greece to addict themselves to husbandry and to abstain from all naval arts, otherwise they would destroy both themselves and their city.—Neither of these premonitions could be well understood till the event explained it.—*Schol. per Vill.*

* *Meges*, son of Phyleus.

He, running, with his faulchion lopp'd his arm
Fast by the shoulder; on the field his hand
Fell blood-distain'd, and destiny severe
With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes.
Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle wag'd.
But Diomede—him, whether Greek he were
Or Trojan rather, in his rapid course
Thou scarce had'st known. For as an overflow
Of some broad river swoln with wintry rains
Sweeps down the bridges, dissipates the mounds,
No buttress can withstand its sudden sway,
No fence of fruitful fields, but many a work
By sturdy swains long-labour'd disappears,
So fled the thick-embattled bands of Troy,
Swept and dispers'd by Diomede alone.
Lycaon's son descrying with what rage
He scour'd the field, and how the scatter'd host
Of Ilium fled before him, bent his bow,
And where the scallop'd corslet gave a pass,
Pierc'd his right shoulder.* In his swift career
The arrow met, transfix'd him, and with blood
Stain'd all his hauberk. Pandarus that sight
Beheld exulting, and aloud exclaim'd.
Now, Trojans! ply the spur, now face your foes
Of whom the bravest bleeds; and if, in truth,
Apollo's influence prompted me to leave
My Lycean home, I deem him soon to die.
So boasted he; but Diomede unquell'd
By that keen shaft, retreated, till arriv'd
In front of his own chariot, there he stood,
And thus his faithful Sthenelus address'd.
Haste, son of Capaneus! in haste descend,
Ease my pierc'd shoulder, draw the arrow forth.

* Scalloped at the arm to give it free play—of course when *the arm was raised there* would be an opening.

He said; then down leap'd Sthenelus and drew
The arrow through the wound. The arrow drawn,
And while the warm blood spouted through the mail
Of his close tunic, thus the hero pray'd.
Unconquer'd daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!
If e'er in burning fight thy favour found
My sire or me, now, Pallas! once again
Befriend me. Grant me to subdue, to reach
With my swift spear the chief whose nimbler shaft
Hath struck me first, the boaster, who believes
The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!
He pray'd, and Pallas heard; she brac'd his limbs,
She wing'd him with alacrity divine,
And standing at his side, him thus bespake.
Now war again, Tydides! now be bold.
For, lo! I fill thee with the dauntless might
Of Tydeus; strengthen'd thus, he shook the shield.*
I also purge thy sight; the mist, that once
Obscur'd it, fled, thou shalt distinguish gods
From mortals clearly; therefore, should a power
From heaven approach to try thee, with the gods
Contend not; but should Venus interfere,
Her chase, and not unwounded, back to heaven.†

* It is said of Tydeus, that, at the siege of Thebes, being wounded by Melanippus, son of Astacus, he was so enraged that, Amphiaraus bringing him the head of his enemy, he split and spread it, and like a wild beast sucked the brains. But unfortunately for himself. For, as it happened, he did this at the moment when Minerva descended from the skies to bring him the gift of immortality. Revolted by his enormous ferocity, she returned immediately, and Tydeus seeing her as she went, entreated her to bestow the blessing on his son.—*Schol. per Vill.*

† *Why* then, it is asked, when he meets Glaucus in the *next book* has he need to be informed by him who he is? *The Scholiast* answers that the mist was only occasionally *displaced* by Pallas that he might wound Mars and Venus

So spake the blue-eyed deity, and went.
Then with the champions in the van again
Tydides mingled; hot before, he fights
With threefold fury now, nor less enrag'd
Than some gaunt lion by the shepherd gall'd
As he o'erleap'd the fold, and whom his wound,
Too slight, provokes the more; thenceforth the swain
Lurks unresisting; flies th' abandon'd flock;
Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
Surmounting all impediment, escapes;
Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incens'd
To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.
Astynoüs and Hypenor first he slew;
One with his brazen lance above the pap
He pierc'd, and one with his huge faulchion smote
Fast by the key-bone,* from the neck and spine
His parted shoulder driving at a blow.
Them leaving, Polyides next he sought
And Abas, sons of a dream-solving seer,
Eurydamas; their hoary father's dreams
Or not interpreted, or kept conceal'd,
Them sav'd not, for by Diomede they died.
Xanthus and Thoon he encounter'd next,
Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
Who other heir had none of all his wealth,
Nor hop'd another, worn with many years.
Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd
To the old man but sorrow for his sons
For ever lost; and strangers were his heirs.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne
Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand
Resistless. As a lion on the herd
Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browze,
Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,

* Or collar-bone.

So them, though clinging fast and loath to fall,
Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,
Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
Consign'd and chariot to his soldiers' care.
Him scattering thus the ranks Æneas mark'd,
And through the clash of spears set forth in quest
Of god-like Pandarus. Erelong he found
Lycaon's valiant son, drew near and said—
Say, Pandarus! Thy bow, thy shafts, thy fame
Unrivall'd here, in Lycia unexcell'd,
Where are they now? Come. Lift thine hands to Jove,
And at yon conqueror, whosoe'er he be
To whom we owe such mischief, many a brave
And gallant youth cast breathless on the ground,
Despatch a shaft; yet should he prove a god,
As likeliest seems, avenging on our host
Neglected rites, what then can shafts avail?
To whom Lycaon's warlike son replied.
Æneas, wise in council, brave in fight!
I deem him by his shield, his crest, his steeds
The valiant Diomede; but with reserve
Affirm him such, who still may be a god.
But if the conqueror of whom I speak
Be Diomede, not uninspir'd from heaven
He rages thus, but at his side, unseen,
Some guardian power protects his threaten'd life.
For, at his corselet's scallop, I have once
Already pierc'd him, and the arrow pass'd
Through his right shoulder. Destin'd ere his time
I judg'd him to his dark Plutonian home,
But still he lives; man, therefore, cannot be,
Nor can his wrath be less than wrath divine.
I would assail him mounted, but have here
No chariot, for I left eleven at home
All new, magnificent, and mantled o'er
With wide spread hangings, while, in pairs, my steeds

Beside them standing, chew their winnow'd grain.
My brave old sire Lycaon many a wise
Instruction gave me at my coming forth,
And oft persuaded me to ride before
My band to battle. I refus'd to ride,
And now repent it. But the cause was fear
Lest, ever largely fed, my steeds, perchance,
Should famish, in the closeness of the siege.*
Them, therefore, leaving, I arriv'd on foot
At Ilium, trusting in my bow alone,
Ordain'd to fail me and forego its use.
For two prime Grecians have already bled
By my sure arrows; Menelaus first,
And, next, this hero. Genuine was the blood,
But the effect, that they have rag'd the more.
In evil hour I, therefore, from the wall
Unhook'd it, on the day when arm'd I led,
For Hector's sake, my Lycians forth to Troy.†
And should these eyes of mine once more behold
My wife, and native mansion, may I fall
Next moment headless by an alien's hand,
If I not break and burn with fire a bow
So false a friend and follower to the fight.‡

* Aristotle, and after him Eustathius, allege that it was through mere covetousness that Pandarus left his horses at home, and to avoid the expense of feeding them abroad. This seems strange, because Pandarus himself expressly says that he left them for a different reason; lest in a besieged city and therefore liable to a dearth of provender, they should suffer by the want of it. It is hard to rob him of a virtue, the virtue of humanity which the poet himself ascribes to him, and to give him a vice instead of it.

† Homer says—*down from the peg*—and there is not much more dignity in the expression as it is here rendered; but it must not be forgotten that the greatest simplicity is one of Homer's chief characteristics.

‡ Anger is generally sinful, and often even foolish; but the silliest anger of all is anger with things inanim

To whom Æneas, Trojan chief, replied.
Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Tros*
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field,
And should Tydides by the aid of Jove
Still prove victorious, these shall bear us safe
Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins,
While I stand up for battle, or thyself
Receive him, and the steeds shall be my care.†
Him answer'd then Lycaon' son renown'd.
The steeds are thine, Æneas! be it thine
To drive them. Should we be constrain'd to fly,
Thy voice, best known, will animate them most;
Not hearing thine, their wonted courage lost
They may refuse us rescue, and the son
Of valiant Tydeus, furious, in pursuit
Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.
Thine therefore be the driver's part, while I
With my sharp spear encounter his approach.
So saying they mounted both, and furious drove
Against Tydides. Them the noble son

Such, as Plutarch observes, was the anger of Thamyris when he broke his lyre; such that of Xerxes when he scourged the sea; and such here is that of Pandarus.

* This is the true meaning of Τρωιοι ιπποι—for the steeds of Troy were like other steeds, and by no particular excellence distinguished from them; but the steeds of Tros were a gift from Jupiter and said to be immortal.—*See the Scholium in Barnes.*

† *Εγω δ ιππων αποβησομαι.*] Non, in terram è curru *descendam; sed dum Tu equos regis, Ego stans in curru pugnabo.—Clarke.*

Of Capaneus observ'd and turning quick
His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.
My soul's delight, my Diomede! I see
Two warriors infinite in force on fire
To give thee battle. Skilful in the bow
Lycaon's offspring, Pandarus is one;
The other, he whom Venus, as he boasts,
To his courageous sire Anchises bore,
Æneas. Haste. Seek safety in retreat,
Lest all assistance of the Grecians left
So far, thou perish, and I lose my friend.
To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied.
Speak not of flight, or speak in vain to me,
For I am Tydeus' son, and cannot fly
Or shrink from danger; unimpair'd I feel
My vigour yet, disdain the chariot's help,
And thus will meet them; for Minerva said
Be bold, Tydides! and I cannot fear.*
If one escape us, not the swiftest flight
Shall rescue both. But mark me, and repose
Deep in thy memory what I now enjoin.
Should Pallas, matchless teacher, grant me skill
To slay them both, hook fast the reins of ours,
And, mindful to secure Æneas' steeds,
Fly, seize, and drive them to the Grecian camp.
For Tros receiv'd their grandsires in amends
For his son Ganymede, from Jove himself,
As fleetest of all coursers under heaven.
Their breed the chief Anchises with his mares
Stole from Laomedon; the foals were six,
Four pamper'd for his pleasure he reserves
In his own stalls, and to Æneas gave
This fiery pair to serve him in the field;
A *glorious prize*, might victory make them ours.

* *Alluding* to the encouragement given him by Pal
above.—See line 141.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; those chiefs, the while,
With swiftest pace approach'd and first his speech
To Diomede Lycaon's son address'd.
Tydides, dauntless son of dauntless sire!
In vain my shaft transpierc'd thee. Now for proof
If, heal'd as soon, thou canst survive the spear.
He said, and from his forceful gripe at once
Forth flew the quivering beam; it struck the shield
Of Diomede, nor stay'd, but started through
And reach'd well nigh the hauberk on his breast.
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah nobly thrown!
Home to thy bowels. Die, for die thou must,
And all the glory of thy death is mine.
Then answer thus brave Diomede return'd
Undaunted. I am whole. Thy cast was short.
But as for you, ye cease not, I perceive,
Till one at least extended on the field
Shall sate the god of battles with his blood.
He said, and threw. Minerva steer'd the lance,
And, entering at the nostril near his eye,
His ivory teeth it brake, cut short his tongue,
And glitter'd extant at his chin below.*
Down from the chariot on his radiant arms
With hideous sound he fell; back flew the steeds
In wild affright, and where he fell he died.

* It is asked how it was possible, that, Diomede being on foot and Pandarus mounted, the wound here described could be given, for the spear took a downward course and *started through his chin below.* A difficulty which some solve, by saying that Minerva, in the first place, was able to give it what course she pleased; or that Pandarus stooped forward that he might learn with more precision what kind of a wound he had given Diomede; and lastly it is surmised that they might encounter on uneven ground, in which case, he who fought on foot would naturally place himself on an elevation. *Schol. per Vill.*—Authors are not always so happily helped out by the critics.

Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
To guard the body; with a lion's port
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear
Advancing firm, and with incessant cries
Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
But Diomede with an enormous stone
Fill'd his wide grasp; a weight to overcharge
Two men, the strongest of a race like ours,
Although he wielded it with ease alone.
With this he smote Æneas: on the hip
He smote him, where the thigh-bone's slippery knob
Rolls in its cavity, the socket nam'd.
It crush'd the socket, with its rugged points
Tore the tough tendons wide, and strip'd the skin.
The hero, to his knees subsiding, lean'd
On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
There had Æneas perish'd, king of men,
But Venus, anxious for the son she gave
To her belov'd Anchises in the vales
Of Ida, gracefully her snowy arms
Threw round him, interpos'd the lovely folds
Of her ethereal robe to screen his breast
From Grecian darts, lest pierc'd he should expire,
And softly stole her darling child away.
Then, heedful of his fellow-warrior's charge,
The son of Capaneus, with listen'd reins
Behind them, far from the tumultuous fight
Detain'd his own, and seizing with despatch
Æneas' coursers drove them till he reach'd
The Grecian host. There giving them in charge
To his congenial friend whom most he lov'd,
Deipylus, that he might drive them thence
Into the Grecian camp, the hero, next,
Returning, climb'd his chariot, and in haste
Lash'd after Diomede; he, fierce in arms,
Pursued the Cyprian goddess, conscious whom,

Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all
Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
But one of softer kind and prone to fear.
When, therefore, her at length, after long chase
Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
With his protruded spear her gentle hand
He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
(Ambrosial texture by the graces wrought)
Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm.*
Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,
Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven
May bleed, nectareous; for the gods eat not
Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death
empt.†
She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his bosom, caught him far away.
Then shouted brave Tydides after her—
Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
Is 't not enough that thou beguil'st the hearts
Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
Again into the war, war's very name
Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard.
He said, and Venus with excess of pain

* By the wound given to Venus, Clarke understands
disgrace and loss inflicted on the Trojans fighting in
cause of Paris, the adulterer, by the victorious Diomede

† We are not to understand that the poet ascribes
immortality of the gods to their abstinence from the d
and food of man, for most animals partake of neither,
the expression is elliptic and requires to be supplied thu
They drink not wine but nectar, eat not the food of
tals, but ambrosia; thence it is that they are bloodle
from death exempt.—Schol. per Vill.

The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd.
My brother, pity me, and let thy steeds
Bear me to the Olympian seats again.
This wound with all its bitter pangs I owe
To Diomede, a mortal, who would fight
With Jove himself, so desperate is his rage.
She said; and with his golden-bitted steeds
By Mars supplied, but heaving many a sigh,
Climb'd the bright chariot; Iris seiz'd the scourge,
And heaven-ward flew at once the willing pair.
Arriv'd on the Olympian summit, seat
Of the immortal gods, there Iris loos'd
And with Ambrosia fed them. Venus sank
Meantime dejected on Dione's lap,
Who close to her maternal bosom strain'd
Her lovely daughter, strok'd her cheek, and said.
Who gave my blameless child this dreadful wound
As if her guilt were prov'd—What power divine?

And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours,
Mars once endur'd much wrong, when on a time
Otus and Ephialtes bound him fast,
Sons of Aloëus, and full thirteen moons
In brazen thraldom held him. There, at length,
The fierce blood-nourish'd Mars had pin'd away,
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
His step-mother, in happy hour disclos'd
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;
He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.*
Nor Juno less endur'd, when erst the bold
Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft
Her bosom pierc'd; she then the misery felt
Of irremediable pain severe.†
Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the gods
Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
Alcides, at the portals of the dead
Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house

* Venus, enamoured of Adonis, and trembling lest he should perish in the chase of wild beasts, gave him in charge to the servants of Otus and Ephialtes; but Mars, seeing him in pursuit of his prey on Mount Libanus, in Arabia, stole him. Otus and Ephialtes, in resentment of the wrong, seized Mars and imprisoned him, as is here mentioned.—*See Vill.*

† Eurytus, king of Oechalia, made proclamation that he would give his daughter Iôle in marriage to him who should surpass him in archery. Hercules won the prize, but Eurytus retracted his engagement. Hercules layed waste his country and led Iôle captive. He next repaired to the court of Neleus, who would not receive him, on which account Hercules made war upon him, and not only wasted Pylus, but also wounded Juno, who assisted Neleus in person. He *likewise slew all the* sons of Neleus except Nestor, who had *his education* among the Gerenians, and by that means *escaped.* Hence it is that Homer so often calls him Nestor *the Gerenian.—See Barnes.*

Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought
Dejected, torture-stung; for sore the shaft
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.
But Pæon him not liable to death
With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man!
Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven!*
But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! He forgets
That whoso turns against the gods his arms
Lives never long; he never, safe escap'd
From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears
Of his own infants prattling at his knees.
Let therefore Diomede beware, lest, strong
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
Daughter of king Adrastus, the discreet
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail
Her first-espous'd, Achaia's proudest boast,
Tydides, whom she must behold more.
She said, and from her wrist with both hands wip'd
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch
Divine chas'd all her pains, and she was heal'd.
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas; and with speech

* Hercules, commanded by Pluto to vanquish Cerberus without shield or spear, defended himself with his lion's skin, and attacked him with stones. Having gained the victory he discharged an arrow against the god who had so unreasonably tasked him, with which he pierced his shoulder.—*Schol. per Vill.*

These are probably fragments of history involved in fable according to the practice of the ancients, and not of Homer' invention.—*Clarke.*

Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.
  Eternal father? may I speak my thought,
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge
That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair
To join the Trojans whom the goddess loves
With such extravagance, hath heedless strok'd
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.
  So she; then smil'd the sire of gods and men
And calling golden Venus, her bespake.
  War and the tented field, my beauteous child,
Are not for thee. Thou rather should'st be found
In scenes of matrimonial bliss. The toils
Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong.
  Thus they in heaven. But Diomede the while
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the god
Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him
Regarding lightly; for he burn'd to slay
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
Repuls'd him. But when ardent as a god
The fourth time he advanc'd, with thundering voice
Him thus the archer of the skies rebuk'd.
  Think and retire, Tydides! nor affect
Equality with gods; for not the same
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.
  He said, then Diomede, to shun the rage
Of the offended god, short space retir'd,
And, distant from the war, Apollo plac'd
Æneas in his own interior shrine
In Pergamus; beneath whose ample dome
Distinguish'd gloriously, the chief engag'd
Latona's and Diana's healing powers.*

* *Honorificè excipiebant*, according to Clarke, is the proper import of κυδαινον.

Meantime the archer of the silver bow
An airy form prepar'd, in feature, size
And arms, himself Æneas. To secure
That vain illusion Greeks and Trojans flew
To fiery contest, and with many a stroke
The bull-hide shields and lighter targes rang.
Then thus Apollo to the warrior god.
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batterer Mars!
Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw
This man Tydides, now so fiery grown
That he would even cope with Jove himself?
First Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd
Impetuous as a god, next, even me.
He ceas'd, and on the topmost turret sat
Of Pergamus. Then Mars, pernicious power,
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
Exhorted loud, and in the form assum'd
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
The godlike sons of Priam thus harangu'd.
Ye sons of Priam, monarch dear to Jove!
How long permit ye your Achaian foes
To slay the people! Till the battle rage
(Push'd home to Ilium) at her solid gates?
Behold—a chief disabled lies, than whom
We reverence not even Hector more,
Æneas; fly, save from the roaring storm
The noble Anchisiades your friend.
He said; then every heart for battle glow'd;
And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began.
Where, Hector! is the martial fire that glow'd
Once in thy bosom? We have heard thee boast
That, other aids apart, and unsustain'd
Either by native Trojans or allies,
Thou and thy kindred could defend the town.
But where are now thy kindred? none appears:

As dogs the lion dread, so they the fight,
Which strangers wage, though summon'd from afar.
Myself am such; for Lycia lies remote
Beside the gulfy Zanthus; there I left
An infant boy and a beloved mate,
With wealth, the wish and envy of the poor.
Yet lead I forth my Lycians, and myself
Stand fast for Troy, although the Grecians here
Gain what they may, can nothing gain of mine.
Thou stand'st thyself indeed, but others leav'st
Dishearten'd even in their wives' defence.
Ah fear, lest all enclos'd as in a net
Ye perish, and ere long no trace remain
Of Ilium's splendid dwellings—day and night
These thoughts should prompt thee to intreat the chiefs
Your foreign friends, to combat in your cause
As with one heart, all bickerings put away.
So spake Sarpedon, and his keen rebuke
Stung Hector; to the ground all arm'd he leap'd,
Shook high his spears, and visiting his host
Rous'd all their powers to dreadful fight again.
They, rallying, fac'd the Greeks, who unappall'd
Fled not, but waited them in firm array.
As from the peasant's van the wafted husk,
Parted by golden Ceres from the grain,
Falls in thick showers, and whitens all around,
So, turn'd at once, and mingling at command
Again in fight, the stamping coursers fill'd
Heaven's azure vault with dust, which in its fall
Whiten'd the Grecians; and impetuous Mars,
In aid of Ilium's host, from side to side
Brought darkness o'er the battle; so enjoin'd

's, soon as, watchful, he perceiv'd
ir guardian, from the Greeks withdrawn.*
w Apollo from his unctuous shrine
Æneas by himself inspir'd
ıt for battle, and amidst his own
e he stood. They saw with glad surprise
safe and to his strength restor'd,
ıt inqüir'd, nor leisure found, intent
houghts, and too severely tasked
rm'd Phœbus, homicidal Mars,
ırd burning still with quenchless fire.
, either Ajax, Diomede—
s'd the Greeks to battle, who themselves
fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,
ast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
ıuge mountain's summit, while the force
sleeps, with all the whistling winds
e the gloomy vapours when they blow.
he Grecians, waiting the approach
powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.
gamemnon, the embattled host
s ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,
st, fellow-warriors, now be men!
ı sense of honour. More escape
ıo fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
tards forfeit life and glory both.
, and with his rapid spear the prince
on of Pergasus, and friend
Æneas, slew; not less esteem'd
Troy, such courage had he shown

nmentators say, either to make the flight of the
ossible, or to render himself invisible while he
Grecians. But the former was probably the
, *because he* expressly says that the darkness
of Troy. Juno, in book xxi. employs it for a
e.

As dogs the lion dread, so they the fight,
Which strangers wage, though summon'd from afar.
Myself am such; for Lycia lies remote
Beside the gulfy Zanthus; there I left
An infant boy and a beloved mate,
With wealth, the wish and envy of the poor.
Yet lead I forth my Lycians, and myself
Stand fast for Troy, although the Grecians here
Gain what they may, can nothing gain of mine.
Thou stand'st thyself indeed, but others leav'st
Dishearten'd even in their wives' defence.
Ah fear, lest all enclos'd as in a net
Ye perish, and ere long no trace remain
Of Ilium's splendid dwellings—day and night
These thoughts should prompt thee to intreat the chiefs
Your foreign friends, to combat in your cause
As with one heart, all bickerings put away.
So spake Sarpedon, and his keen rebuke
Stung Hector; to the ground all arm'd he leap'd,
Shook high his spears, and visiting his host
Rous'd all their powers to dreadful fight again.
They, rallying, fac'd the Greeks, who unappall'd
Fled not, but waited them in firm array.
As from the peasant's van the wafted husk,
Parted by golden Ceres from the grain,
Falls in thick showers, and whitens all around,
So, turn'd at once, and mingling at command
Again in fight, the stamping coursers fill'd
Heaven's azure vault with dust, which in its fall
Whiten'd the Grecians; and impetuous Mars,
In aid of Ilium's host, from side to side
Brought darkness o'er the battle; so enjoin'd

y Phœbus, soon as, watchful, he perceiv'd
allas, their guardian, from the Greeks withdrawn.*
And now Apollo from his unctuous shrine
ent forth Æneas by himself inspir'd
/ith might for battle, and amidst his own
nce more he stood. They saw with glad surprise
he hero safe and to his strength restor'd,
ut nought inqüir'd, nor leisure found, intent
n other thoughts, and too severely tasked
y shaft-arm'd Phœbus, homicidal Mars,
nd Discord burning still with quenchless fire.
Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede—
hese rous'd the Greeks to battle, who themselves
he force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,
ut steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
n some huge mountain's summit, while the force
f Boreas sleeps, with all the whistling winds
hat chase the gloomy vapours when they blow.
o stood the Grecians, waiting the approach
f Ilium's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.
Then Agamemnon, the embattled host
n all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,
e steadfast, fellow-warriors, now be men!
old fast a sense of honour. More escape
f men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
/hile dastards forfeit life and glory both.
He said, and with his rapid spear the prince
eïcoon, son of Pergasus, and friend
f brave Æneas, slew; not less esteem'd
y all in Troy, such courage had he shown

* The commentators say, either to make the flight of the rojans impossible, or to render himself invisible while he moved the Grecians. But the former was probably the *et's reason*, because he expressly says that the darkness *s in favour of Troy*. Juno, in book xxi. employs it for *ilar purpose*.

In her defence, than Priam's sons themselves
His shield he pierc'd, nor pierc'd his shield alone
But, through his belt, his bowels; down he fell,
And with his sounding armour smote the plain.
Æneas, in return, two noblest Greeks,
The brave Orsilochus and Crethon slew,
Their sire, Diocles, for his wealth renown'd,
Pheræ, their splendid home, and their descent
From deep broad-flowing Alpheus, Pylian stream
Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince
Of numerous powers. Orsilochus begat
Warlike Diocles. From Diocles sprang
Twins, Crethon and Orsilochus, expert
In all the dread varieties of war.
These, in full bloom of youth, to Ilium fam'd
For swiftest steeds had voyag'd with the Greeks
Just compensation seeking for the sons
Of Atreus, in that glorious cause they fell.
As two young lions, nourish'd, till of late,
In some dark forest on the mountain's brow
Beneath their dam, invading folds and stalls
Spare neither flocks nor herds, till, in return,
Themselves assail'd, they perish by the spear,
So they, both vanquished by Æneas, lay,
Like two tall pines, extended on the plain.
Them fallen in battle Menelaus saw
With pity mov'd; radiant in arms he shook
His brazen spear, and strode into the van.
Mars urg'd him furious on, conceiving hope
Of his death also by Æneas' hand,
But him the son of generous Nestor mark'd
Antilochus, and to the foremost fight
Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance
The prince befalling, at one fatal stroke
Should frustrate all the labours of the Greeks.
They, hand to hand, and spear to spear oppos'

Stood threatening dreadful onset, when beside
The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.
Æneas, at the sight of two, appall'd,
Stood not, although intrepid. They the dead
Thence drawing far into the Grecian host
To their associates gave the hapless pair,
Then, both returning, fought in front again.
Next, fierce Pylæmenes, the dauntless chief
Of Paphlagonia's shielded band they slew.*
Erect he rode, when with his pointed spear
Fast by the key-bone Menelaus pierc'd
His yielding neck; and while Atymnias' son,
Mydon, his charioteer, with fearful haste
Turn'd his swift steeds to flight, a ponderous stone
Hurl'd by Antilochus, with skilful aim
Smote his left elbow. From his slacken'd grasp
Loose fell the ivory reins and track'd the dust.†
Then flew Antilochus, and with his sword
Struck through his temples; panting, down he fell,
And on his neck and shoulders in the sand
(For in deep sand it chanc'd) stood long erect,
Till his own coursers spurn'd him to his length.
Antilochus his vacant seat supplied,
And, joyful, drove them to the camp of Greece.
Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew
With clamour loud to meet them; after whom
Advanc'd in phalanx firm the powers of Troy.
Mars led them, with Enyo terror-clad;
She by the maddening tumult of the fight
Attended, he, with his enormous lance
In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
Of Hector, now attendant in his rear.

* Pylæmenes is mentioned again in the battle at the ships. *But they are supposed to be different persons of one name. There he is called* a king, and here a leader only.

† *Λευκ ελεφαντι* signifies not white with ivory but white as ivory, according to some of the best commentators.

Him Diomede the bold discerning, felt
Himself no small dismay; and as a man
Remote from home, nor taught the swimmer's ar
If chance a rapid torrent to the sea
Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flo
Obstreperous views awhile, then quick retires,
So he, and thus his warlike band bespake.
My friends! the noble Hector's force and skill
Move with just cause our wonder, for he fights
Protected always by some power divine,
And Mars attends this moment at his side,
In form, a man. Ye, therefore, still retire,
But facing still your foes, nor battle wage
However fierce, yet fruitless, with the gods.
He ended; and the Trojan now approach'd.
Then, Hector two well-practis'd warriors slew,
Menesthes and Anchialus his friend
Borne in one chariot. With compassion mov'd
Their hapless fall the towering Ajax saw,
And, drawing nigh, stood first, then hurl'd a spe
Which pierc'd Amphius; Pæsus was his home,
And Selagus of boundless wealth his sire;
But, drawn by Destiny to Priam's aid
He sought the battle. Driven through his belt,
The Telemonian hero's massy beam
Implanted in his nether bowels stood,
And, sounding, down he fell. The conqueror fle
To strip his arms, but showers of glittering darts

* The Scholiast thus interprets απαλαμαος, and und stands it to signify τυ νηχεσθαι απειρος, *unexperienced swimming.—See Vill.*

As such a man would be startled at the sight of a torre *so was Diomede* at the sight of Mars, seeing him now *the first time.* The reader may recollect that in the be *ning of* this book Minerva clears the sight of Diomede *the gods may* be visible to him.

Around him fell, nor few his shield receiv'd;
The body press'd beneath his heel, he tugg'd
His own huge weapon forth, but seize the spoil
He could not, by that iron storm assail'd.
Fear too he felt, lest, confident and bold
His numerous foes should hem him all around,
Who push'd and urg'd him at the lances' point
So roughly thence, that though of highest fame
For strength and valour, staggering he retir'd.
Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.
And now resistless Fate the mighty son
Of Hercules, Tlepolemus impell'd
To combat with the godlike Lycian chief
Sarpedon. Grandson huge of Jove he met
Jove's own immediate son, and thus he said.
Why came Sarpedon hither, heartless chief
Of Lycia's host, and ignorant of arms?
False is that rumour which affirms thee born
The son of Jove; for thou art far unlike
The Thunderer's sons brought forth in other days.
How glorious was the lion-hearted prince
My father Hercules! who seeking here
The horses of Laomedon, achiev'd
With six ships only, and his little band,
The fall of Troy, and widow'd all her ways.
But thou, of mind ignoble, lead'st about
A perishing and still diminish'd train,
And had'st thou never left thy Lycian home,
Troy thence had suffer'd naught, for wert thou brave
As thou art base, thy soul should yet descend
To Pluto's dreary realm, dismiss'd by me.
To whom the leader of the Lycian band!
Tlepolemus! He laid this city waste
For the ingratitude and folly's sake
Of King Laomedon, who gave his claim
A rough reply, nor would resign the steeds

Far-sought and well-deserv'd.* But where he wa
Victorious war, there bleeding life away
The victim of my spear, shalt thou resign
Thy soul to Pluto, and thy fame to me.
Then rais'd Tlepolemus his ashen beam,
And, both at once, their quivering weapons flew.
His neck Sarpedon's pierc'd. The mortal point
Sprang forth behind, and darkness veil'd his eyes
Tlepolemus with vengeful fury struck
His foe's left thigh, and in the bone set fast
His rueful point. But Jove preserv'd his son.
His brave attendants forth from battle bore
Godlike Sarpedon; but with pain he dragg'd
The long spear after him, through eager haste
Of his associates, left inherent still.
His also bore Tlepolemus away.
Ulysses mark'd them with a mind that dar'd
All danger, and a soul by vengeance fir'd,
Yet doubt perplex'd him, whether he should seek
With swift pursuit the wounded son of Jove,
Or slay more Lycians. But the fates ordain'd
Jove's son the victim of another spear,
And Pallas, therefore, his uncertain thoughts
Deciding, turn'd them to the Lycian host.
Alastor, then, and Cœranus he smote,
Alcander, Chromius, Prytanis the brave.
And Halius and Noëmon. These he slew,
And Lycians more had slain, but from afar
The havock caught huge Hector's watchful eye,
And, to the terrour of the Greeks, he flew
All-arm'd into the van. His swift approach
The son of Jove, Sarpedon, glad beheld,
And these sad accents to his ear address'd.

* *The reader* will find this story related at large
note on line 183 of book xx.

Ah! son of Priam, leave me not expos'd
To Grecian hands; I wish but to expire
Within your friendly walls; for to regain
My native fields, and meet at my return
A smiling wife and boy, are not for me.
He ceas'd nor Hector answer'd, but at once
Fir'd with unsparing fury for his sake
Flew to repulse the Grecians. Then, beneath
Jove's spreading beech, his fellow-warriors laid
Sarpedon down, where Pelagon, his brave
And lov'd companion drawing from his thigh
The ashen spear, in lifeless languor lost
And sickly mists awhile the hero lay,
But, fann'd by northern breezes, liv'd again.
Press'd by the double force of Hector's arm
And Mars himself, the Grecians neither sought
Their camp by flight, nor stood; but once inform'd
That Mars oppos'd them, step by step retir'd.
Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian chief,
Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race,
Œnomaus, Helenus from Œnops sprung,
And brisk in fight Oresbius;* rich was he,
And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode
Numerous Bœotian chiefs besides, themselves
Wealthy, and rulers of a wealthy race.
Jove's beauteous consort Juno soon perceiv'd
These Greeks expiring in the storm of war,
And thus, with eager haste, to Pallas spake.
Pallas! all-conquering progeny of Jove!
Vain was our word to Menelaus given

* *This, according to* Porphyrius, as quoted by Clarke, i *the true meaning of* αιολομιτρης.

That he should bear the spoils of Ilium home,
If havock-spreading Mars thus madly rage
With no control of ours: Haste—put we on
Our might for battle too, and seek the fight.
  She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied.
Then Juno, goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepar'd
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd
The brazen wheels, and join'd them to the smooth
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each
Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge
Was gold, by fellies of eternal brass
Guarded, a dazzling show! The shining naves
Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold
The seat upbore; two crescents blaz'd in front.*
The pole was argent all, to which she bound
The golden yoke, with its appendant charge
Inserted, braces, straps and bands of gold.
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
Conducted forth, on fire to join the fight.†
  Mean-time, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. Then put she on
The corslet of the Thunderer her sire,

* These, which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a semicircular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened.

† The Hebe of Homer not only attends on the gods as a cup-bearer, but acts here in the capacity of groom to Juno, and at the close of the book we shall find her bathing and attiring Mars.

The Scholiast discovers and elaborately attempts to *prove, that this* is a symbolical chariot, and in the several *parts of it, and* in the different metals of which it is composed *finds* emblems of the different elements and their *properties*, the sun, the moon, &c.—See Vill.—But Homer *probably* had no such thought.

And arm'd her for the field of wo complete.
She charg'd her shoulder with the dreadful sh
The shaggy ægis, border'd thick around
With Terrour; there was Discord, Prowess th
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign
Oft borne protentous on the arm of Jove.
Her golden helm, whose concave had suffic'd
The legions of a hundred cities, rough
With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd
On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Huge, ponderous, irresistible receiv'd,
With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urg'd quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;
Apart from all, and seated on the point
uperior of the cloven mount, they found
he Thunderer. There beauteous Juno staid
er fiery steeds, and thus the sovereign king
turnian Jove consulted ere she pass'd.
Jove! seest thou, unincens'd, these deeds of Mars,
w many noblest Grecians he has slain,
shamelessly, and all with grief of heart
lor'd by me? But Venus views well-pleas'd.
l Phœbus, acts to which themselves have mov'
lawless ravager. Eternal sire!
I displease thee, should I punish Mars
hase him deeply-wounded from the field

As dogs the lion dread, so they the fight,
Which strangers wage, though summon'd from afar.
Myself am such; for Lycia lies remote
Beside the gulfy Zanthus; there I left
An infant boy and a beloved mate,
With wealth, the wish and envy of the poor.
Yet lead I forth my Lycians, and myself
Stand fast for Troy, although the Grecians here
Gain what they may, can nothing gain of mine.
Thou stand'st thyself indeed, but others leav'st
Dishearten'd even in their wives' defence.
Ah fear, lest all enclos'd as in a net
Ye perish, and ere long no trace remain
Of Ilium's splendid dwellings—day and night
These thoughts should prompt thee to intreat the chiefs
Your foreign friends, to combat in your cause
As with one heart, all bickerings put away.
So spake Sarpedon, and his keen rebuke
Stung Hector; to the ground all arm'd he leap'd,
Shook high his spears, and visiting his host
Rous'd all their powers to dreadful fight again.
They, rallying, fac'd the Greeks, who unappall'd
Fled not, but waited them in firm array.
As from the peasant's van the wafted husk,
Parted by golden Ceres from the grain,
Falls in thick showers, and whitens all around,
So, turn'd at once, and mingling at command
Again in fight, the stamping coursers fill'd
Heaven's azure vault with dust, which in it fall
Whiten'd the Grecians; and impetuous Mars,
In aid of Ilium's host, from side to side
Brought darkness o'er the battle; so enjoin'd

The chafe and sultry pressure of the belt
That bore his ample shield, too ponderous now
For his enfeebled hand. He wip'd the gore
Beneath his belt, when Pallas, with her arm
Thrown o'er the yoke, the hero thus reprov'd.
  Tydides shows few traces of his sire.
Tydeus, small-limb'd, was strenuous yet in fight.
For when his fierce propensity to deeds
Of bold emprise had no consent of mine,
What time, despatch'd embassador, he sat
Friendless among the numerous youths of Thebes,
And I exhorted him, myself, to share
The banquet quietly; yet, prompted still,
As always, by his own undaunted heart,
He challeng'd forth their ablest, and with ease,
In every trial, such effectual aid
I gave him, prov'd superior to them all.
But thou, whom I encompass, whom I guard,
And with express command urge forth to fight,
Thou faintest, either through excess of toil,
Or heartless fear; then boast thee Tydeus' son,
And valiant Œneus' progeny no more.
  To whom thus valiant Diomede replied.
Daughter of Jove! I know thee, and disclose,
Most willingly, my inmost soul to thee,
Me neither fear, nor dull desire of rest
Withholds from battle, but thy own commands
Remember'd still, that of immortal powers,
Save Venus only, should she seek the field,
I should encounter none, nor spare to send
The foam-sprung goddess wounded back to heaven.
I, therefore, seeing that the fight is sway'd
By Mars himself, retire, and have enjoin'd
That course to all the Greeks of my command.
  Him answer'd then the goddess azure-eyed,
Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!

Fear not this Mars,* nor fear thou other power
Immortal, but be confident in me.
Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;
Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars
Respect not aught, base implement of wrong
And mischief, shifting still from side to side.
He promis'd Juno lately and myself
That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets
His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.
She said, and drawing backward by his arm
The hero Sthenelus, who with a leap
Alighted, mounted ardent to his place
And sat by Diomede. Then groan'd aloud
The beechen axle; for it bore to fight
An awful goddess and a peerless chief.
She seiz'd the reins, and rapid in career
Flew to encounter Mars. Just then the god
Had slain huge Periphas, the prime in arms
Of all Ætolia's band, Ochesius' son.
Him Mars had slain; when to elude the sight
Of the tempestuous power, Minerva fixt
The dark Tartarean helmet on her head.†
At sight of Diomede the gory Mars
Leaving gigantic Periphas outstretch'd
Where he had slain him, with impetuous speed
Flew to encounter Tydeus noble son.
They met; when, with determin'd fury, Mars
O'er yoke and bridle hurl'd his glittering spear.
Minerva caught, and turning it, it pass'd
The hero's chariot-side, dismiss'd in vain—
Then took the spear of Diomede its flight,
And Pallas sent it through the belt of Mars,
And deep into his bowels. There she fix'd

* Αξια τονδε.
† *A helmet* composed of the shades of Tartarus.

Then suddenly revuls'd the brazen point
Rending him as she pull'd. Loud bellow'd Mars,
Nine thousand men, ten thousand, scarce so loud
Joining fierce battle. Tremors seiz'd the hosts
Of Greece and Troy, both hearing with dismay
The roars of Mars insatiable with war.'*

Such as the dimness is when summer winds
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
Such, brazen Mars, ascending, wrapt in clouds,
The spacious heavens, to Diomede appear'd.
Borne rapidly to the Olympian heights
Seat of the gods, beside Saturnian Jove
He sat, disclos'd his hurt, the sanguine stream
Immortal issuing from his body show'd,
And in self-moaning accents thus complain'd.

Seest thou, O Jove, and seest thou unincens'd
These injuries with which the gods afflict
Each other daily, for the sake of man?
Our strife is all from thee. For thou hast brought
A foolish and contentious daughter forth
Whose sole delight is mischief. All endure,
All heaven, herself except, thy stern control,
She never; her, no word of thine, or deed
Reproves or checks, because she sprang from thee.
She fills with rage against the gods themselves
The heart of Diomede; he punctur'd first
The hand of Venus near her lovely wrist,
Then, godlike in assault, pierc'd also me.
But I escap'd; else long had I endur'd,
O'erwhelm'd with horrid carnage, countless woes,
Or, strengthless, had surviv'd a thousand wounds.†

* This interference of Minerva and the victory that she gains for Diomede, are a poetical intimation that the Greeks prevailed by virtue of their better discipline and superior skill in battle.—*Clarke.*

† Δεινα αν επασχον εν τοις νεκροις, κειμενος, ειζων ἀσθενης δια το τραυμα ην.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.
Sit not, base traitor, muttering thus to me,
Since I detest thee for thy fierce delight
In strife and battle above all in heaven.
Thou hast thy mother's temper; I discern
All her insufferable spleen in thee.
Her scarce, by words alone, myself control,
And, therefore, deem thy sufferings an effect
Of her contrivance. But thy birth forbids
That thou should'st suffer long, by Juno borne,
And borne to me. Thus, odious, had'st thou sprung
From any powers that dwell in heaven besides,
Long since thou had'st, thyself, dwelt far below.
He ceas'd, and summon'd Pæon to his aid,
The virtues of whose sovereign balms at once
Restor'd him, for he was not born to die.
As juice of figs soon fixes to a curd
The fluid milk, stirr'd rapidly around,
So soon was Mars by Pæon's skill restor'd.
Then, lav'd by beauteous Hebe, and attir'd
In robes ambrosial, at the side of Jove,
Exulting on his glorious throne he sat.
And now, Mars driven from the dreadful field
That he had drench'd with blood, Jove's awful spouse
And Pallas, reascending, sought the skies.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the meantime, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

BOOK VI.

Thus left to wage the furious fight alone,
Trojans and Greeks stretch'd forth the brazen spear
With various fortune, on the middle plain
By Simoïs lav'd and Xanthus' gulfy stream.
  First, Ajax, bulwark of the Grecians, broke
A Trojan phalanx, and illum'd with hope
The minds of all his followers for he struck
Eusorious' son, huge Acamas, the chief
And bravest of the Thracians. Close beneath
The shaggy crest he smote him, through his casque
Transpierc'd the bone, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
  Brave Diomede a chief Percosian slew.
Axylus of Arisba, Teuthras' son,
Wealthy and much belov'd; for, dwelling nigh
The public way, none pass'd him unrefresh'd.
But no man, then, of all his numerous guests
Sprang forth to save him, or his valiant friend

Calesius, guiding, as it chanc'd, that day
His chariot, whom Tydides also slew.
Both Dresus and Opheltius sought the shades
Slain by Euryalus,* who next, his arms
On Pedasus and on Æsepus turn'd
Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,
A Naiad to Bucolion, son renown'd
Of king Laomedon, his eldest born.
But surreptitious, and with care conceal'd.
Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embrac'd
The lovely nymph; she bore him at a birth
Two future warriors, but Mecisteus' son
Slew both, and stripp'd them of their gorgeous arms.
Stubborn in battle Polypoetes slew
Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear
Transfix'd Pydites, a Percosian chief
And Teucer Aretaön; with his lance
Antilochus the brave Ablerus pierc'd.
And Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt
Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,
On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
The flight of Phylacus avail'd him nought
Cut short by Leïtus; Evæmon's son
Laid low in dust Melanthius, and, on fire
With martial ardour, Menelaus seiz'd
And took alive Adrastus; for his steeds,
Scouring the plain in terrour, plung'd at length
Into a myrtle-thicket, where detain'd
And struggling to escape, they snapp'd the pole,
And with the splinter'd fragment flew to Troy
Following the flight of others, scar'd as they.
Prone on his face beside his chariot-wheel
Down fell Adrastus; with his lifted spear
Prepar'd to strike him Menelaus stood,
When thus the suppliant chief his pity sought.

* Eurypylus.

Oh son of Atreus, let me live! accept
Illustrious ransom! In my father's house
Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel
Of truest temper; these he will impart
Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,
Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.
He said, and Menelaus by his words
O'ercome, had soon dismiss'd him to the fleet
Given to his train in charge, but swift and stern
Approaching, Agamemnon interpos'd.—
Oh! brother, whence this milkiness of mind.
These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
Have doubtless much oblig'd thee. Die the race!
May none escape us! Neither he who flies,
Nor even the infant in his mother's womb
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
Unpitied, till her place be found no more!*
So saying, his brother's mind the hero turn'd,
Advising him aright; he with his hand
Thrust back Adrastus, and the king himself
His bowels pierc'd. Supine Adrastus fell,
And Agamemnon, treading down the course
With a firm foot, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd.
Friends, heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!
Stay none behind desirous of the spoil,

* This sanguinary wish of Agamemnon, it is observed, would have been entirely unjustifiable if prompted only by the thirst of vengeance for the wrong done by Paris. But it is justified by the treachery of Pandarus. The poet, as chief considers the Trojans as a perjured people, and regarding, not his personal injuries only, but the dishonour done to the gods also, devotes the Trojans to indiscriminate destruction on a principle of piety rather than from any other motive. It is thus the Scholiast endeavours to justify the hero; but, after all, it is a false piety that he ascribes to him, and such as merits only condemnation.

But slay we now; that done, ye may at ease
Traverse the plain and strip them where they fell.
He said, and all took courage at his word.
Then had the Trojans into Troy retir'd
By the heroic Danaï repuls'd,
So was their spirit daunted, but the son
Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech
To him and to Æneas thus address'd.*
Æneas! Hector! since to sway the hosts
Of Troy and Lycia chiefly rests on you
In all emergencies of battle known
As chief in might and wisdom; stand yourselves,
And stay the people here before the gates,
Ere yet pursued into the clasping arms
Of their own wives, they perish even there,
And make the triumph of the Greeks complete.
This done, though worn with toil, yet urg'd not less
By strong necessity, we will exhort
Phalanx by phalanx the collected host,
And, on this spot, give battle. Thou, the while,
Hector! shalt enter Ilium, and enjoin
Our royal mother, that the sacred doors
Of Pallas' temple in the heights of Troy
Thrown open, and the matrons all conven'd,
She spread the widest, richest, most of all
Her favourite mantle at the goddess' feet,
And vow twelve yearling heifers never yet

* Homer, who has been suspected by some of an intention to ridicule the gods of his country, gives, on many occasions the clearest proof of the contrary. He never suffers blasphemy or even neglect of worship to go unpunished. Throughout the poem, evils are averted by prayer, and success is the reward of it. In the instance before us, the Trojans are saved from total defeat by the piety of Helenus only.

Prick'd by the goad, an offering in her shrine,
Will she but pity Troy, defend our wives
And infant children, will she but avert
The son of Tydeus from our sacred walls,
This dreadful Diomede; of all the Greeks,
In my account, most valiant; for he strikes
Our host with terror, such as not himself
Achilles, though reputed goddess-born.
This chief is fierce indeed; nor lives the man
Whose force in fight may be with his compar'd.
He said; nor Hector uncomplying heard
His brother's voice, but with an instant leap,
All arm'd, alighting, shook his glittering spear,
And flying through his host, from side to side
Fir'd all their hearts to dreadful fight again.
They, turning, fac'd the Greeks; the Greeks retir'd
And ceas'd from slaughter; for some god, they thought,
Had stoop'd from heaven to give the Trojans aid,
So suddenly they turn'd. Then, Hector sent
His loudest voice through all the powers of Troy.
Ye valiant Trojans, and ye Trojan aids
Assembled from afar! my friends! be men;
Rouse all your fire and force, while, entering Troy,
I call our hoary ancients and our wives
To prayers and vows of hecatombs to heaven.
So saying, the hero went, and as he strode
The bull-skin border of his bossy shield
Smote on his heels and on his neck behind.*

* Hector's departure at such a crisis is blamed by some, who observe that the message he bore to Hecuba might have been as well conveyed to her by a herald; but he had other points to carry which none could do but in his stead; especially it was needful for him to find and to persuade Paris to the field again, whose disappearance and long absence were much resented by the Trojans.—Vide Schol. per *Vill.*

Then Tydeus' son and Glaucus, Lycian chief,
Son of Hippolochus, between the hosts
Advanc'd to combat; fiercely they approach'd
And soon they met, when thus Tydides said.
Prince! who art thou, whom in the glorious field
Till now I ne'er beheld, although so far
Beyond all others thou hast now presum'd
Regardless of my spear! Ah! They are sons
Of hapless sires, who dare encounter me.
But thou perhaps art heavenly; and if such,
I fight not with inhabitants of heaven.*
That war Lycurgus, son of Dryas, wag'd,
Nor long surviv'd. From Nyssa's sacred heights
He drove the nurses of the lawless god
Thought-drowning Bacchus.† To the ground they cast,
All cast their leafy wands, while, ruthless, he
Spar'd not to smite them with his murtherous axe.
Himself, affrighted Bacchus, sought the deep,
And sank to Thetis' bosom, where secure
From his fierce threats the trembling god repos'd.
Then were the peaceful powers above incens'd
Against Lycurgus, who, of sight bereft
By Saturn's son, soon perish'd, by the gods,
For Bacchus's sake, throughout all heaven abhorr'd
With them I therefore fight not; but if earth
Produce thy food and thou be man, approach,
And win a swift dismission to the shades.

* It seems strange that Diomede should suddenly profess such reference for the gods, who had so lately wounded two of them. But it should be remembered that he did it in obedience to the express command of Pallas.—*See Vill.*

† Many places bore this name, but a mountain of Thrace is here intended; for Thrace was the country of this Lycurgus, who being king of a people addicted to drunkenness, *ordered that the* vine should no longer be cultivated in his *dominions.—Vill.*

To whom th' illustrious Lycian chief replied,
Why asks the brave Tydides whence am I?
For, as the leaves, so springs the race of man.
Chill blasts shake down the leaves, and warm'd anew
By vernal airs the grove puts forth again.
Age after age, so man is born and dies.
Yet, if intelligence of my descent
Engage thy wish, a theme to many known,
In fruitful Argos' bosom stands a town
Nam'd Ephyra; there, Sisyphus, replete
Past all mankind with shrewdest cunning, dwelt,
Sisyphus, call'd Æolides.* From him
Descended Glaucus, and from Glaucus sprang
Bellerophon, on whom the gods bestow'd
Fair form, clear courage, and the kindest heart.†
But Prœtus, for to Prœtus Jove had given
All power in Argos, purposing his death
Contriv'd to banish him; for Prœtus' spouse
The queen Anteia, burning with the fires
Of lawless lust, had woo'd but fail'd to win
Virtuous Bellerophon, and for that cause
Thus charg'd him falsely to the royal ear.
Or die thyself, O king, or doom to death
Bellerophon, who sought to force the queen.
She said, and by the shameless fiction fir'd
Her husband's wrath; but, lest he should offend

* Jupiter having ravished Ægina, daughter of Asopus, Sisyphus discovered and declared the rape to her father, and, by doing so, drew on himself the anger of Jupiter, who sent Death to punish him. But Sisyphus perceiving who was at hand, seized Death and bound him; whence it came to pass that nobody died till Pluto himself at length slew Sisyphus and set Death at liberty.

† He was at first named Hipponous, but having slain Bellerus, a ruler in Corinth, was thenceforth called Bellerophon.

Slaying his guest himself, he sent him thence
To Lycia, with the blackest crimes aspers'd
In tablets closely seal'd, which he should show
To queen Anteia's father there, and die.
Thither, safe guided by the gods, he went,
And on the banks of Lycian Xanthus found
Free entertainment from the lord of all
That spacious realm. Nine days he pil'd the board
For his regale, the feast, each day, a steer;
And on the tenth bright morrow bade him speak
His errand, and demanded at his hands
His son-in-law's seal'd tablets. He perus'd
The dread contents, and doom'd him to assail
And slay the vast Chimæra, monstrous form!
Terrible miscreation! lion-fac'd
With dragon-tail, shag-bodied as the goat,
And from her jaws ejecting streams of fire.*
He fought with, and, assur'd by signs from heaven,
Destroy'd her. Furious conflict, next, he wag'd
(With men, none like it, in his own account)
With the whole host of Solymi; and, last,
Slew all the warlike Amazonian race.†
But still another snare in close reserve
The monarch kept, the bravest of his realm
In secret ambush watching his return.
These saw their home no more; the matchless prince
Bellerophon prevailing slew them all.
Thus taught, at length, by his illustrious deeds

* Chimæra is said to have been a mountain of Lycia mythologized, the summit of which abounded with lions, the middle with goats, and the bottom with serpents. Bellerophon was a match for them all, being mounted on Pegasus, the horse of Medusa, which he had received as a present from Neptune.

† *Who at that time overran and plundered Asia.*

His godlike worth, the king enjoin'd him stay.
Gave him his daughter, and with her, the half
Of all his regal honours, adding lands
In value such as other none possess'd,
All pleasant, these for vines, for tillage those.
She bore Bellerophon, her valiant spouse,
Three births; the first Hippolochus, the next,
Isandrus, and Laodamia, last.
Laodamia bore the dauntless chief
Sarpedon, to the stolen embrace of Jove.
But wrath and hatred from offended heaven
Seizing Bellerophon, he, self-exil'd
From all resort of man, and self-consum'd
With pining melancholy, roam'd forlorn
The wild Alcian waste.* Blood craving Mars,
In battle with the Solymi, destroy'd
His son Isandrus; and his daughter died
Sad victim of bright-orb'd Diana's ire.
Myself I call son of Hippolochus.
He sent me forth to Troy, and when he sent
Much counsel'd me, and gave me thus in charge,
"Yield place to none. When glory is the prize
Be foremost ever. Tremble to disgrace
Thy brave progenitors, the noblest chiefs
Of Ephyrean or of Lycian name."
Such blood is mine, and such descent I boast.
He ceas'd. Then valiant Diomede rejoiced.
He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian prince
In terms of peace and amity replied.
Then, from of old, and by paternal claim
Thou art my guest; for such, in ancient days,
Was, once, Bellerophon at Oeneus' board,

* He is supposed to have made this melancholy conclusion against himself, inferring it from the misfortunes of his family, and to have abjured society for that reason.

And mutual gifts their mutual friendship seal'd.
A belt of brightest purple Oeneus gave,
A cup Bellerophon; and, coming forth,
I left the golden pledge secure at home.
Child as I was when Tydeus fell at Thebes
With all the people, I of him retain
No memory; but, henceforth, thy friend and host
Am I in Argos, and in Lycia thou,
Should e'er I chance to visit Lycia, mine.
We will not combat; will not even join
Mixt battle; Troy and her allies will yield
Me many a victim, reach'd in swift pursuit
And given me by the gods; mean-time, thyself,
Of all the Greeks, smite even whom thou may'st.
And make we, now, such interchange as needs
Of armour; so shall all around be taught
That we inherit from our sires a bond
Of social compact,* and are, therefore, friends.
So they, and from their chariots to the ground
Descending, join'd at once both hands and hearts.
Then Jove so blinded Glaucus, that for brass
He barter'd gold; gave armour such as cost
A hundred oxen, for the cost of nine.†
Mean-time to Hector at the Scæan gate
And beech-tree now arriv'd, Troy's daughters fair
And matrons ran, each anxious to inquire
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.

* Ξεινοι πατρωιοι.

† Glaucus, it is observed, hearing Diomede speak of the liberality shown by Bellerophon to Oeneus, determined not to fall below the example of his ancestor, and therefore consented to an exchange so very unequal.

I adopt the sense given to this passage by Porphyry, as it vindicates most agreeably the liberality, not only of Glaucus, but of Homer himself.

them in procession thence to prayer,
.y a shaft of wo was on the wing.
hen he reach'd the palace of his sire,
:th bright porticos that over-arch'd
· chambers lin'd with polish'd stone
:ually adjoin'd, in which the s ons
a with their wedded wives repos'd,
osite were built within the court
other chambers lin'd with polish'd stone
tually adjoin'd, in which repos'd
chaste daughters with his sons-in-law,
vhile the gentle mother of the chief
liest sister sought, Laodice,
.d himself, seiz'd fast his hand, and said.
comes my dauntless son from battle home?
ed foes too surely menace Troy
stant ruin, and thy soul's distress
ee to Pergamus with prayer to Jove.
e not hence, till, first, libation pour'd
ove, thou drink and be refresh'd,
e new-nerves the faint, and, task'd so long
oy's protection, thou can'st scarce be less.
nid, and thus her warlike son replied.
her much rever'd! no wine for me;
not my valour, steal not from my limbs
edful force with draughts of luscious wine.
ot pour, with unwash'd hands, to Jove
libation forth; it cannot be
hould supplicate, thus foul with stains
battle, the tempestuous god.
, ascending with the gather'd train
ir matrons to the lofty shrine
s, there burn incense, there extend
ttle on her knees, thy favourite most
litude and tints of various hue,
, *besides, twelve heifers of the year*

Untaught to toil, a sacrifice of praise,
Will she but pity Troy, and in behalf
Of all our wives, and little ones, preserve
These sacred towers from Diomede, whose force,
Wherever felt, makes fugitives of all.
Seek, therefore, thou the temple, while, unless
That hope be vain, myself call Paris forth.
Ye gulfs, yawn under him! for as he grew,
(Such Jove ordain'd him) grew a curse to Troy,
To Priam and his sons. Oh! were but he
Once plung'd into the shades, methinks my soul
Could then forget that she had ever mourn'd.
He said; the queen departed, issued forth
Her mandate, and the summon'd matrons came.
Herself, the while, her chamber ever sweet
With burning odours sought. There stor'd she kept
Her mantles of all hues, accomplish'd works
Of fair Sidonians wafted o'er the deep
By godlike Paris, when the galleys brought
The high-born Helen to the shores of Troy,*
From these, the widest and of brightest dies
She chose for Pallas; radiant as a star
It glitter'd, and was lowest plac'd of all.
All thus prepar'd, with Hecuba to lead
Their solemn steps, the matron-march began.
Slow they ascended; but the sacred heights
At length subdued, Theano, as they came,
From Cysseus sprung, Antenor's lovely spouse,
And priestess by the general voice, threw wide
The temple-doors. Then, all, with lifted hands

* He steered not a direct course to Troy, fearing pursuit, but coasted Egypt and Phœnicia, and touching at Sidon took on board those women whom he found without the city.—*Schol. per Vill*

Upsent a shout to heaven; Theano spread
The votive mantle, and her ardent suit
To Jove's all-beauteous daughter thus preferr'd.
  Awful Minerva! worthiest to be prais'd!
Troy's guardian power! Now break Tydides' spear,
And prone in dust before the Scæan gate
Extend himself, that, ere the sun decline,
Twelve yearling heifers, never taught to toil
May heap thine altar, for thy pity shown
To us, our babes, and Universal Troy.
  Such prayer she breath'd, and such, but fruitless, they;
Minerva unpropitious heard them all.
But Hector now the splendid mansion reach'd
Of Paris, by himself design'd, and rear'd,
Himself attending, with the purchas'd aid
Of Troy's best architects. House, chamber, hall,
The structure own'd, and on the towered heights
Of Ilium stood, near Hector's and his sire's.
There enter'd Hector, bearing in his gripe
Eleven cubits' length of massy spear,
The burnish'd head bound fast with circling gold.
In Helen's chamber, busied with his arms,
He found him, now his hauberk, now his shield
Brightening still more, and practising his bow.
There also, tasking her fair artists, sat
The Argive Helen. Him the hero mark'd
With eyes of scorn, and, bitter, thus began.
  Why thus recluse and sullen! In defence
Of these high towers the people melt away;
A fire surrounds them; for thy sake it burns,
And thou regard'st not: who, thyself, would'st draw
Thy faulchion on another slack as thou.*
Forth—or the flames, this moment, seize the town.

* *Hector, dissatisfied* as he was and had reason to be with *Paris, yet not to wound him too deeply*, ascribes his d[illegible]

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied.
Hector! thy gloomy brow and stern reproof
Want not just cause; yet grant a listening ear.
No sullen grudge against the Trojan host
Hides me from battle, but the wish alone
To sooth my sorrows. Helen urges too
With soft persuasion my return to fight,
And I refuse not: for the vanquish'd oft
Proves victor in his turn. Thou, therefore, wait
While I shall arm: or go; and, I mistake,
Or, gladly following, I shall reach thee soon.
He ceas'd, nor Hector spake; but Hector's ear
With soothing speech fair Helen thus address'd.
Brother of hateful sister, selfabhorr'd,
And by all hearts, for ills that I have caus'd!
Oh that rude winds had snatch'd me, at my birth,
To some lone mountain top, or whelm'd me deep
In ocean's briny gulfs, or e'er the flames
Of this devouring war had blaz'd for me.
But since the gods thus purpos'd, to have found
A partner of my crime less dead to shame
And fear of scorn, had somewhat sooth'd my woe's.
But Paris—he disdains, and ever will,
All reason, all discretion: and shall find,
Or I mistake, his merited reward.
But, brother! pass the threshold, and awhile
Here sit beside me; for no bosom aches
And suffers as thy own for Paris' guilt
And worthless Helen's: whom the gods ordain'd
Sad themes of sorrow in ages yet to come.
To whom the warlike Hector large replied.*

tion of the comic poet's sentiment of the dislike and disgust which the [illegible] for his character and conduct, *and not to commiserate.*—Plutarch de Adul: et Amici discrimine.

* *The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which He*

Invite not me, fair Helen! to a seat
(Though kindness prompt thee) which I must refuse,
By this emergence hurried to the aid
Of friends much needing me. Bid, therefore, urge
This leiterer forth, lest I herself employ
Less haste to reach me ere I quit the town.
For I shall hence to visit at our home
My lov'd Andromache, mine infant boy,
And my domestics: whom if I shall view
Hereafter, or the gods ordain me, first,
To fall in battle, is unknown to me.
He ceas'd, retir'd, and in a moment pass'd
To his own mansion: but he found not there
His beauteous spouse, then sitting on the tower
With her attendant nurse and infant boy,
All sighs and tears. He, missing whom he sought
His soul's delight, turn'd thence but ere he left
The portal, of her women thus inquir'd.
Speak, damsels of her train! and well beware
That ye speak truly! Whither went from home
My chaste Andromache? To visit her sisters
In Pallas' temple? or to weep with
With some fair sister of the roy. House?
To whom the chief in office over them all.
Since, Hector! with such strenuous command
Thou hast enjoin'd me truth— she to her sisters
Minerva's temple, nor to weep with
With any sister of the royal house,
But taught by rumour that the Trojan arms
Oppos'd in vain the Grecian, wild with wo
She bade the nurse bear after her, her charge,
Thy darling boy, and flew to mount the tower

mer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μ, ῥ—
and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

She said; forth rush'd the hero to retrace
His former steps, and the huge city soon
Left all behind him, to the Scæan gate
Now came, his destin'd pass into the field.
There, pale and panting (for she ran) he met
Andromache.* In Hypoplacian Thebes
Her wealthy sire the brave Eëtion dwelt,
Eëtion, ruler of Cilicia's realm
In Hypoplacian Thebes the forest-crown'd.
His daughter was the valiant Hector's wife.
Thus wing'd with haste she came, and with like haste
The virgin-nurse, enfolding in her arms
His yet unwean'd and helpless little-one,
Fair as the star of morn. Him Hector nam'd
Scamandrius; but the citizens of Troy
Astyanax;† for other guardian aid
Effectual, none, than Hector's, Ilium knew.‡
Mute, but with smiles paternal, on his child
The father gaz'd, whose hand his lovely spouse
Seiz'd fast, the while, and, weeping, thus began.
Ah! doom'd, thyself, the victim of thy own
Too daring courage! Pity of thy boy
Thou feel'st not, or of me, thy widow soon,
For soon the whole united Grecian host
Will overwhelm thee, and thou must be slain.
Earth yield me, then, a tomb! for refuge else

* Their unexpected and accidental meeting abroad renders their interview more interesting than it would have been at home.—*Clarke.*

† The name signifies, the *Chief of the city.*

‡ The infant child of Hector gives sweetness and pleasantry to the poem, and indeed the departure of the hero from battle is altogether well imagined; it cheers the severity of the subject, and delivers it for a time from the stains *of slaughter* by the agreeableness of the episode.—*Eustath.*

Or none so safe have I, thenceforth forlorn
Of all defence, since father I have none,
Or mother's genial home to shelter me.
Achilles, when he sack'd Cilician Thebes
And fir'd her lofty domes, my father slew;
He slew Eëtion—but, a decent awe
Forbidding him to bare a royal corse,
He burn'd him with his arms, heap'd high the soil
That hides his urn, and the Oreades,*
Jove's daughters, circled it around with elms.
My seven brothers, feeding in the field
Their flocks and herds, all perish'd in a day,
For dread Achilles found and slew them all.
My mother, whom in all her green retreats
Hypoplacus obey'd, when, rich in spoils,
The conqueror steer'd his gallant barks to Troy.
Came captive in the fleet, but ransom'd hence
At countless cost, revisited her home,
And, by Diana pierc'd, at home expir'd.†
All these are lost; but in thy wedded love,
My faithful Hector! I regain them all.
Come then—let pity plead! to spare thy boy
An orphan's woes, and widowhood to me,
Defend this tower; and where the fig-tree spreads
Her branches, station thy collected force,
For there Idomeneus, the king of Crete,
Tydides, either Ajax, and the sons
Of Atreus, thrice with their united powers
Have press'd to seize the city; whether taught
By some interpreter of signs from heaven,
Or prompted by remark and self-advis'd.‡

* Mountain-nymphs.

† Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

‡ It may seem incongruous that a woman should prescribe to her warlike husband in such a case, but what love does is *always well done.* When she combed the manes of Hec-

To whom majestic Hector thus replied.
Thy cares are all mine also. But I dread
The matron's scorn, the brave man's just disdain,
Should fear seduce me to desert the field.
No, my Andromache! my fearless heart
Me rather urges into foremost fight
Studious of Priam's glory and my own.
For my prophetic soul foresees a day
When Ilium; Ilium's people' and, himself,
Her warlike king shall perish. But no grief
For Ilium; for her people; for the king
My warlike sire; nor even for the queen;
Nor for the numerous and the valiant band
My brothers, destin'd, all, to bite the ground,
So moves me, as my grief for thee alone,
Doom'd, then, to follow some imperious Greek,
A weeping captive, to the distant shores
Of Argos; there to labour at the loom
For a task-mistress, and with many a sigh,
But heav'd in vain, to bear the ponderous urn
From Hypereia's or Messeis' fount.
Fast flow thy tears, the while, and as he eyes
That silent shower, some passing Greek shall say—
"This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieg'd."
While thus he speaks, thy tears shall flow afresh,
The guardian of thy freedom while he liv'd
For ever lost; but be my bones inhum'd,
A senseless store, or e'er thy parting cries
Shall pierce mine ear, and thou be dragg'd away.
The hero ceased, and his hands put forth
To reach his boy; but with a scream the child

tor's horses and gave them provender, she might seem *act an unfeminine* part also; but the same principle in *eneed her and* was a sufficient apology.

Still closer to his nurse's bosom clung,
Shunning his touch; for dreadful in his eyes
The brazen armour shone, and dreadful more
The shaggy crest that swept his father's brow.
Both parents smil'd delighted; and the chief
Set down the crested terror on the ground,
Then kiss'd him, play'd away his infant fears,
And thus to Jove and all the powers above.
Grant, oh ye gods! such eminent renown
And might in arms, as ye have given to me,
To this my son, with strength to govern Troy.
From fight return'd, be this his welcome home—
"He far excels his sire"—and may he rear
The crimson trophy, to his mother's joy!
He spake, and to his lovely spouse consign'd
The darling boy; with mingled smiles and tears
She wrapp'd him in her bosom's fragrant folds,
And Hector, pang'd with pity that she wept,
Her dewy cheek strok'd softly, and began.
Weep not for me, my love! no mortal arm
Shall send me prematurely to the shades,
Since, whether brave or dastard, at his birth
The Fates ordain to each his hour to die.
Hence, then, to our abode; there weave or spin,
And task thy maidens. War to men belongs;
To all of Troy; and most of all to me.*
So saying, the hero to his brows restor'd
The tufted helmet, and his lovely spouse,
(Oft turning as she went, and showering tears
Of tenderest sorrow) left him as he bade.
Arriving where, the terrible in arms,

* The suitable difference of the manners ascribed by the poet to Hector and to Paris is here observable. Hector is ever mindful, even in his tenderest moments, of his duty as a soldier, while Paris, on the contrary, lingered, till Helen herself was obliged to urge him.

Her Hector dwelt, with such afflictive moans
She pierc'd their hearts, that all her numerous tr
Mourn'd also ' mourning Hector still alive,
In his own palace, as already slain,
For all hope fail'd them of his safe return.
Nor Paris now delay'd, but clad in arms
Of brightest lustre, wing'd his rapid course
Through the wide city right toward the field.
As when some courser, leaving far behind
His broken cord, on sounding hoofs escapes;
To lave, as oft, in sliding waters smooth,
All joy, he flies; or with exalted neck,
Wide-floating mane and pliant limbs to seek
In well-known haunts his fellows lost so long;
So, clad in sun-bright arms, from Ilium's height
Down flew the joyful Paris;* soon he came
Where, after sweetest colloquy, though sad,
With his Andromache, the godlike chief
His brother stood, then, turning to the gate,
And with preventive quickness, thus he said.
My brother! Thy command of haste—I fear,
Seems ill obey'd, and thou hast deem'd me slow
To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.
Thou want'st not courage; such as in the field
Might well exempt thee from all just reproof,
But thou art much remiss; and when the host,
More active in thy cause than thou thyself,
Dishonour thee, the shame seems half my own.

* The same simile is employed when Hector, h been bruised and disabled by a stone from the hand of is restored by Apollo.—The resemblance of Homer been much censured by some critics, more delicate tha dicious. Many of the ancients judged it as expedient, at *if not necessary*, and all alike are credible in themselv *so many sure indications* of the great antiquity of the *proving it to have* been composed at a period when ex *had not yet forged* bonds for nature.

But let us hence—these flaws shall chance n
Jove grant us once to quaff the goblet fill'd
To all the gods, for our Achaian foes
At length expell'd, and liberty secur'd.*

* There is something inexpressibly amiable in the p
character of Hector. His gentle and affectionate beha
to Andromache, and the tenderness with which he fo
and prays for blessings on his boy, are alone sufficie
endear him to every reader of sensibility. On this occa
too, he recommends himself by similar means to our fav
for, incensed as we have lately seen him by the unmilit
conduct of Paris, and with the justest reason, we yet f
him easily placable, and so completely reconciled, in a f
moments, as even to extenuate his faults himself, and ma
his apology.

The general lamentation of his domestics at his departu
to battle, is also an unequivocal symptom of his merit as
kind and indulgent master.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

BOOK VII.

And now the warlike Hector through the gate
With Paris rush'd, their bounding hearts' alike
Athirst for battle. Welcome to their host
They came, as favourable gales vouchsaf'd
To seamen fainting at the ponderous oar.
Paris, Menestheus king of Arna, slew,
Philomedusa's offspring, whom she bore
To mace-arm'd Areithoüs. Mean-time,
Eïoneus, where casque and corslet meet,
Receiv'd the spear of Hector in his neck.
Glaucus, brave leader of the Lycian band,
Son of Hippolochus, Iphinoüs, son
Of Dexias, springing to his rapid steeds
Pierc'd through the shoulder. He with strengthless limb
Sank to the dust, and where he fell expir'd.
Minerva, blue-eyed virgin, from above
Seeing the Greeks thus slaughter'd, on full wing
Stoop'd from Olympus' summit down to Troy,
Whose guardian god Apollo, to the beech
Flew forth to meet her, when the radiant power,
Son of the sovereign of the skies, began—
Press'd by what ardent purpose, hast thou left

Olympus, daughter of imperial Jove?
Com'st thou that victory's long-dubious scale
Incline at last to Greece, for Ilium's woes
Ne'er move thy pity? Rather far pursue
My counsel, and consent to give repose
This day to both. The morrow shall again
Rekindle war, war never more to cease
Till Ilium fall; since less will ne'er suffice
To pacify the spouse of Jove, or thee.
To whom the goddess of the azure eyes.
I not dissent, Apollo! for I left,
Myself, Olympus, purposing the same.
But speak. The battle burns. How slake the fire!
Then answer, thus the king, Jove's son, return'd.
Urge we the noble Hector to demand
A single chief to cope with him. The Greeks,
Disdaining such defiance, will attend
The hero's summons, and a truce ensues.
He ended, and it pleas'd Minerva well.
Such consultation of the gods, the son
Of Priam, Helenus, attentive heard,
And seeking Hector, thus the seer began.*
Hector! my brother! like the gods themselves
In wisdom, shall my counsel win thine ear?
The hosts both seated on the plain, demand

* Helenus and Cassandra are said to have been twins, and this fable is related concerning them.—That on the celebration of their birth-day in the temple of Apollo, the two children, after playing there till they were weary, fell asleep, and they who had the charge of them, being intoxicated, forgot and went away without them: but returning next day to the temple, they found them under an operation performed by serpents, which were employed in licking *their eyes, ears, lips* and nostrils. The women shrieked at *the sight, and the* serpents hid themselves among the laurels. *But from that* time Helenus and his sister prophesied.—*Schol. per Barnes.*

A Grecian chief to cope with thee alone.
For, by the living gods inspir'd, I know
Most surely—This is not thy day to die.
  He said; then Hector, with exulting heart,
And grasping in the midst his balanc'd spear,
Press'd back the foremost Trojans, and they sat.
Down sat the Grecians also, by command
Of Agamemnon; and, above them all
Exalted, Pallas and Apollo, pleas'd
Spectators both, but vulture-like in form,
Perch'd on the branches of the sacred beech.
Rough stood the frowning field with horrent spears
And bristly crests erect, for close they sat.
As when the west wind rising, ocean shows
A darker surface, furrow'd by the gale,
Such seem'd the seated hosts, when, both between,
The valiant Hector, thus, aloud exclaim'd.
  Trojans and Greeks, attend! I shall to both
Speak my deliberate thoughts and well-advis'd.
Jove, unpropitious to the truce, ordain'd
Its violation; and his purpose still
Is evil and calamitous to both,
Till either Ilium stoop to you, or ye
With all your fleet shall perish on the shore.
The flower of Greece is with you. Let the Greek
Of all your host, whose spirit prompts him forth,
Come forth to cope with Hector; and be Jove
Witness between us; if his spear prevail
And I fall under him, he shall account
My spoils his own, and bear them to the fleet;
But he shall yield my body to receive
Its due funereal rites from Trojan hands.
But should Apollo make the victory mine,
Him then despoiling, I will high suspend
His arms against the temple of the god,
But will resign his corse, that it may share

Funereal rites, and ye shall heap his tomb,
Where all who cleave the Hellespontic wave
In after-times shall see it, and shall say—
"A warrior's bones in yonder tomb inurn'd
Have moulder'd long, whom glorious Hector slew."
Thus shall they speak, and speaking thus, transmit
To latest times my never-dying praise.*

He ceas'd, and none replied. The proffer'd fight,
Although they blush'd to shun, all fear'd to wage.
When, thus, with aching heart and mind on fire
With indignation, Menelaus spake.

Ah! women-warriors—in ostent and air
Heroic chiefs, but feminine in heart—

* Athamas, son of Æolus and king of Thebes, having married Ino, daughter of Cadmus, by her had two children, Clearchus and Melicerte; but by command of Juno, being divorced from Ino and married to Nephele, by her also he had two children, Hella and Phryxus. Nephele, suspecting that he still had intercourse with Ino, left him, and the latter becoming again mistress of his family, plotted the destruction of his children by Nephele, to which end, by an art of her own invention, she contrived to mar all the seed that was sown in the country. A terrible famine ensued, and Athamas sent soothsayers to Pytho. Ino bribed them to bring back, as the answer of Apollo, a direction to Athamas to slay his children by Nephele, on which condition the famine should cease. Athamas hearing the answer, pretended to his son Phryxus that he designed a sacrifice, and ordered him to bring the fairest ram of all his flock for the purpose. Phryxus obeyed, and his sister Hella being with him, the ram was by some divinity suddenly gifted with a human voice and declared to them the whole stratagem. He also counselled them to mount his back, as their only means to escape the danger. They did so, and the ram instantly began a rapid journey through the air. But Hella, unable to keep her seat, fell into the sea, and from her that sea was named the Hellespont. Phryxus however performed his journey more happily and was set down at Æthos.—*Schol. per Barnes et Vill.*

Shame never equall'd ours, if Hector find
No Grecian here to meet him. Heartless, dull,
Mere earth and water! Dead to glory's call!
Possess your seats; I will, myself, attend
His summons; conquest is the gift of heaven.
He said, and instant shone in arms again.
Then, Menelaus! had'st thou fallen beneath
A mightier far than thou, but that the kings
All sprang to stop thee, and the king of all
Imperial Agamemnon, first; who seiz'd
Thy right hand, press'd it tenderly, and said.
Why raves my brother thus? what cause provokes
This frantic rashness? bent as thou appear'st
On thy own hurt, yet think, and be advis'd.
Seek not, for anger's sake against the Greeks,
To cope with Hector, terrible to all.
Even Achilles, mightier far than thou,
Dreads Hector, and acknowledges his force
Tremendous, starting, if perchance they meet
Thou, therefore, to thy seat again. The Greeks
Will find for him a champion, who, robust
And dauntless though he be, shall task his strength,
So rudely, that exhausted by the toil
Of such fierce conflict, if at last he live,
He shall with pain escape, and wish repose.
Thus, wisely counselling him, he prevail'd
And Menelaus to his band retir'd,
Where soon they loos'd his armour, and he sat.
Then, Pylian Nestor, rising, thus began.
Ah! day of dire calamity to Greece!
Peleus, that noble counsellor and chief
Of the brave Myrmidons, was wont to hear
With rapture my recital, while I trac'd
The blood of all our heroes to its source.
But learning, as he must, that one and all

They shrank from Hector, how will he lament,
How supplicate with lifted hands to Jove
A swift dismission to the shades below!
Jove! Phœbus! Pallas! Would that I were young
As when the Pylians and Arcadians fought
Beside the Celadon, and we besieg'd
The towers of Pheia on the Jardan's side.
Before Arcadia's host, defying all
The flower of Pylus, Ereuthalion stood,
A godlike chief, in Areïthous' arms.
King Areïthous, Corynetes* nam'd
For that he combated and burst his way
Through the firm phalanx, arm'd with neither bow
Nor quivering spear, but with an iron mace.
Him not by force superior, but by guile,
Within a narrow pass Lycurgus slew.
There nought his mace avail'd to intercept
His sudden doom; for with preventive spear
Lycurgus pierc'd him through his belted waist
And fixt him to the soil, then stript his arms
Given to the vanquish'd by the god of war,
And wore the spoils himself, but, growing old,
On Ereuthalion his charioteer
Conferr'd them, and he wore the splendid boon
What time he brav'd the Pylians. They, alike
Sat trembling, all, with dread; none dar'd arise.
But me, though youngest of them all, no fears
Deterr'd, no tremors shook, by Pallas' aid
I fought successful, made the glory mine,
And, matchless as he was in force and size,
Outspread his giant vastness on the plain.
Oh for such youth, such vigour now! not long
Should Hector seek a champion here in vain,

* The club-bearer.

ugh ye, the chiefs of whom Achaia boasts
ith justest cause, seem deaf to his demand.
So spake the sage, nor fewer, when he ceas'd,
an nine arose, and foremost far of all
ing Agamemnon; after him, the brave
Tydides; Oïlean Ajax, next,
And Telamonian, terrible in fight;
Then king Idomeneus, and, grim as Mars,
His friend Meriones; Evæmon's son
Eurypylus; Andræmon's the renown'd
Thoas, and Ithaca's Ulysses last.
These nine arose, whom Nestor thus address'd.
Now let the lots decide. The chief whose lot
Shall send him forth, much glory shall confer
On Greece, and much shall for himself acquire,
Escaping, if he may, this arduous strife.
He said, and with his signature impress'd,
Each plac'd his lot in Agamemnon's helm.
Then pray'd the people, and with eyes and hands
Uplifted to the spacious heavens, they said—
Choose Ajax, Tydeus' son, or him who sways
Mycene's wealthy realm, propitious Jove!*
Then, Nestor shook the lots, and as he shook,
Forth leap'd responsive to the wish of all,
The lot of Ajax. Through the crowded ranks
The herald bore it; of those valiant chiefs
Eight view'd the signature, which eight disown'd,
But when he reach'd the hero whose it was,
Illustrious Ajax—in his open palm
He plac'd the lot; the hero with delight
Survey'd it, cast it at his foot, and said.
My friends! with joyful hope that I shall foil
Brave Hector, I pronounce the lot my own.
Now, therefore, I will arm; and ye, the while,
Prayer offer to the king Saturnian Jove;

* Agamemnon.

But silent, lest the Trojans hear; or since
We need no cold precautions, pray aloud.
Me none by force superior, none by skill
Shakes or supplants. I was not, as I trust,
Born, rear'd, and disciplin'd to feats of arms
In Salamis, to prove a novice now.
He said, and to the spacious heavens at once
All rais'd their eyes, and worshipp'd Jove aloud.
Supreme, all-governing, Idæan Jove,
Grant Ajax victory! But if alike
Each hero share thy love, impartial grant
To each like share of glory and renown!
While thus the Grecians pray'd, their champion arm'd;
And arm'd completely, as enormous Mars
Moves forth, when jarring nations fir'd by Jove
With fellest hatred meet, so mov'd the huge
Terrific Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks,
Smiling ferocious, with impatient haste
Striding, and brandishing his massy spear.
Him view'd the Greeks exulting; with appal
The Trojans; and with palpitating heart
Even Hector; but that Hector should retreat,
Or seek safe refuge, in his ranks conceal'd,
From whom himself had challeng'd, shame forbade.*
Ajax approach'd him, bearing, like a tower,
His seven-fold, brazen shield, by Tychius wrought

* Cicero thought that Homer meant by *πατασσεν*—*toto pectore tremebat*. Plutarch says—Η *καρδια πηδα* MONON—and Dionysius Halicarnassus observes thus on the passage—*Οι μεν αλλοι, και ορωντες ετρεμον ο δ εν τω κινδυνω καθεστως, ανδρειος ων, μονον ηγωνια*. Clarke assents to the two latter, and considers Cicero's opinion as a mistake perfectly unaccountable.

With art elaborate, like whom was none
In shield-work, and whose home in Hyla stood;
He fram'd the various shield with seven hides
Of fatted beeves, all plated o'er with brass,
Which Ajax bearing even to the face
Of Hector, menacing him thus began.
Now, Hector! learn what Grecians have arriv'd
Besides that forceful breaker of the ranks
Achilles, warrior with a lion's heart.*
He, fir'd with wrath against the king of men,
Keeps close in camp; but such as thou in me
Behold'st, prepar'd to answer thy demand,
Abound amongst us. Pause not, but begin.
To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.
Ajax! illustrious chief of numerous Greeks,
I am no child whom thou may'st hope to scare
With words, or woman ignorant of war,
But am in arms well practis'd; many a Greek
Hath bled by me, and I can shift my shield
From right to left, reserving to the last
Force that suffices for severest toil.
War, whether wag'd on foot, or from between
My rapid steeds, alike, is sport to me.
Yet, dreadful as thou art, I will not slay
Thee with a sly, but with an open stroke.
He said, and shook, and hurl'd his quivering spear.
It struck the shield of Ajax; through the brass,
Its eighth integument, through six of hide
It flew, and spent its fury in the seventh.
Then Ajax at the son of Priam hurl'd,
And struck his splendid shield. Sheer through his shield

* The reader is desired, once for all, to observe with how much art and propriety the poet seizes every occasion to introduce some mention of Achilles, that the unity of action may be preserved throughout.

The weapon, through his high-wrought hauberk flew,
And ripp'd the tunic on his flank; but he
Low-stooping shunn'd the death. Then pluck'd they back
Each his own spear, and lion-like, or like
Two forest-boars of scarce inferior might,
Fell to close onset. Priam's son the shield
Of Ajax on its centre struck, but fail'd
To pierce it, baffled by his bending point.
But Ajax, bounding, the superior verge
Of Hector's shield transpierc'd, and his assault
Check'd, with a glancing wound, but deep impress'd
On his neck-side; the crimson current sprang.
Yet ceas'd not Hector, but, retiring, heav'd
A black, rough, huge stone-fragment from the plain,
Which hurling at the seven-fold shield, he smote
Its central boss; loud rang the brazen rim.
But Ajax heaving a far heavier, whirl'd
The mass in air, then sent it from his grasp
With force resistless. Through the bursting hide
Of Hector's shield the mill-stone burthen fell
On his bruis'd knees, and whelm'd beneath the disk
Supine he lay, but started soon again
Rais'd by Apollo.* Then with faulchions drawn
At once to close encounter they had fallen,
But that Idæus, herald of the gods
In Ilium, and Talthybius, for the Greeks,
Each his portended sceptre interpos'd
Between them, and Idæus thus began.

* The poet is careful in his narrative of this combat to illustrate the greater force of Ajax, against which the shield of Hector is ineffectually opposed. With his spear he pierces it and wounds his antagonist behind it, and the stone he hurls bursts through it and beats down its bearer. The spear of Hector performs much but not enough, and the effect of the stone he throws is sound only.

My children! cease from conflict. Jove alike
Protects and loves you both. Ye are alike
Valiant, and other proof than ye have given
Needs none. Dim night-fall bids you now desist.
To whom gigantic Ajax in return.
Idæus! speak but Hector, who defied
The flower of Greece to fight, as thou hast spoken,
And I am well content. He first provok'd
The combat; let it cease at his desire.
He said, and warlike Hector thus replied.
Ajax! since thou in bulk and strength and skill
To hurl the spear, surpassest even all
Thy fellow Greeks; desisting therefore, now,
From farther conflict, we will wage again
This strife hereafter, till deciding heaven
Appoint clear victory to thyself, or me.
But night is urgent; go then, and console
Thou all the Grecians, 'specially thy friends
And chos'n companions, while, returning safe,
I gratify no less the veteran chiefs
Of Ilium, and the matrons, who beneath
Their sacred dome shall thank the gods for me.
But, first exchange we gifts, that Greek alike
And Trojan, speaking of our strife may say—
Furious they met; with soul-consuming rage
Assail'd each other; but they parted friends.
He said, and with its sheath and shapely belt
His urgent-studded sword, to Ajax' hand
Presented, and from Ajax' hand receiv'd
A belt of brightest purple in return.
Thus parted they, to his Achaian friends
Ajax, and Hector to the Trojan throng.
Great joy they felt at his approach; they saw,
(Yet scarce believing) saw him safe escap'd
Those dreadful hands, and led him to the town.
Meantime, his friends to Agamemnon led

Ajax elate with victory, and the king,
Returning to his tent, there slew an ox
Of the fifth year in sacrifice to Jove
Omnipotent. They, gathering all around
The victim, flay'd him, sever'd at the joint
His numerous parts; suspended on the spits
The well-minc'd viands, with attentive care
Watch'd, and withdrew them from the spits again.
Thus, all prepar'd, they feasted, and no want
Of his due portion any guest sustain'd
But Ajax most was favour'd whom the king
The son of Atreus, with the whole huge chine
Distinguish'd, as the hero of the day.*
All claims of thirst and hunger now suffic'd,
The ancient Nestor, whose advice had prov'd
Already wise, consulting yet again
The general weal, first rising, thus began.†
Atrides, and ye prime of all our host!
Relentless Mars hath sprinkled with the blood
Of many a Greek, whose soul hath sought the shades,
Scamander's grassy side. Thou, therefore, cause
The battle cease from morrow's early dawn,
When we will haste with oxen, mules and wains
To wheel their bodies down toward the fleet
Where we will burn them, that the bones of each
May be deliver'd safe, at our return,
To his own children. Heaping high the soil
We, next, will elevate around the pyre

* The *chine* was a significant compliment and given to those who never showed their *backs* to an enemy.—*See Vill.*

† He spared no pains to reconcile Achilles to Agamemnon, or to prevent the return of the Grecians; the arrangement of the host by tribes and confraternities was of his advising, and when the chiefs of Greece seemed backward to accept Hector's challenge, it was he who roused them.—*Schol. per Vill.*

One tomb for all, and to the tomb adjoin'd
We will construct high towers for the defence
Of us and of our fleet. In every tower
Strong valves and solid shall afford free pass
(Thrown open) to the chariot and its steeds;
And, scoop'd without, a deep and hollow foss
Shall intercept all entrance, lest the foe
Arm'd in full force make inroad on the camp.*
He ceas'd; applause unanimous ensued
From all the chiefs. But Pergamus, the while,
Rang with disorderly and loud dispute
Maintain'd at Priam's gates, where wise and good
His counsel, first, Antenor thus propos'd.
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
Hear my best counsel. Give we to the sons
Of Atreus instantly the Grecian dame
With all her treasures. For a broken truce
Now blasts our efforts, and no chance I see
Of happier days on easier terms than these.
He ceas'd and sat; when from his seat upsprang
Illustrious Paris, beauteous Helen's mate,
And with impatient eagerness replied.
Antenor! Thou could'st, doubtless, have advis'd
Better than thus offensively to me;
Or if this counsel be, in truth, thy best,
The gods themselves distract thee. Therefore hear,
Ye Trojans! my fixt purpose, in return.
Helen is mine, an unsurrender'd prize
For ever; but the treasures with herself
From Argos brought, all those I will resign,
Increas'd with large addition of my own.
He spake and sat, when godlike-wise arose
Dardanian Priam. With the general good
His bosom teem'd, and thus the sage began.

* A precaution, as has been observed by Pope, not necessary till the absence of Achilles made it so.

Ye Trojans! Dardans! and allies of Troy!
Hear, now, me also. Take, as ye are wont,
Your supper now, and supper ended, each
Be vigilant in his appointed place.
At early dawn Idæus shall report
To either son of Atreus, at the fleet,
The speech of Paris, author of the war.
He also shall this prudent course propose,
That battle cease till their funereal fires
Consume the slain, thenceforth to burn again
Till heaven make final victory theirs or ours.
He ceas'd and all consented. Band by band
Then took they each repast, and at the dawn
Idæus sought the fleet. He found the Greeks
In consultation gather'd at the stern
Of Agamemnon's ship. Amidst them all
The herald thus his errand spake aloud.
Atridæ, and ye noblest sons of Greece!
Priam and the illustrious chiefs of Troy,
(May it but please you) send me to report
The mind of Paris, author of the war.
All Helen's treasures (would that he had died
Or e'er he brought them hither) he resigns
Increas'd with large addition from his own;
But royal Menelaus' youthful spouse,
Deaf to the voice of all, he still detains.
Thus also, they command me, that I ask
A pause of battle, till, the slain consum'd
In funeral fires, our conflict be renew'd,
Nor cease again, till victory descend
From all-deciding heaven on us, or you.
He ceas'd, and all were silent; silent long
All sat, till thus brave Diomede exclaim'd.
No. Neither Helen now will we accept,
Nor Helen's treasures. Infancy itself
May now see clearly Troy's impending doom.

He ceas'd, when all Achaia's sons aloud
Extoll'd his counsel, and the king of men
To Troy's attentive herald thus replied.
Thou hear'st, thyself, the answer of the Greeks,
Idæus! and myself return the same.
As for the slain, I grudge not them the rite
Funereal; soonest to concede is best
Their sole demand to bodies slain in fight;
Jove, therefore, witness the consent I swear.
He said, and heaven-ward rais'd his sceptred hand.
At once to sacred Ilium his return
Idæus sped. Collected still he found
In full assembly the Dardanian chiefs
And Trojans, for they watch'd his wish'd return.
His message in the midst declar'd, at once
Arising all thence hasted, these to seek
The scatter'd slain, to gather fuel those.
The Grecians, also, issuing from the fleet,
Collected fuel, some, and, some, the slain.
Soon as the sun new risen from the calm
And silent deep, now climb'd the skies, and smote
With slanting beam the fields, the gatherers met.
The dead so foul with gore as to be scarce
Distinguishable, with pure water cleans'd,
Profusely weeping, on the wains they plac'd,
But noiseless was their grief, so Priam bade;
They, therefore, sad but silent, on the pyre
Dispos'd, consum'd them, and return'd to Troy.
The Grecians also, with afflicted hearts,
Their slain associates, heaping on the pyre,
Consum'd them, and return'd into the fleet.
Gray dawn appearing, chosen from the rest
A band of Greeks arose, and on the plain
Heap'd round the pile one common tomb, and rais'd,

For safety of themselves and fleet, the wall
Around it with high towers, and in the towers
Strong gates for chariot-pass; then scoop'd without
The deep and spacious foss with pointed stakes
Thick-planted numberless. So toil'd the Greeks.
Enthron'd beside the Thunderer, the gods
That mighty work survey'd, and, most incens'd,
Thus Neptune, shaker of the shores, began.
Oh Jove! exists there on the boundless earth
Who will henceforth consult us? Turn thine eyes
To yonder wall, which, no religious rite
Preliminary first perform'd, the Greeks
Have rais'd and compass'd with a foss, to guard
Their fleet from inroad! Far as orient day.
Shall be diffus'd the glory of this deed.
While Phœbus' arduous work and mine, the wall
Built for Laomedon, shall be forgot.*
To whom, much mov'd, the Thunderer replied.
Ah! what hath Neptune spoken, great in power!
That fear a god, defective in the force
Possess'd by thee, might feel with juster cause.
No. Far as orient day, shall spread thy fame.
Soon as the Grecians shall have reach'd again
Their native shores, arising thou, the wall
Strike flat, and overwhelm it in the deep;
Then spread the beach with sand, that neither place
Nor remnant of the work thenceforth appear.
While thus the gods conferr'd, the sun declin'd,
And, ceasing from their toil, the Grecian host

* Apollo, as we shall find in the beginning of the twelfth book, was equally active with Neptune in the demolition of this wall, which, built as it was in opposition to the wall of Troy, must have been equally offensive to them both. Why then is he silent? The Scholiast says, lest he should receive a slap from Juno—ινα μη αυγον επιπληξη η Ηρα.—*See Vill.*

Slew beeves and supp'd. Meanwhile from Lemnos came
Ships numerous charg'd with wine, despatch'd in haste
Thence by Euneus, the illustrious son
Of Jason and Hypsipyle.* Besides
The portion destin'd for the general use,
A thousand measures he had stow'd on board
For Atreus' royal sons. The galleys soon
Unladen of their freight, some barter'd brass,
Some steel, or oxen, or their hides for wine,
And some their captives. Thus were *they* supplied,
And the whole host prepar'd a glad regale.
All night the Grecians feasted, and the host
Of Ilium, and all night imperial Jove
Portended dire calamities to both,
Thundering tremendous!—Pale was every cheek;
Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dar'd
The hardiest drink, till he had first perform'd
Libation meet to the Saturnian king
Omnipotent; then, all retiring sought
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep.

* The Lemnians, having offended Venus by neglecting to worship her, were punished by a conspiracy of their wives against them. For the goddess, it is said, kindled in them such lust after the women of Thrace, that slighting and forsaking their own, they passed into that country in quest of the objects of their desire. Venus, in the mean time, struck the Lemnian women with frenzy, and the effect of it was that they determined to slay all the men of the island; which purpose they actually performed with only few exceptions. At the time when this happened, Jason being on his voyage in the Argo, met with Hypsipyle, by whom he became the father of Euneus.—*Schol. per Barnes.*

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomede delivers him. In the chariot of Diomede they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomede. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomede, with others, at sight of a favourble omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.*

BOOK VIII.

THE saffron-vested morn was now diffus'd
O'er all the earth, when on Olympus' top
Jove call'd a council, and the listening gods

* It is observed by Porphyrius that the poet, always attentive to propriety, consults it particularly in the circumstance of the succour afforded to the Trojans by Jupiter; who, *lest he should* appear regardless of equity and too *partial to discriminate* between just and unjust, takes not *an active part against* the Greeks till Diomede has first r *venged the Trojan* perjury by slaying Pandarus the tru

In silence heard, while thus the Thunderer spak
Hear, all ye gods and goddesses, my word
And purpose irreversible. Beware
That none presumptuously, of either sex,
Seek to rescind, but rather all promote
Its full accomplishment. Whom I shall see
Descending from Olympus to the aid
Of either host, or shamefully chastis'd
He shall return to the Olypmpian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.
There shall he learn how much I pass in might
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From heaven, and pull at its inferior links
Both goddesses and gods. But me your king,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth from heaven, strive with me as ye may.
But I, if willing to exert my power,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheav'd
Shall hang in the mid heaven. So much am I
Alone superior both to gods and men.*

breaker, and till they have in some sort acknowledged a
apologized for their treason by the humble and supplicato
message with which they charged Idæus.

* This chain is by some supposed to be described as
golden one, merely for the sake of a little poetical emb
lishment; by others it is held to be an allegorical chai
and the poet is understood to intend by it that principle
universal love by which the Supreme Being chiefly deli
to act; by which he overcomes and conciliates the op

He ceas'd but with so terrible a tone
Had cloth'd his menace, that astonish'd all
And silent sat, till Pallas thus replied.
Supreme of kings! our sire! we know thy for
Saturnian Jove! resistless; yet behold,
With pity mov'd, the Grecians, doom'd at last
To perish, after all their numerous woes.
If thou command, we doubtless, will abstain
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.*
To whom with smiles the everlasting sire.
Fear not, my child! stern as mine accent was,
Mine anger was but feign'd. For in mine heart
Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.†
He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds,

of his will, and attracts and attaches all reasonable intelligences to himself. The latter sense is most worthy of Homer, and by no means an improbable one. Plato interprets it as signifying the sun; and Pope ingeniously conjectures that the ancient Ægyptian astronomers, the inventors of it, designed it as an emblem of the sun's attractive force by which the planets are held in their orbits.

* Eustathius well observes that this speech is admirably adapted to the character of Minerva, the representative of wisdom and prudence; and adds, how differently had Juno been introduced, would she have spoken!

† In the original she is called Tritogeneia, which name is thus accounted for. Metis (the word signifies wisdom in counsel) was the daughter of Oceanus. She had a faculty of assuming what form she pleased, and Jupiter, desirous to make her all his own, drank her in the form of a fluid, while she was pregnant by Brontes the Cyclops. The time of her delivery being come, the child sprang through the forehead of Jupiter, and he gave her in charge to Triton, a river-god of Lybia. Thus not from Triton only, but also because she was indebted for her birth and rearing to three persons, Brontes, Jupiter and Triton, she was named Tritogeneia.—*Schol. per Vill.*

Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and man'd with wavy gold;
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge
Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
And lash'd his steeds; they not unwilling flew
Midway the earth between and starry heaven.
To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine
Breathing fresh incense; there the sire of all
Arriving, loos'd his coursers, and around
Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
Exulting, with the towers of Ilium all
Beneath his eye and the whole fleet of Greece.
  Mean-time, in every tent Achaia's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepar'd.
On th' other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,
In the defence of children and of wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the gates on either side, forth rush'd
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.*
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encountering, shields in opposition firm
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose.†
  There, many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the wounded loud
Exclaiming, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The vollied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,

* Not the gates of Troy only, but the gates also of the rampart constructed by the Grecians.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

† In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.

The sire of all then took his golden scales;
Doom against doom he weigh'd, th' eternal fates
In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
He rais'd the beam; low sank the heavier lot
Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.
Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
Into Achaia's host. They at the sight
Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd every cheek.
That shock Idomeneus dar'd not himself
Abide, nor Agamemnon nor the less
Or greater Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd.
But by his steed retarded which the mate
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,
And, writhing furious, scar'd his fellow steeds.*
Mean-time, while, strenuous, with his faulchion's edge
The old king labour'd to divide the rein,†
Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer
Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
The ancient king, but Diomede discern'd

* Aristotle observes, that the skull of a horse in the part here specified is remarkably thin, whence a wound received there, must in all probability be mortal.

† Homer says, απεταμνε—with admirable propriety using the imperfect tense, to express the difficulty with which the ancient king performed his purpose. On the contrary, when the youthful and vigorous Automedon does the same thing, απεκοψε is the word employed; the perfect of the verb, to show that it was done in a moment.—See Clarke.

His peril imminent, and with a voice
Like thunder, call'd Ulysses to his aid.
  Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance
Implanted ignominious in thy spine.
Stop—Save the ancient king from savage hands.
  So shouted Diomede, whose summons loud
Ulysses heard not, but retreating flew
With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
Then, Diomede, unaided as he was,
Rush'd ardent to the vaward, and before
The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old
Standing, in accents wing'd him thus address'd.
  Old chief! these youthful warriors are too fleet
For thee, retarded by encroaching age.
Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds
Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Tros,
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
I took them from that terror of his foes,
Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,
While these against the warlike powers of Troy
We push direct; that Hector's self may know
If my spear rage not furious as his own.
  He said; nor the Gerenian chief refus'd.
Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds,
And they the chariot of Tydides both
Ascended; Nestor drove, plied well the scourge,
And soon drew near to Hector, against whom
Advancing rapidly, a devious spear
Tydides hurl'd, and wounded in the breast
His charioteer Eniopeüs, son
Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.
He fell; his fiery coursers at the sound

Recoil'd, and where he fell his spirit fled.
Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd
The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd
He left him, and another sought as brave.
Nor wanted long his steeds a skilful guide,
For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount
His chariot, and to him consign'd the reins.
Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,
Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
But for quick succour of the sire of all.
He, thundering, downward hurl'd his candent bolt
To the horse-feet of Diomede; dire fum'd
The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove
Under the axle, belly to the ground.
Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,
And thus to Diomede, appall'd, he spake.
  Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see
That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?
The son of Saturn glorifies to day
This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart
The mind of Jove, for he is lord of all.
  To him the valiant Diomede replied.
Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang
Which wrings my soul, is this. The public ear
In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told—
I drove Tydides—Fearing me he fled.
So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws
That moment opening swallow me alive!
  Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.
What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious chief?
Should Hector dare traduce thee, and pronounce
Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him
Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives

Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm.
So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host
With clamour infinite their deadly darts
Shower'd after them, and he, majestic chief
Undaunted, from afar, thus call'd aloud.
Tydides! the Achaian heroes thee
Were wont to grace with a superior seat,
The mess of honour, and the brimming cup,
But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now
Go, timorous girl! Thou ne'er by my retreat
Shalt gain our bulwarks, and our wives to Greece
Lead captive. Perish first, and slain by me.
He ceas'd. Then Diomede in dread suspense
Thrice purpos'd, turning, to withstand the foe,
And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top
Jove gave the signal of success to Troy,
When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud.
Trojans and Lycians, and close-warring sons
Of Dardanus, oh summon all your might,
Now, now be men! I know that in his heart
Saturnian Jove great victory and renown
For me designs, but havock for the Greeks.
Fools! they shall find this wall which they have rais'd
Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
Contemptible; such also is the trench;
My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap.
But when ye see me in their fleet arriv'd,
Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands
That I may burn their galleys, and themselves
Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke.
He spake, and thus exhorted next his steeds,
Xanthus! Podargus! and ye generous pair
Æthon and glossy Lampus! now requite

Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
Far-ſam'd Eëtion's daughter: she your bowl
With corn sweet-flavour'd and with wine oft-times
Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first
Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.
Now follow! now be swift! that we may seize
The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies
As golden, disk and furniture alike.*
Now from the shoulders of the equestrian chief
Tydides, tear we off his splendid mail,
The work of Vulcan. May we take but these,
I have good hope that, ere this night be spent,
The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.†
So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
His proud boast heard, and shuddering in her throne,
Rock'd the Olympian; turning then toward
The ocean's mighty sovereign, thus she spake.
Alas! earth-shaking monarch of the waves,
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
Whom therefore thou should'st aid. Oh! would we all
Who favour Greece associate to repulse
The Trojans, and to check loud thundering Jove,
On Ida seated he might lower alone.‡
To whom the sovereign, shaker of the shores,
Indignant. Juno! rash in speech! what word
Hath scap'd thy lips? I never will consent

* The brace by which the shield was held, and the belt by which it was suspended.

† *the only instance* in the poem of a hero drawn by four *horses.*

‡ *Helice, a city of* Greece, sank and was lost in an earthquake. *Ægæ* was an island near to Eubœa.

That we, the powers subordinate, in arms
Contend with Jove, invincible to all.*
So they. Mean-time, the trench and wall between†
The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd
Close-throng'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd
By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.
And now with blazing fire their gallant barks
He had consum'd, but Juno mov'd the mind
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
To exhortation of Achaia's host.
Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
High on Ulysses' towering galley stood,
The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
Might reach the most remote of all the line
At each extreme, where Ajax and the son
Of Peleus, fearless of surprise and strong
In conscious valour, flank'd the tented field.‡
Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd.
Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in show alone!
Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd

* But in the battle at the ships he opposed him, because then his reluctance was overcome by the terrible slaughter of the Grecians.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

† None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates together, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart.

But there are different opinions about the space intended. —*See Villoison.*

‡ In the tumult of such a moment it was not possible that he should make himself heard by all; he used his robe therefore in aid of his voice, that they who could not hear, *might* understand when he shook it at them, his ardent de*sire that they* should stop and face their enemies.

Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed
Largely and at your ease on fatted beeves
And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face
Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—
Ay, twice a hundred—yet are all too few
To face one Hector now; nor doubt remains
But he shall soon burn every bark of ours.
Jove! Father! on what king hast thou so frown'd
At any time, or whom disgrac'd as me?
Yet I neglected not, through all the course
Of our disastrous voyage (in the hope
That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
But where I found thine altar, pil'd it high
With fat and flesh of bulls, on every shore.
But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least
Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,
Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down!
He said. Th' eternal father pitying saw
His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserv'd
The people. Instant, surest of all signs,
He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong
A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
Which fast beside the beauteous altar rais'd
To Panomphæan Jove sudden he dropp'd.*
They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all
Those numerous chiefs could boast that he outstripp'd

* To Jove the source of all oracular information.
Some say that Jupiter, immediately after his birth, himself brought forth the eagle. Others, that in his battle with the giants the eagle encouraged him, as even to him a favourable omen. The eagle in this place, as the most perfect of birds, represents the Grecians, the fawn, as the most timid and helpless of animals, the Trojans.—*See Vill.*

Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss
His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.
He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
Of Phradmon, Agelaus; as he turn'd
His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
Through back and bosom Diomede transpierc'd,
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
And Menelaus; either Ajax, then,
Clad in determin'd prowess; follow'd next
Idomeneus, with his heroic friend
In battle dread as homicidal Mars,
Meriones; Evæmon's son renown'd
Succeeded, bold Eurypylus; and ninth
Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.
He under covert fought of the broad shield
Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax thrust
His shield far forth; the hero from behind
Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;
Then close as to his mother's side a child
For safety creeps, the unseen Teucer crept
To Ajax' side, who shielded him again.
Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious chief?
Orsilochus, and Ophelestes, first,
And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight
With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,
And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,
All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.
The Trojans thinn'd by his death-dealing bow
The king of armies Agamemnon saw
Well-pleas'd, and him approaching, thus began.
Brave Teucer! Oh my friend, heroic prince!
Smite ever thus the foe, that hope once more
May cheer the Greeks, and Telamon rejoice
Who rear'd thee, though his spurious son, with ear

In his own mansion; him, although remote,
Raise, in return, to glory once again.*
I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,
Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant
The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,
And I will give to thy victorious hand,
After my own, the noblest recompense,
A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.
To whom the generous Teucer thus replied.
Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
As heaven affords me spare not to employ.
Since first our foes retir'd, with watchful eye
Their warriors I have mark'd; eight bearded shafts
My bow hath sent, and every shaft, well-aim'd,
The body of some Trojan youth robust
Hath pierc'd, but still yon ravening hound escapes.
He said, and from the nerve another shaft
Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
Him beautiful Castianira, brought
By Priam from Æsyma, nymph of form
Celestial, to the king of Ilium bore.
As in the garden, with the weight surcharg'd

* When Hercules desolated Troy, having taken Hesione, daughter of Laomedon and sister of Priam, captive, he gave her to Telamon his ally. To him she bore Teucer, who was so named because produced by a Trojan mother; for the Trojans were themselves called Teucri from Teucer, once their king. But why does the poet, it is asked, with whom Teucer seems everywhere a favourite, reproach him at last with bastardy? The answer is, that with the ancients bastardy was no reproach; and it rather redounds to his honour, that, bastard as he was, he surpassed in fight many *who were legitimate.—Vill.*

Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.*
Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve
Despatch'd at Hector, with impatience fir'd
To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd,
And, turn'd by Phœbus, wander'd to the breast
Of Archeptolemus with furious speed
Impelling Hector's steeds into the fight.
Headlong he fell; impetuous in recoil
Back flew his steeds, and where he fell he lay.
That loss with sablest sorrow overcast
The soul of Hector; yet with deep regret
The slain abandoning, he mark'd at hand
And summon'd to the conduct of his steeds
Cebriones, who at his brother's call
Caught readily the reins. Then, all at once,
From his bright chariot with a lion's roar,
Leap'd Hector, seiz'd a stone of size to fill
His ample grasp, and, Teucer in his eye,
Impatient flew to smite him. He, the while,
Had lodg'd his bitterest arrow on the string,
When valiant Hector, with the rugged mass
Striking him on the bone that hoops the neck
(A part most mortal) marr'd his eager aim.
Wide flew the sever'd bow-string, on his knees
He sank, and from his bruis'd and torpid hand
Let fall the bow. Nor Ajax heedless stood,
But, with fraternal promptness, at his fall
Advancing, shielded him on every side,
Till two, his lov'd associates, Echius' son
Mecisteus, with Alastor, rais'd and bore
The maim'd, deep-groaning warrior to his fleet.

* The fruit of the poppy is the globular capsule that contains the seed. At the top it is somewhat crested.

Then, with fresh force again by Jove inspir'd,
The Trojans (Hector flaming at their head)
Press'd hard the Greeks, and urg'd them to the trench.
As when he fastens on the flank or haunch
Of lion or wild boar, the rapid hound
With keenest notice eyes him, lest he turn,
So on the rear hung Hector, slaying still
The hindmost fugitive.* But when, at length,
(Much havoc now sustain'd) the routed host
Through foss and stakes had 'scap'd into the camp,
Though with diminish'd numbers, there, beside
Their ships they stood, with mutual clamours each
Exhorting other, and with lifted hands
Loud importuning all the powers of heaven.
In looks a Gorgon or another Mars,
Exulting Hector with his beauteous steeds
In many a rapid circle scour'd the plain.
Touch'd at that sight with pity, Juno turn'd
Her speech to Pallas, and in haste began.
Daughter of Jove! shall thou and I survey,
For ever unconcern'd, yon dreadful scene,
The sons of Greece all perishing, destroy'd
By one ungovern'd maniac? Hector's rage
Is boundless, and his mischievous exploits,
So numerous, may no longer be endur'd.
To whom Jove's awful daughter thus replied.
—* And Hector had himself long since his life
Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks

* The poet contrives to give honour even to the flying Greeks, by comparing them to the nobler animal; and the hound too even in pursuit discovers fear, watching every motion *of the head* and turn of the eye in the beast he *chases.*

† *The translation* follows the original in the abruptness of *this beginning.*

Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
Mad counsels executing and perverse,
Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
Nor aught remembers how I sav'd oft-times
His son enjoin'd full many a task severe
By king Eurystheus; to the gods he wept,
And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.
But had I then foreseen what now I know,
When through the adamantine gates he pass'd
To bind the dog of hell, by Stygian floods
Encompass'd, never had he thence return'd.*
But, me renouncing, he performs the will
Of Thetis now; she, suppliant, kiss'd his knees,
And, by his beard, implor'd him to exalt
Achilles, her unconquerable son.
'Tis well—the day shall come when Jove again
Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid.
But thou the coursers to our chariot join,
While I, my father's mansion entering, arm
For battle. I would learn by trial sure,
If Hector, Priam's offspring fam'd in fight,
(Ourselves appearing in the walks of war)
Will greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet
Some Trojan, also, shall to dogs resign
His flesh for food, and to the fowls of heaven.
So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread
Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapprov'd,
But busily and with despatch prepar'd
The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd.
Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode

* Cerberus, a dog with three heads and the tail of a dragon. *Hercules, though* bitten by his serpent-tail, yet dragged him *up from hell*, and having shown him to Eurystheus, at *whose command* he had conquered the monster, dragged *him down again.*

Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. The corslet, first,
Her awful sire's, she took, then, piece by piece,
Arm'd her completely for the field of wo.
Terrible as her father Jove, she climb'd
The fiery chariot, last, and seiz'd the spear
Of length and size immense, with which she quells
Each hero's host whom she accounts a foe.
Juno with lifted lash urg'd on the steeds.
At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds.
Which when th' eternal Father from the heights
Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire
To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.
Haste, Iris—turn them back, nor let them dare
Encounter me; such war were ill-advis'd;
For tell them, and the threatening shall not miss
Its due performance, I will maim their steeds,
Themselves precipitate, in pieces dash
Their chariot, nor shall ten whole years efface
Their wounds inflicted by my rapid bolts.
So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, I resent it less; for she
Clashes with all my counsels from of old.*
He ended; Iris with a tempest's speed
From the Idæan summit soar'd at once

* *Ενιχλαν.—The* word is here metaphorical, and ex-*presses, in its* primary use, the breaking of a spear against *a shield.— Vill.*

To the Olympian; at the open gates
Exterior of the mountain many-val'd
She staid them, and her coming thus declar'd.
Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?
Ye may not aid the Grecians; Jove forbids;
For Saturn's son thus threatens, nor his threat
Shall want effect; that he will maim your steeds,
Yourselves precipitate, in pieces dash
Your chariot, nor shall ten whole years efface
The wounds inflicted by his rapid bolts.
So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
A father's wrath. Mean-time he less resents
Th' offence of Juno, for her bent hath been
To clash with all his counsels from of old.
But as for thee, Minerva, if thou dare
Thine huge spear lift against the will of Jove,
He calls thee reprobate and dead to shame.*
So saying, storm-footed Iris disappear'd,
And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd.
Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove! henceforth
No longer, in the cause of mortal men,
Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
Grecians or Trojans as he wills; let him
Dispose the order of his own concerns,
And judge between them, as of right he may.†
She said and she return'd. The sister Hours
Releas'd, and to ambrosial mangers bound

* Non hæc venustè *Iris* ex *suâ* personâ sed ex Jovis. Quare hoc modo, ut opinor, vertendum—*At tu, inquit, O teterrima, &c.*—*Clarke.*

† It is observed that when Homer would exalt the character of his gods, he represents them regardless of the affairs of men; but when he would exalt his subject, then he interests them in all that passes here, and to such a degree, that for the sake of their respective favourites among mankind, they fight and wound each other.—Vill.

Their charge, the beauteous steeds! then wheel'd aside
The chariot to the crystal wall of heaven.
Scarce had those goddesses, with aching hearts,
Remounted each her golden throne and mix'd
With the assembled deities, when Jove
On rapid wheels from Ida borne regain'd
Himself the skies. *His* steeds the glorious king
Of ocean loos'd, and on its basis broad
The overmantled chariot fix'd secure.
Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold
Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Mean-time
Juno and Pallas seated both apart
Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve
He notic'd, conscious of the cause, and said.
Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?
Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd
And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.
Mark now the difference. Not the gods combin'd
Should have constrain'd *me* back, till all my force,
Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all
My fortitude. But ye, with dread appall'd,
Or e'er ye reach'd yon glorious field, return'd.
—'Tis well—for mark me—Had ye persever'd,
My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
In your own chariot borne, th' Olympian heights,
Seat of the blest immortals, never more.
He ceas'd; they murmur'd, and, as side by side
They sat, still meditated wo to Troy.
No word of anger, though the fiercest heav'd
Her bosom, from Minerva's lips escap'd,
But Juno, less self-govern'd, thus replied.
Ruthless and fierce! what menaces are these?
Why vaunt thy power to us? Full well we know
Thee irresistible; and, though we view,
With pity mov'd, the valiant sons of Greece

Ordain'd to perish, at thy stern command
The battle left, we will alone direct
Their counsels, lest thy wrath consume them all.
  To whom the storm-clad sovereign of the skies.
Look forth, and, if thou wilt, at early dawn
See more exerted still the power of Jove,
And more than ever thinn'd the ranks of Greece.
For pause of Hector's fury shall be none
Till, first, he have provok'd Achilles forth,
And for Patroclus slain, the crowded hosts
In narrow space shall at the ships contend.
Such is the voice of fate. But as for thee—
Thee and thy wrath I disregard alike.
Go, seek the utmost bounds of earth and sea,
Where Saturn and Iäpetus endure
Exclusion sad from balmy airs, nor feel
The beams of risen day, hell-girt around;
Go even thither, and thine absence nought
Shall trouble me, for thou art void of shame.*
  He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.
And now the radiant sun in ocean sank,
Drawing night after him o'er all the earth;
Night, undesir'd by Troy, but to the Greeks
Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom.
  Then, where he found, more distant from the ships
Clear space, unstrew'd with bodies, on the bank
Of gulfy Xanthus, Priam's glorious son
Conven'd a council of the chiefs of Troy.
They, leaving each his chariot, watchful stood
Till he should speak. Eleven cubits' length

* Iäpetus was one of the Titans. Jupiter having deposed his father Saturn, and usurped the throne in heaven, the giants, sons of Earth, resented it and prepared furious battle against him in the maritime city of Tartessus. Jove met and vanquished them and sent them all to Erebus, the sovereignty of which he consigned to Saturn.—Vill.

Of massy spear he bore, its brazen point
Star-bright, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
He planted, lean'd on it, and thus began.
  Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I hop'd, this evening, (every ship consum'd,
And all the Grecians slain) to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have interven'd, and to the night they owe,
In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.
Now, therefore, take ye, as the night enjoins,
Needful refreshment; loose your weary steeds;
Give them their provender; and with despatch
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep
And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread,
Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,
E'en till Aurora, daughter of the dawn
Shall look abroad, we may with many fires
Illume the skies; lest even in the night,
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.
So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex
With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.
Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,
From side to side of Ilium summon forth
The stripling and the gray with age to watch
On all the sacred towers; from street to street
Charge they the women also that their hearths
Glow with bright fires; and let no feeble guard
Attend the Greeks, lest, issuing unperceiv'd
In the host's absence, they surprise the town.
Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice
Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,
And so much for the night; ye shall be told

The business of the morn when morn appears.
It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven
(Not without hope) that I may hence expel
These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
Have wafted hither in their sable barks.
Let *us* then also watch this night, ourselves,
And arming with the morrow, at their ships
Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear
If Diomede the brave shall me compel
Back to our walls, or I, his gory arms
Torn from his breathless body, bear away
To-morrow, if he dare but to abide
My lance, he shall not want occasion meet
For show of valour. But much more I judge
That the next rising sun shall see him slain
With no few friends around him. Would to heaven!
I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age,
And share their honours with the gods above,
As comes the morrow fraught with wo to Greece.
So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim
All prais'd. Then each his weary steeds releas'd
And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side.
And now from Troy provision large they brought,
Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
And fuel much was gather'd. *Next, the gods
With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain
Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspir'd
Savoury, but unacceptable to those
Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore
To Priam, to the people under sway
Of warlike Priam, and to sacred Troy.
Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,

* The following lines, to the end of this paragraph, are a *translation of* some which Barnes has here inserted from *the second* Alcibiades of Plato.

Not disarray'd, but in fair form dispos'd
Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heigh
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;
So numerous seem'd those fires between the strea
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-thron'd
Aurora should restore the light of day.*

* The Trojans, therefore, were in number fifty thousand

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phœnix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

BOOK IX.

So watch'd the Trojan host; but Flight from heaven
Despatch'd, companion of soul-chilling Fear,
Possess'd the Grecians; every leader's heart
Bled, wounded with insufferable wo.
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy deep
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood
High-curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.*
  Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving grief
Transfixt; he bade his heralds call by name
Each chief to council, but without the sound
Of proclamation; and that task himself
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.†

* The distress of the Grecians, uncertain whether to stay or to depart, (for that was the dilemma, in the judgment of Eustathius, which caused their anxiety) is aptly and beautifully compared to a sea agitated by storms from two different quarters.—Thrace was feigned to be the country where the winds resided.

† Either that the enemy might not hear the summons, or

The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast
As some deep fountain pours its rapid stream
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,
King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
And, groaning, the Achaians thus address'd.*
  Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Hath now involv'd me; he assur'd me erst,
And solemnly, that I should not return
To Greece, till laden with the spoils of Troy;†
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)
He sends me back inglorious to the shores
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd powers.
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
And shall hereafter, matchless in his might.
Haste, therefore. My advice is, that we all
Fly with our gallies home to Greece again,
Since Troy's wide city shall not yet be ours.
  He ceas'd, and all sat silent; long the sons
Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat,
When thus, at last, bold Diomede began.
  Atrides! foremost of the chiefs I rise
To controvert thy purpose ill-conceiv'd,
And with such freedom as the laws, O king!

lest his own people hearing it, and being already in a state of consternation, should be alarmed still more.—*See Clarke.*

* In the original the word is—*μελανυδρος*—dark-watered—and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. *Δνοφερον υδωρ* is properly water that runs with rapidity; water—*μετα δονησεως φερομενον.*—*See Villoison.*

† *Agamemnon* alludes to the extraordinary sign exhibited *to them* by Jupiter while they sacrificed to him at Aulis, *and which* Calchas interpreted as a divine assurance of success *in the* tenth year.

Of consultation and debate allow.
Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first
Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
As one effeminate and slow to fight!
All which, the Greeks, both young and ancient, know.
The son of wily Saturn hath to thee
Given, and refus'd; he plac'd thee high in power,
Appointed thee chief ruler of the host,
But courage gave thee none, his noblest gift.
Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks
Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said?
If thy own fears impel thee to depart,
Be gone; the way is open; numerous ships,
Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.
But not a Greek besides goes hence, till Troy
Be laid in ashes. Or if all incline
To seek again their native home, fly all;
Myself and Sthenelus will persevere
Till Ilium fall, for with the gods we came.*
He ended; all th' admiring sons of Greece
With shouts the warlike Diomede extoll'd,
When thus equestrian Nestor next began.
No prince, Tydides! none of equal years
Pretends, or can, equality with thee
In counsel or in arms. Thy self-defence
Nor censure merits, nor admits reply,
For it is just. But thou hast given the cause

* Diomede, who would not reply to the reproach of Agamemnon till he had distinguished himself, now, after slaying the charioteer of Hector, saving Nestor, wounding two deities, seizing the horses of Æneas, acquiring golden armour, giving Idæus a direct negative to his proposal in the name of Paris, confronting for a time the thunder, being the last to fly and the first to return to battle, now, animated by a consciousness of his own merits, and finding a fair occasion reproaches the sovereign in his turn.—Vide Schol. per Vi

For which we meet no mention. Thou art young.
So green in years, that thou had'st been, if mine,
Of mine the youngest. Yet the kings of Greece,
Address'd by thee, still hear thee with delight.
Thou hast well spoken; but myself who boast
More years than thou hast seen, will thy defects
So recompense, that not a Grecian here,
Not Agamemnon's self shall censure *me*.
He is a wretch, insensible and dead
To all the charities of social life,
Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone.*
But night is urgent, and with night's demands
Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,
And let the guard be station'd at the trench
Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
(For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
Thy sovereignty, but it shall become thee well.
Thy tents are fill'd with wine which day by day
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.
Thy many guests assembled, thou shall hear
Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; the Greeks
All need good counsel, now, since such alone
Can save us; for the foe, fast by the fleet
Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see
Unmov'd? This night preserves us or destroys.
He spake, whom all with full consent approv'd.
Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd; first went the son
Of Nesetor, Thrasymedes, valiant chief;

* The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomede as might give birth to new dissensions, while it reminds him indirectly of the mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.

Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanc'd
And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,
And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.
Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each
A hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
There kindled fires, and dress'd their evening fare.
  Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
The thronging chiefs of Greece, and at his board
Regal'd them; They with readiness and keen
Despatch of hunger shar'd the savoury feast,
And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more
Unsatisfied, then Nestor, rising first,
Whose counsels had been ever wisest found,
Warm for the public interest, thus began.
  Atrides! glorious monarch! king of men!
With thee shall I begin, with thee conclude,
For thou art sovereign, and to thee are given
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
For the advancement of the general good.
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
Become thy duty, and the best advice,
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.
I will promulge the counsel which to me
Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,
But I have ever held it since the day
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleas'd to take
By force the maid Briseïs from the tent
Of the enrag'd Achilles; not, in truth,
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;
But *thou, complying* with thy princely wrath,
Hast sham'd a hero whom the gods themselves
Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st.

Yet even now conciliate him; perchance
With soft persuasion and by gifts we may.
Then answer'd Agamemnon, king of men.
Old chief! there is no falsehood in thy charge;
I have offended, and confess the wrong.
The warrior is alone a host, whom Jove
Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake
He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.
But if the impulse of a wayward mind
Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
Prepar'd to sooth him with atonement large
Of gifts inestimable, which by name
I will propound in presence of you all.
Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire;*
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in the race;
No man should need complain that he is poor,
Or should be troubled with a want of gold,
Possessing what those steeds have won for me.†
Seven well-born female captives will I give
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I receiv'd
My chosen portion, passing womankind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will I give, and will with these resign
Her whom I took, Briseïs with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was

* The tripod was a vessel supported on three feet and used for culinary purposes. But whence was it that these were yet unsullied. The tripods and cauldrons both are supposed to have been anciently of two sorts; one sort, plain and designed for use, the other, ornamental only, or, as *Athenæus* says, used only for wine.

† *They* had not won these prizes for him in Greece, since, *had that* been the case, they must by this time have been *old;* but they had won them in different funeral games at *Troy.—Schol. per Vill.*

Of my embraces, such I yield her his.
All these I give him now; and if at length
The blessed gods shall grant us to destroy
Priam's great city, let him heap his ships
With gold and brass, entering and choosing first
When we shall share the spoil. He shall besides
Take twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Except fair Helen, loveliest of their sex.
And should we reach, once more, the distant land
Of fruitful Argos, he shall there become
My son-in-law; my only son himself
Orestes, not belov'd or honour'd more.
I have three virgin daughters, from the three,
(Chrysothemis, Laodice, and fair
Iphianassa*) choosing forth a bride,
He shall conduct her, with no cost of dower,
To his own home; for at my proper cost
She shall be dower'd as never child before.
Seven strong well-peopled cities I will give;
Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.†
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large
And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
Shall hold him high in honour as a god.

* Called likewise Iphigenia. The story, therefore of her being sacrificed to procure a fair wind for the Grecian fleet port-locked at Aulis, was invented afterward.

† These were all cities of Messene, and Messene belonging at that time to the Spartans, are supposed to have been part of Clytemnestra's dower, or willingly resigned by Menelaus on this occasion.—*Vide Schol.* per Barnes.

These will I give him if his wrath subside
Let him be won. Dis only of the Gods
Is found implacable and deaf to prayer,
And is the power whom, therefore, all abhor.
My sway is greater, and my years than his
More numerous, therefore let him yield to me,
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Atrides! glorious sovereign! king of men!
No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
Giv'st thou the prince Achilles; to his tent
Despatch we, therefore, with what speed we may
Wise and well-chosen messengers; my part
Shall be to choose them; be compliance theirs.
Go Phœnix first; Jove loves him; Ajax, next,
The mightier; and discreet Ulysses last.
Eurybates and Hodius I pronounce
Their heralds. Now bring water for our hands;
Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech
Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.
He spake, and all were pleas'd. The heralds pour'd
Pure water on their hands; attendant youths
The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left
Distributed to all. Libation made,
All drank, and in such measure as they chose,
Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.
Much exhortation, from the Pylian sage,
With eager looks enforc'd they all receiv'd,
But most Ulysses, to omit no means
By which Achilles likeliest might be won.*
Along the margin of the sounding deep
They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
Preferring numerous vows with ardent prayers

* Because on the discretion and sagacity of Ulysses he depended most for the success of the embassy.—Clarke.

That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
Of fierce Æacides. Arriving soon
Among the Myrmidons, their chief they found
Soothing his sorrow with his silver-fram'd
Harmonious lyre, spoil taken when he took
Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
He sooth'd, and glorious heroes were his theme.*
Patroclus, silent sat, and he alone,
Before him, on Æacides intent,
Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
The messengers advanc'd (Ulysses first)†
Into his presence; at the sight, his harp
Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze
Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.
Achilles seiz'd their hands, and thus he spake.
Hail friends! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause
Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold
(Though angry still) of all Achaia's host.
So saying, he introduc'd and seated them
On thrones with purple arras overspread,
Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.
Son of Menætius! bring a beaker more
Capacious, and replenish it with wine

* A native of the country promising the lyre of Paris to Alexander the Great, if he would condescend to accept it, he replied—Of his I have no need, being already in possession of that of Achilles, with which he amused himself in his hours of leisure, singing, as he played on it, the praise of heroes. The lyre of Paris, habituated to effeminate and lascivious music, is not for me.—*Plut. de Alex. Mag. fortunâ sive virtute.*

† That is to say, before Ajax, because Ulysses was chief speaker. *But the order* of the procession seems to have been, *Phœnix foremost*, as conductor of the heralds, then the heralds, *then Ulysses*, then Ajax.

Diluted less;† then give to each his cup;
For dearer friends than these who now arrive
Beneath my roof, or worthier, have I none.
He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd
Whom much he lov'd. Achilles, then, himself
Advancing near the fire an ample tray,†
Spread goat's flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep
And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine.
Automedon attending held them fast,
While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone
Slic'd thin the meat, then pierc'd it with the spits.
Mean-time the godlike Menætiades
Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declin'd,
Rak'd wide the embers, hung the meat to roast,
And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side
Where it was treasur'd, shower'd it o'er the feast,*
When all was finish'd and the board set forth,
Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread
In baskets, and Achilles serv'd the guests.
Beside the tent-wall, opposite he sat
To the divine Ulysses! first he bade
Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd

* I have given this sense to the word Ζωροτέρον—on the authority of the Venetian Scholium, though some contend that it should be translated—*quickly*. Achilles, who had reproached Agamemnon with intemperate drinking, was, himself, more addicted to music than to wine.

† It is not without authority that I have thus rendered χρεῖον μέγα. Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen-table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward.—*See Schaufelbergerus.*

‡ *Salt* was accounted *sacred* for its antiseptic quality, or *on account of* the constant and universal use of it among *men; for* which reason *water* and light are honoured with *the same* epithet.—*See Clarke.*

The consecrated morsel to the fire,
And each, at once, his savory mess assail'd.
When neither edge of hunger now they felt
Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod
Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulysses mark'd,
And charging high his cup, thus hail'd his host.*
  Health to Achilles; hospitable cheer
And well prepar'd, we want not at the board
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
For both are nobly spread; but dainties now
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.
Oh godlike chief! tremendous are our themes
Of contemplation, while in doubt we sit
If life or death with loss of all our ships
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
Call'd from afar, beside the fleet encamp
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires
Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours
Shall check their purpos'd inroad on the camp.
Jove grants them favourable signs from heaven,
Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage
Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds

* Commentators are perplexed to account for their having any hunger to satisfy now, after being so lately regaled by Agamemnon. Some alter the text in order to get rid of this strange appetite; Aristarchus, in particular, recommends αψ επασαντο, instead of εξ ερον ενγο; others affirm that they ate only in compliment to Achilles, which is inconsistent with the text as it stands; and others that the feeding of Achilles and Patroclus only, is by a figure termed the feeding of all.

The sign was not made to Phœnix that Phœnix might speak, but to express his opinion that it was time Ulysses should; who, putting that interpretation on it, begins.—*Vide Schol. per Barnes.*

Nor god nor man, but, maniac-like, implores
Incessantly the morn at once to rise,
That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
Slay the Achaians panting in the smoke.*
Dread overwhelms my spirit, lest the gods
His threats accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.
Up, therefore! if thou canst at last relent,
Oh, rise and save Achaia's weary sons
From Trojan violence.† Regret, but vain,
Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise,
Means to preserve from such disastrous fate
The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Peleus thee
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.
"Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart

* The heads of their vessels were adorned with images of the gods, which he feared to burn and intended probably to preserve as trophies.—*See Barnes.*

† Ulysses, like an able orator, omits nothing that may serve to strengthen and give effect to his argument. The battle had continued two days only, but to the Grecians they had been days of calamity and defeat; the day of adversity seems always long, and this artful pleader represents it as still much longer, that he may suggest to Achilles the thought that his countrymen had suffered sufficiently for the trespass of Agamemnon.

In the second book when the same speaker exerts his powers of eloquence to encourage the Greeks to stay, he inverts this mode of reasoning, and represents a circumstance which happened before the commencement of the siege which had lasted nine years, as an event of late occurrence.—*See L.* 335, *B.* 2.

Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.
Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath
Renounce; be reconcil'd; for princely gifts
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside,
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell the all,
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made
By promise thine, this night within his tent.
Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;
No man should need complain that he is poor,
Or should be troubled with a want of gold,
Possessing what those steeds have won for him.
Seven well-born female captives he will give,
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom, when thou conquer'd'st Lesbos, he receiv'd
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
Of his embraces, such he yields her back.
All these he gives thee now! and if at length
The blessed gods shall grant us to destroy
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,
When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside
Take twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Except fair Helen, loveliest of their sex.
And if once more we reach the milky land
Of pleasant Argos, thou shalt there become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state

With him, whom he in all abundance rears,
His only son Orestes. At his court
He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve,
Chrysothemis, Laodice, or the young
Iphianassa; and from thee he asks
No dower; himself will such a dower bestow
As never father on his child before.
Seven strong well peopled cities will he give;
Cardamyle and Enope; and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a god.
These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.
But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
Yet oh compassionate th' afflicted host
Prepar'd to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
Among the Grecians that shall never die.
Now strike at Hector—he is here—himself
Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,
And in his rage he glories that our ships
Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.
Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale,
For, as the gates of Ades I detest

The man, whose heart and language disagree,*
So shall not mine. My most approved resolve
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move: for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert.
The brave and base in equal honour meet.
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I after all my toils, who have exposed
Life daily in the field, have earned no prize
Superior to the rest, but as the bird
Gives to her unfledg'd brood a morsel [illegible]
After long search, though wanting [illegible]
So have I worn out many a sleepless night
And waded deep through many a [illegible]
In battle for their wives: I have [illegible]
Twelve cities with my fleet [illegible]
On foot contending in the fields of [illegible]
From all these cities, precious spoils [illegible]
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's tent
Gave all the treasure. He [illegible] 25
Abode the while, and having [illegible]
Little distributed, and much retained.
He gave, however, to the kings and chiefs

* Achilles speaks a similar language in [illegible] Aulis of Euripides.—*Clarke.*

Ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ἀλόγοις [illegible]
Χαίρουσι, [illegible]

For I was [illegible]
[illegible]

† [illegible] to the [illegible] were [illegible] with no respect [illegible]
‡ Dacier observes, that [illegible] remains through the impetuosity [illegible]

A portion and they kept it. Me alone
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
And let him couch with her. What urgent need
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?
Why hath Atrides gather'd such a host,
And led them hither? Was 't not for the sake
Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
Can none be found who love their proper wives
But the Atridæ? There is no good man
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides
For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
I lov'd the fair Briseïs at my heart,*
But having dispossess'd me of my prize
So foully, let him not essay me now,
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.
Let him advise with thee and with thy peers,
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
Yon hostile fires; since many an arduous task
He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine;
So hath he now this rampart and the trench
Which he hath sunk around it, and with stakes
Contiguous planted—puny barriers all
To hero-slaughtering Hector's force oppos'd.
While, present with the host of Greece, I wag'd
Myself the battle, Hector never fought
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
Escap'd with difficulty even there.
But, since I feel myself not now inclin'd

* The argument proves Agamemnon either unwise or *unjust. If deprivation* of a wife be a trifle, why has he thus *resented the* wrong done to his brother? And if it be an unpardonable injury, why has he taken mine?—Vide *Barnes et Vill.*

To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
To Jove due worship, and to all the gods,
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
Of lusty rowers, active in their task.
So shall I reach (if ocean's mighty god
Prosper my voyage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
On the third day. I have possessions there,
Which hither roaming in an evil hour
I left abundant. I shall also hence
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,
And glittering steel, and women passing fair,
My portion of the spoils.* But he, your king,
The prize he gave, himself, himself resum'd,
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if arm'd
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
To look me in the face. I will not share
His counsels, neitheir will I aid his works.
Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
Deceiv'd me once; henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace
Craz'd as he is, and by the stroke of Jove
Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him
So honour, as the thing which most I scorn.
And would he give me twenty times the worth

* *In this passage* he seems to say, my riches are already *such as exempt* me effectually from all temptation to acce *the offered* presents of Agamemnon.—See Barnes.

Of this his offer, all the treasur'd heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchomenos* within her walls,
And all that opulent Ægyptian Thebes†
Receives, the city with a hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him
Should sooth me, till my soul were first aveng'd
For all the offensive license of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your chief,
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus, had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd
She were no bride for me. No. He may choose
From the Achaians some superior prince,
One more her equal. Peleus, if the gods
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
Himself erelong, shall mate me with a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia may be found
Fair damsels many, daughters of the chiefs
Who guard our cities; I may choose of them,
And make the loveliest of them all my own.
There, in my country, it hath ever been
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquir'd.
For life, in my account, surpasses far

* A city of Bœotia, famed for the riches it received from all the inhabitants of the adjacent country, in honour of the Graces who were worshipped in it.

† Thebes is said to have been wonderfully enriched by *the Lybians*, Æthiopians, and other nations tributary to it. *It was afterwards* called Diospolis, and was destroyed by *the Persians.*

In value, all the treasures which report
Ascrib'd to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
Arriv'd, and while the city yet had peace;
Those also which Apollo's marble shrine
In rocky Pytho boasts.* Fat flocks and beeves
May be by force obtain'd; tripods and steeds
Are bought or won; but if the breath of man
Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
Or may constrain th' unbodied spirit back.†
Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
Thetis, a two-fold consummation waits.
If still with battle I encompass Troy,
I win immortal glory, but all hope
Renounce of my return.‡ If I return

* Pytho was a city of Phocis, inhabited by a colony of Delphians.

† So Moschus.—*Idyll.* 111.

Αι, Αι, ται μαλαχαι μεν επαν κατα κηπον ολωνται,
Η τα χλωρα σελινα, το, τ ευθαλες οιλον ανηθον,
ΑἸερον αυ ζωοντι, και εις ετος αλλο φυοντι.
Αμμες δ οι μεγαλοι, και καρτεροι, ᾀ σοφοι ανδρες,
Οπποτε περωτα θανωμες, ανακοοι εν χθονι κοιλα
Ευδομες ευ μαλα μακρον, ατερμονα, νηγρετον υπνον.

Alas, alas, the tenderest garden herb,
The verdant celery, or the hairy dill
Once dead, revive and grow another year;
But we of human-kind, great, strong, and wise,
When once we perish, in the hollow tomb
Lie hush'd, and never, never wake again.

This strong attachment to life, seems at first view, rather inconsistent with the character of Achilles; but it is, perhaps ascribed to him by the poet as enhancing the more the merit of his valour, who, ardently as he wished to live, when glory was in question, never feared to die. Or perhaps he affects it only, indignantly, and to serve the present occasion.

‡ Clarke observes here on the singular art and delicacy with which the poet insinuates the immortality of his w

To my beloved country, I renounce
Th' illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
Secure and long immunity from death.
And truly I would recommend to all
To voyage homeward, since ye shall not see
The downfall yet of Ilium's lofty towers,
For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath reviv'd.
Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
Of good ambassadors, that they may frame
Some happier plan, by which both fleet and host
May be preserv'd; for, my resentment still
Burning, this project is but premature.
Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night
Within my tent, that, if he so incline
Embarking on the morrow we may seek
Our home together; but I leave him free.
  He ended; they astonish'd at his tone
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
'Till Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last
Gush'd into tears (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd
Lest the whole fleet should perish) and replied.
  If thou indeed have purpos'd to return,
Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st
That thou art altogether fixt to leave
The fleet a prey to desolating fires,
How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide
Forlorn of thee! When Peleus, hoary chief,
Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,
Unpractis'd in destructive fight, nor less

He neither says with Horace—Exegi monumentum ære *perennius*—Nor with Ovid—Jamque opus exegi quod nec *Jovis ira*, &c., nor mentions either himself or his poem, but asserts his claim to glory in the name and person of his *hero*. For the immortality of Achilles is in reality that of the bard to whom he owes it.

Of councils ignorant, the schools in which
Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
Both elocution and address in arms.
Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent
Leave here, my son! no, not if Jove himself
Would promise, reaping smooth this silver beard,
To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;
As when from Hellas for her women fam'd
I fled, escaping from Amyntor's wrath
My father's, son of Ormenus, who lov'd
A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
Despis'd his wife and persecuted me.
My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer
Perpetual importun'd me to embrace
The damsel first, that she might loath my sire.*
I did so; and my father soon possess'd
With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
A storm of imprecation, in his rage
Invoking all the Furies to forbid
That ever son of mine should press his knees.
Tartarian Jove and dread Persephone†
Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear
I would have pierc'd his heart, but that my wrath
Some deity assuag'd, suggesting oft
What shame and obloquy I should incur,
Known as a parricide through all the land.‡

* She was, therefore, at this time, not actually his concubine, but educated in his house and destined to be so.

† Pluto and Proserpine.

‡ The four original lines in which Phœnix confesses this murtherous purpose were cashiered by Aristarchus, but they are undoubtedly Homer's lines, and seasonably and judiciously *introduced* as a lesson given by the preceptor to *his pupil, in which* he cautions him by his own example *and experience* against the unlimited indulgence of ang *which can hurry* a man into such enormities.—Vide Cla

At length, so treated, I resolv'd to dwell
No longer in his house. My friends, indeed,
And all my kindred compass'd me around
With much entreaty, wooing me to stay;
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
Nine nights continual at my side they slept,
Keeping alternate watch, nor were the fires
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
The vestibule illum'd my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night at length arriv'd,
Forcing my chamber-door I issued forth
With noiseless steps, and unperceiv'd alike
By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall.
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
At length in fruitful Phthia I arriv'd
Mother of flocks, and at the royal house
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart
Receiving, lov'd me as a father loves
His only son, the son of his old age,
Inheritor of all his large demesnes.
He made me rich; plac'd under my control
A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt
Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.
Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the gods,
I lov'd, and all illustrious as thou art,
Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,
Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,
Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, till first
I plac'd thee on my knees, with my own hand
Thy viands carv'd and fed thee, and the wine
Held to thy lips; and many a time in fits
Of infant frowardness the purple juice
Rejecting, thou hast delug'd all my vest,

And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endur'd
Much, and have also much perform'd for thee,
Thus purposing, that since the gods vouchsaf'd
No son to me, thyself should'st be my son,
Godlike Achilles! who should'st screen perchance
From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.
Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down.
Thou should'st not be thus merciless; the gods,
Although more honourable, and in power
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable; and if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice and prayer
In meekness offer'd, turn their wrath away.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant-eyed,
Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace
Follow Offence.* Offence, robust of limb,
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
And over all the earth before them runs
Hurtful to man.† They, following, heal the hurt.
Receiv'd respectfully when they approach,
They yield us aid and listen when we pray.
But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry

* Wrinkled—because the countenance of a man driven to prayer by a consciousness of guilt is sorrowful and dejected. Lame—because it is a remedy to which men recur late and with reluctance. And slant-eyed—either because, in that state of humiliation, they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past misconduct.

The whole allegory, considering *when* and *where* it was composed, forms a very striking passage.

† *Because offences generally proceed either from haughtiness of spirit, or injustice seconded by force.*—Schol. per *Barnes.*

Against us, supplicating that Offence
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield
To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave
Have oft-times been, by honour paid to thee.
For came not Agamemnon as he comes
With gifts in hand, and promises of more
Hereafter; burn'd his anger still the same,
I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.
But now, not only are his present gifts
Most liberal, and his promises of more
Such also, but these princes he hath sent
Charg'd with entreaties, thine especial friends,
And chosen, for that cause, from all the host.
Slight not their embassy, nor disrespect
Their intercession. We confess that once
Thy wrath was unreprovable and just.*
Thus we have heard the heroes of old times
Applauded, who, though furiously incens'd,
Were yet obedient to the gentle sway
Of reason and conciliatory gifts.
I recollect an ancient history,
Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.
The brave Ætolians and Curetes met
Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought
With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian powers
In the defence of Calydon the fair,
And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste:†

* But since Agamemnon repents, and by the compensation he offers, manifests his repentance, it is such no longer. *This is implied.* The gifts therefore are no otherwise urged *as a reason* for which he should be pacified, than as evidence of the king's contrition.

† A colony of Eubœans. They dwelt in Pleuro, a city of Ætolia, and had their name from the mountain Curios.

That strife, illustrious prince! Diana's self
Kindled between them, with resentment fir'd
That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot
The first fruits of his harvest set apart
To her; with hecatombs he entertain'd
All the divinities of heaven beside,
And her alone, Jove's daughter, either through
Impious neglect or inattentive haste
Serv'd not; omission careless and profane!
She, therefore, glorious archeress of heaven,
A savage boar bright tusk'd in anger sent,
Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havock made.
His fruit-trees tall and in full bloom he tore
Sheer from the roots, and heap'd them on the ground.
But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
Slew him, the hunters gathering, and the hounds
Of numerous cities; for a boar so vast
Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,
And many to their funeral piles he sent.*
Then Rais'd Diana clamorous dispute,
And contest hot between them, all alike,
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms
The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
So long as warlike Meleager fought,

* Oeneus was king of Ætolia. His son, Meleager, slew the boar, and being rewarded with his spoils, gave the head and the hide to his mistress Atalanta, who had assisted in the chase. The brothers of Althæa, offended at this disposal of them, conspired against him. Some of them he slew, and others he threatened to expel from the country; whence ensued the war between Pleuro and Calydon, in which Meleager at last proved victorious; but his mother having received a torch from Destiny on the preservation of which *the life of her son* depended, kindled, consumed it, and by *so doing destroyed him.* But repenting too late, she afterward *destroyed herself* also.—*Vide* Barnes et Vill.

Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
But when resentment once had fir'd the heart
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
Excited in the breasts of wisest men,
And his own mother had his wrath provok'd
Althæa, thenceforth with his wedded wife
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retir'd.
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day
Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the king
Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa nam'd
Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shar'd,
And wept like her, by Phœbus forc'd away.*
Thus Meleager, tortur'd with the pangs
Of wrath indulg'd, with Cleopatra dwelt,
Vex'd that his mother curs'd him; for o'erwhelm'd

* Marpessa was herself the daughter of Evenus, and Homer says it; but finding it difficult to say it after him without danger of confusing the reader, I thought it best to give him the intelligence in a note. Evenus was reputed son of Mars, and king of Ætolia. The story to which Homer alludes is this. Idas, by birth a Spartan, travelling to Ortygia in Chalcis in quest of a wife, there seized and carried off Marpessa. Apollo meeting Idas, took Marpessa from him; but the hero bending his bow against the god to recover her, Jupiter ordered her to choose between them. She, apprehensive that Apollo would in time forsake her, finally gave her hand to Idas.

Between the two stories of Marpessa and Alcyone, though that of the latter is related at large by the Scholiast, there seems not to be the least resemblance; for which reason I have not given it here. Homer, perhaps, alludes to some circumstance in the history of Alcyone which has long been lost and cannot now be recovered.

With sorrow, she the mighty gods invok'd
T' avenge her slaughter'd brothers on his head.*
Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees
Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine
To slay her son; nor vain was that request
But by implacable Erynnis heard
Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long
The tumult and the deafening din of war
Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers
Resounded. Then the elders of the town
Despatch'd the high-priests of the gods to plead
With Meleager for his instant aid,
With strong assurances of rich reward.
Where Calydon afforded fattest soil
They bade him choose to his own use a lot
Of fifty measured acres, vineyard half,
And half of land commodious for the plough.
Him Oeneus also, warrior gray with age,
Ascending to his chamber, and his doors
Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew
Still more obdurate. His companions last,
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
The same suit urg'd, yet he persisted still
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors,
And the Curetes climbing the high towers
Began to fire the city, then with tears
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers
Assail'd him; in his view she set the woes

* *She had five brothers:* Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phaner urypylus, Plexippus.

Innumerable of a city storm'd—
Men slaughter'd, palaces reduc'd to dust,
And matrons, with their children, dragg'd away.
That dread recital rous'd him, and at length
Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
Thus Meleager, giving scope at last
To his own ardour, from a fatal day
Sav'd the Ætolians, who the promis'd gift
Refus'd him, and his toils found no reward.
But thou, my son, be wiser; follow thou
No demon who would tempt thee to a course
Like his; occasion more propitious far
Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fir'd.
Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
From all our host, the honours of a god;
For should'st thou, by no gifts induc'd, at last
Enter the bloody field, although thou chase
The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.*
Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.
Phœnix, my aged father, dear to Jove!
Me no such honours interest; I expect
My honours from the sovereign will alone

* The story told by Phœnix is extremely apposite to the case in question, and accordingly furnishes such argument as was most likely to prove successful. Achilles refused his aid to the Greeks, offended by Agamemnon; Meleager, his to the Ætolians, offended by his mother. The wrath of Achilles originates from a calamity caused by Apollo, that of Meleager from one almost as formidable inflicted by Diana. Intercessors are employed and gifts are promised, to assauge the resentment of both heroes. What followed, therefore, in the case of Meleager, Phœnix with great reason deprecates in the case of Achilles; but in vain. The *similitude* obtains to the last. Meleager lost his recompence by relenting too late, and Achilles, too long refusing to go himself to battle, and at last going only by proxy, lost his friend Patroclus.

Of Jove, which shall detain me at my ships
While I have power to move, or breath to draw.
Now mark me well. Assay not thus to melt
My fixt resolve, pleading with sighs and tears
In Agamemnon's cause; O love not him,
Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.
Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
So shalt thou share my glory and my power.
These shall report as they have heard, but here
Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
We will decide, to stay or to depart.
He ceas'd, and with a silent nod enjoin'd
Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
For Phœnix, hopeful that the sign might urge
The others thence; when Ajax, godlike son
Of Telamon, arising, thus began.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Depart we now; for I perceive that end
Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none.
It is expedient also that we bear
Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)
With all despatch, for the assembled Greeks
Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
Within his breast; the kindness of his friends,
And the respect peculiar which ourselves
Have shown him, on his heart work no effect.
Relentless man! all other men accept
Ev'n for a brother slain, or for a son
Due compensation; the delinquent dwells
Secure at home, and the receiver, sooth'd
And pacified, represses his revenge;
But thou, resentful of the loss of one,
One virgin (such obduracy of heart
The gods have given thee) can'st not be appeas'd.
Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,

The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add
Large gifts besides. Ah then, at last relent!
Respect thy roof! we are thy guests; we come
Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks,
Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.
  To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
My noble friend, offspring of Telamon!
Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.
But at the very mention of the name
Of Atreus' son, who sham'd me in the sight
Of all Achaia's host, and bore me down
As I had been some vagrant at his door.
My bosom boils. Return ye and report
Your answer. I no thought will entertain
Of crimson war, till the illustrious son
Of warlike Priam, Hector, shall assail
Here, in their tents, the Myrmidons themselves
And fire my proper fleet. At my own ship,
And at my own pavilion, it may chance
That even Hector's violence shall pause.*
  He ended; they from massy goblets each
Libation pour'd, and to the fleet return'd,
Ulysses at their head. Patroclus, then,

* By no means moved to relent by the speech of Ulysses, but even more incensed by it, to him he replies that he will depart on the morrow. More kindly affected toward Phœnix, in answer to him he promises to deliberate concerning his departure. And feeling much respect for the blunt sincerity of Ajax, to him he concedes still more, and assures him that when the enemy shall penetrate to his own quarters he will no longer remain inactive. Thus he neither bids them despair of his assistance, nor consents to grant it speedily, lest his resentment should seem less vehement than in truth it was.—Nor had Plato, as Clarke observes, any just reason to charge the hero with inconsistency in his answers, for he makes them all according to his feelings at the moment.

Bade the attendant youths and women spread
A couch for Phœnix; they the couch prepar'd
With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay
In expectation of the sacred dawn.
Mean-time Achilles in th' interier tent
With Diomeda, Phorbas' daughter fair,
Convey'd from Lesbos by himself, repos'd.
Patroclus rested opposite, with whom
Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won
The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine,
Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.
Soon as those chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
Arriv'd, with golden goblets in their hands
The Greeks all rose to welcome their return;
Each question'd them, but Agamemnon first.
Tell me, Ulysses! Glory of the Greeks!
Will he defend our fleet; or saith he, No—
And teems his haughty soul with anger still?
To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.
Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men!
He yields not, he renounces not his wrath,
But is incens'd the more, thy gifts and thee
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks
Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
The fleet and people, threatening that himself
Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
And counselling, beside, the general host
To voyage homeward, for that end as yet
Of Ilium wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,
Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath reviv'd.
Thus speaks the chief, and Ajax is prepar'd,
With the attendant heralds, to report
As I have said. But Phœnix in his tent
Sleeps with Achilles, who his stay desir'd,

That on the morrow, if he so incline,
The hoary warrior may attend him hence
Home to his country, but he leaves him free.
  He ended. They astonish'd at his tone
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all.
Long silent sat th' afflicted sons of Greece,
When thus the mighty Diomede began.
  Atrides, Agamemnon, king of men!
Thy supplications to the valiant son
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
Innumerable, had been best withheld.
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
Hath serv'd but to inflate his pride the more.
But leave him; let him or depart or stay
As he shall choose. He will resume the fight
When his own mind shall prompt him, and the gods
Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice.
Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine,
Which are the strength of man; take now repose,
And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair
Shall shine again, set forth without delay
The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
And where the foremost fight, fight also thou.
  He ended; all the kings with warmth extoll'd
His counsel, and the dauntless tone admir'd
Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.*

* Homer excelled all men, not in poetical powers only, but in rhetorical also. For not to mention the address with which he administers either praise, exhortation, or comfort, do we not see in his ninth book, which contains the embassy sent to Achilles, the brightest exemplification of all the arts of forensic eloquence? So that whether the gentle affections or the turbulent be in question, no man can be so blind as not to see that he had them both and equally at his command.—*Quintil.* Lib. X. C. 1.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Diomede and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

BOOK X.

All night the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the chief,
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts
His frequent fires, designing heaviest rain,
Or hail, or snow that whitens all the fields,
Or devastation of wide-throated war,
So frequent from his inmost bosom groan'd
The son of Atreus trembling at his heart.
For cast he but his eye toward the plain
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd,
And thought on his own people, plucking off
His hair, and holding it on high to Jove,
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.*

* How could Agamemnon, from within the rampart, have a view of the fires kindled on the plain, especially in a recumbent posture? The difficulty is solved by a probable supposition that, as the chief in command, he had his pavilion pitched on an eminence.

At length he thus resolv'd; of all the Greeks
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
Of the afflicted Danaï, devise.
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,
And to his royal feet unsullied bound
His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw
Of amplest size, and dappled o'er with blood,
A lion's tawny hide that swept the ground,
Then took his spear. Mean-time not less appall'd
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep
Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake
O'er many waters borne, and now intent
On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
He mantled over, to his head upheav'd
His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand
Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
His brother, mighty sovereign of the host,
And by the Grecians like a god rever'd—
In his ship's stern he found him putting on
His radiant armour; grateful was the sound
To Agamemnon's ear while thus he spake.
My royal brother! wherefore *now* in arms?
Would'tst thou engage some soldier to explore
The Trojan camp? To penetrate, alone,
An adverse host, at so forlorn an hour,
Were dreadful service; such as none, I fear,
Will undertake. That man were bold indeed.
To whom the sovereign of the host replied.
Oh Menelaus! we have urgent need
Of some shrewd stratagem, which may at once
Snatch all from instant ruin; for the mind
Of Jove is alter'd, who, for Hector's sake,
Rejects with scorn all sacrifice of ours.
For such exploits as Hector hath, alone,

This day achiev'd (though neither from a god
Nor goddess sprung*) no single chief, for aught
That I have seen or heard, could ever boast.
Deeds he had done, which, as I think, the Greeks
Shall deeply mourn and long; such numerous ills
Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd.
But haste, begone, and at their several ships
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go
T' exhort the noble Nestor to arise
That he may visit, if he so incline,
The chosen band who watch, and his advice
Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,
Whose son, together with Meriones,
Friend of Idomeneus, controles them all,
Entrusted by ourselves with that command.
  Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms.
Explain thy purpose.—Would'st thou that I wait
Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both
Imparted, that I instantly return.
  To whom the soverign of the host replied.
There stay; lest striking into different paths
(For many passes intersect the camp)
We miss each other; greet the guard aloud
Where thou shalt come, and give them charge to
        watch;
Call each by his hereditary name,
Respecting all. Beware of manners proud,
For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil.†

* Inferior, therefore, in that respect also, to Achilles.—Achilles seems ever present to the thoughts of Agamemnon in this hour of distress and difficulty.—*Clarke.*

† That being known by his voice he might escape the arrest and violence to which, had he been mistaken for an intruder into the camp, he must infallibly have been exposed.

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
Instructed duly, and himself, his steps
Turn'd to the tent of Nestor. Him he found
Beside his sable galley in his tent
Reposing soft, his armour at his side,
Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt
Which, when the senior arm'd led forth his host
To fight, he wore; for he complied not yet
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
With lifted head and on his elbow rais'd
Thus questioning the sovereign, he began.
Who art thou? Thou, who thus alone, the camp
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,
While other mortals sleep? Com'st thou abroad
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?
Speak—come not nearer mute. What would'st thou here?
To whom the son of Atreus, king of men.
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name,
Offspring of Neleus! recollect in me
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.
I wander thus, because that on my lids
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns
Of the Achaians occupy my soul.
Terrible are the fears which I endure
For these my people; courage have I none
Or firmness left; my bosom scarce contains
My bounding heart, and tremors shake my limbs.
But if thy mind, more capable, project
Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems
Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both
Visit the watch, lest haply, overtoil'd
They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.

The foe is posted near, and may intend
(None knows his purpose) an assault by night.
  To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Most glorious Agamemnon, king of men!
Jove never will perform the proud conceits
Of Hector, nor will give effect to all
His tumid expectations; in his turn
He also (fierce Achilles once appeas'd)
Shall trouble feel, and, haply more than we,
But with all readiness I will arise
And follow thee, that we may also rouse
Others; illustrious Diomede, discrete
Ulysses, the swift Ajex, and the son
Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well
Were others also summon'd to the guard,
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
But though I love thy brother and revere,
And may perchance offend thee, speak I must,
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
And leaves to thee the labour who himself
Should range the host, soliciting the chiefs
Of every band, as utmost need requires.
  Him answer'd Agamemnon, king of men.
Oft-times, old warrior! I could even wish
Thy censure of him, tardy as he seems
And indispos'd to toil; yet is not sloth
The cause, or dullness; but he much observes
Me, waiting always till I lead the way.
This night, however, rising first, he stood
Beside me suddenly, and is despatch'd
Already, to awaken whom thou nam'st.
Hence, then—for we shall find them with the guard
At the camp-gate, where they are charg'd to meet,
  To whom the brave Gerenian chief replied,

His pleasure none will controvert, of all
Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise.
So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast,
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
Seiz'd his stout spear well-arm'd with pointed brass,
And issued, first, into the Grecian fleet.
There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice
Sonorous rous'd the godlike counsellor
From sleep, Ulysses; in his heart he felt
The sudden sound; and springing forth, inquir'd.*
Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?
To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Resent it not, for dread is our distress.
Come, therefore; help us also to convene
Others, by office warranted to judge.
If battle may be best, or instant flight.
So Nestor. Then re-entering his tent
Ulysses slung his shield, and coming forth
Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.
Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found
Amidst his sleeping followers; with their shields
Beneath their heads they lay, and, at the side
Of each, stood planted in the soil his spear
On its inverted end? their polish'd heads
All glitter'd like Jove's lightning from afar.†

* Agamemnon is inactive on this occasion and only follows Nestor, in order to show, as the commentator observes, that in times of extreme danger, the wise are more wanted than the mighty, and that a king does well to act an under part in company with persons abler than himself.

† Σαυρωτηρ—seems to have been a hollow iron, with a point fitted to the obtuse end of the spear for the purpose of

Himself, the hero, slept. A wild bull's hide
Was spread beneath him, and on arras ting'd
With splendid purple lay his head reclin'd.
Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
Shook him, and, urgent, thus the chief reprov'd.*
Sleep'st thou all night? and art thou uninform'd,
Tydides! that encamp'd no farther hence
Than on the rising ground beside the ships
Our numerous foes still menace us?—Arise.
He ceas'd; when with a sudden start upsprang
Tydides, and in accents wing'd replied—
Old wakeful chief! thy toils are never done.
Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,
Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call
The kings to council? But no curb controls
Or can abate activity like thine.
To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.
My friend! thou speakest justly. I have sons,
And they are well deserving; I have here
A numerous people also, one of whom
Might have suffic'd to call the kings of Greece.
But such occasion presses now the host
As hath not oft occurr'd; the overthrow
Complete, or full deliverance of us all,
In balance hangs, pois'd on a razor's edge.
But haste, and if thy pity of my toils

planting that end of it in the ground. It might probably be taken off at pleasure.—*F.*

* Why with his heel rather than with his hand? One commentator says, that Diomede lying on the ground, the heel was most convenient. Another, that Nestor treated him thus uncivilly to make him ashamed of his supine inattention to the common danger. But the heel seems to have *been customarily* employed on such occasions, for in the *fifteenth book of the* Odyssey Telemachus awakens Pisistratus *in the same* manner. It is certain therefore that in *ner's days there* was nothing offensive in the action.

Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,
Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard.
  Then Diomede a lion's tawny skin
Around him wrapp'd, depending to his heels,
And, spear in hand, set forth. The hero call'd
Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade.
  They, at the gate arriv'd, not sleeping found
The captains of the guard, but sitting all
In vigilant posture with their arms prepar'd.
As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,
Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds
And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive
Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego,
So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep
That dreadful night, but constant to the plain.
At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.
The old chief joyful at the sight, in terms
Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.
  So watch my children! and beware that sleep
Invade none here, lest all become a prey.
  So saying, he travers'd with quick pace the trench
By every chief whom they had thither call'd
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son
Went, and Meriones, invited both
To join their consultation. From the foes
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.
There seated, mutual converse close they held,
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.*

* *If it* be asked, why Nestor chose not rather to hold this *consultation* within the wall, the answer of Aristotle is, that *intending* to exhort others to go forth and to penetrate the *host of Troy*, had he seemed afraid even to pass the gate

Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust
In his own prowess, as to venture forth
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance,
Might on the borders of their host surprise
Some wandering adversary, or might learn
Their consultations, whether they propose
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
Or, sated with success against the Greeks
So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.
These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
Secure, his recompense will be renown
Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.
From every leader of the fleet, his gift
Shall be a sable ewe, and sucking lamb,
Rare acquisition! and at every board
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest.*
He ceas'd, and all sat silent, when at length
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied.
I, Nestor! feel such courage, and, myself,
Will enter Ilium's host encamp'd so nigh;
But shall adventure with a livelier hope
And be embolden'd much, some valiant friend
Adventuring with me; for a friend may spy
Advantage ere myself, and may advise
Its happiest uses overseen by me.
He ceas'd, and willing to partake his toils

himself, he would have discouraged his hearers and discountenanced the undertaking.

The circumstance of the vacant spot is artfully introduced to impress the mind more powerfully with an idea of the havoc made by Hector. It was difficult to find a seat where the ground was not covered with bodies, nor could it be found at all except at the very point whence Hector had returned from slaughter.

* *Sable*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*, as typical of the fruit of their labours. *Schol. per Barnes.*

Arose no few. Brave ministers of Mars
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son;
Willing, the brother of the chief of all,
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.
Then Agamemnon, king of men, began,
Now, Diomede, in whom my soul delights!
Choose whom thou wilt for thy companion; choose
The fittest here; for numerous wish to go.
Leave not, through deference to another's rank,
The more deserving, nor prefer the worse,
Respecting either pedigree or power.
So spake he, fearing lest his choice should fall
On Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms
The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.
If the election be referr'd to me,
How then can I forget or overlook
Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
With such good will and fortitude endures
Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?
Let *him* attend me, and through fire itself
We shall return; for none is wise as he.
To whom Ulysses, hardy chief, replied.
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,
For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
And know me well. But let us hence! the night
Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars
Are far advanc'd; two parts have nearly pass'd
Of darkness, but the third is yet entire,*
So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.

* *The* night, consisting of twelve hours, was, according *to the* Scholiast, divided into three parts of four hours each. *Seven* hours were now elapsed, an hour therefore of the second portion and the whole third portion still remained.

To Diomede, who at the fleet had left
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
His shield and sword two-edg'd, and on his head
Plac'd, crestless, unadorn'd his bull-skin casque.
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear.
Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclos'd
In his own casque of hide with many a thong
Well brac'd within; without it was secur'd
With boars' teeth ivory-white inserted thick
On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lin'd.
That helmet erst Autolycus had brought
From Eleon, where he enter'd through a breach
Amyntor's mansion and purloin'd the prize.*
He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
In Scandia; from Amphidamus it pass'd
To Molus as a hospitable pledge;
He gave it to Meriones his son,
And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.†
Thus clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
Leaving their fellow cheifs, and as they went
A heron, by command of Pallas, flew
Close on the right beside them; darkling they
Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes.
Ulysses in the favourable sign
Exulted, and Minerva thus invok'd.‡
O hear me, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!

* Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.

† Scandia was a city of Cytheræ, an island belonging to the Spartans, in which Venus was splendidly worshipped, who was thence called Cythera.—Some interpreters, ignorant of this circumstance, have supposed that Scandia was *only another* name for the helmet here mentioned.

‡ *Zoilus* asked how it was possible that Ulysses could rejoice in the omen and not bring the enemy about him? *if joy* must of necessity be clamorous.

My present helper in all straights, whose eye
Marks all my ways, with more than wonted care
This night defend me! grant that after toil
Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
And with immortal honours to the fleet.
Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer preferr'd,
Unconquer'd daughter of imperial Jove!
Me now attend, as erst to Thebes, my sire
The valiant Tydeus; from Asopus' banks,
Commission'd by the Greeks with terms of peace,
To Thebes he went, and in thy strength divine,
O goddess! marvellous exploits achiev'd,
Returning. Such protection, equal aid
Grant also to myself, and I devote
A yearling heifer, with her horns inclos'd
In ductile gold, a sacrifice to thee.
Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well-pleas'd.
Their orisons ended to the daughter dread
Of mighty Jove, like lions they advanc'd
Through shades of night. through carnage, arms, and blood.
Nor Hector to the valiant chiefs of Troy
Permitted sleep, but summoning, the while,
His princes, and the prime of all his host,
Amid the full assembly thus began.
Who, for such recompense as shall requite
His courage gloriously, will undertake
And with good faith perform what I require?
The proudest chariot with the noblest steeds
In the whole camp of Greece he shall obtain,
And bright renown achieve, who dares advance
To listen and to learn in yonder fleet
If still the ships be guarded, or the Greeks,
O'erlabour'd, sleep, and, vanquish'd, mean to fly.

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.
There was one Dolon in the camp of Troy,
Son of Eumedes, herald of the gods,
Who with five daughters had no son beside.*
The youth was wealthy; comeliness of face
Had none to boast, and, running, few to fear.
Such Dolon was, who, standing forth, replied.
My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind
Endued with manly vigour, to approach
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.
But come. For my assurance, lifting high
Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,
The horses and the brazen chariot bright
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.
I will not prove a useless spy, nor fall
Below thy best opinion; pass I will
Their army through, till I shall reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the chiefs, perchance,
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.
Then Priam's son his sceptre seiz'd, and sware.
Be witness Jove the Thunderer! that the steeds
Of Peleus' son by Dolon shall be driven,
And by no Trojan else. They shall be thine,
Brave Dolon! thine to thy perpetual praise.
He said, and falsely sware, yet him assur'd.
Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulders slung
His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around
With a gray wolf-skin, to his head a casque
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
To disappoint his sender, and to bring

* This circumstance is supposed to be mentioned as a *probable cause of* his timidity. Educated with girls only *and having had* no opportunity of athletic exercise in *early days*, he was the less qualified for a warrior.

No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds
And warriors left, with brisker pace he mov'd,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceiv'd,
And thus to Diomede his speech address'd.
  Tydides! yonder man is from the host;
Either a spy he comes, or with intent
To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
Seize on him suddenly; but should he prove
Of swifter foot than we, with threatening spear
Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet,
Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.
So they; then, turning from the road oblique,
Among the carcases each laid him down.
Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.
But when such space was interpos'd as mules
Plough in a day, (for mules the ox surpass
Through fallows deep-drawing the ponderous plough)
Both ran toward him.* Dolon at the sound
Stood; for he hop'd some Trojan friends at hand
From Hector sent to bid him back again.
But when within spear's cast, or less, they came
Knowing them enemies, he turn'd to flight
His agile limbs, and they as swift pursued.
As two fleet hounds taught skilfully the chase
Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare,
And urge her, never swerving from the track,
Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;
So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
Chas'd constant, intercepting his return.
And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon

* Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and *even Aristarchus* seems to have attempted an explanation *in vain*—The translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.

Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force
Inspir'd Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,
And Diomede win only second praise.
He pois'd his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd.
Stand! or my spear shall stay thee. Death impends
At every step; thou can'st not 'scape me long.
He said, and threw his spear, but by design
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift
O'er glancing his right shoulder, pierc'd the soil
Not far beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash
Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.
They panting reach'd him, seiz'd his hands, and he
In tears dissolving, suppliant thus began.
Spare me, and take my ransom. I am rich
In gold and brass and steel, and when he learns
That I am captive at the ships, my sire
Will drain his richest stores to set me free.
To whom Ulysses politic replied.
Take courage; entertain no thought of death.
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why, leaving Ilium's host, hast thou approach'd
The ships alone, while others seek repose?
To gather spoil? To pry and to explore
For Hector's pleasure? Or to please thyself?*
Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied.
Not self-beguil'd I came, but by the lure
Of Hector's specious arts, and by his oath

* Eustathius observes it as an effect of Dolon's terror, that it deprived him entirely of his wonted caution; for having *demanded* an oath from Hector when there seems *to have been little* need of it, he now gives easy credence *even to an enemy*, merely because he bids him take cou*rage, and insists* on no such preliminary.

That the resplendent chariot and the steeds
Of the renown'd Achilles should be mine.
He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades
Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn
If still the ships be guarded, or the Greeks,
O'erlabour'd, sleep, and, vanquish'd, mean to fly.*
  To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.
Thou wast, in truth, ambitious to deserve
No sordid prize. But under mortal sway
Those steeds are restiff, nor with ease controll'd
By any meaner hands than of himself
Æacides, whom Ocean's daughter bore.
But come—speak truth, and truth without disguise.
Where left'st thou Hector at thy coming-forth?
Where shall his armour, chariot, steeds be found?
Where sleep your other chiefs, and by what guard
Attended? Fix ye your encampment here
Till ye assail the ships? or well-content
With victory won, will ye return to Troy?
  To whom this answer Dolon straight return'd,
Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth
Simply and plainly will I utter all.
Hector, with all the senatorial chiefs,
Beside the tomb of sacred Ilus sits
Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.†
But for the guards, hero! concerning whom
Thou hast inquir'd, there is no certain watch
This night appointed to protect the host;
The native Trojans (for *they* can no less)
Sit sleepless all, and each his friend exhorts

* Dolon represents this oath as the bait with which Hector had tempted him, but it was at his instance that Hector *made it.*

† *Ilus* was son of Tros, and from him the city was called *Ilium.* His tomb was equidistant from Troy and the camp of Greece, standing in the middle of the plain.

To vigilance; but all our foreign aids,
Who neither wives nor children hazard here,
Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.*
  To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
How sleep the strangers, and allies?—apart?
Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.
  So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold.
And all most truly. By the sea are lodg'd
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high,
The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.
But wherefore these inquiries, thus minute?
For if ye wish to penetrate the host,
These who possess the borders of the camp
Farthest remov'd of all, are Thracian powers
Newly arriv'd; among them Rhesus sleeps,
Son of Eïoneus, their chief and king.
His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
Ever beheld, and loftiest; snow itself
They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds.
With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
And he arriv'd in golden armour clad
Stupendous! little suited to the state
Of mortal man—more seemly for a god!
Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
Or, where ye find me, leave me straitly bound
Till ye return, and, after trial made,
Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

* *Ὁσσαι γαρ Τρωων πυρος εσχαραι*—As many as are owners of hearths—that is to say, all who are householders here, or nativss of the city.

But him brave Diomede with aspect stern
Answer'd. Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although
Thy tidings please me well, hope not to live;
For should we now release thee, and dismiss,
Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet
A spy or open foe; but smitten once
By this death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
To render mischief to the Greeks no more,*
He ceas'd, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
To touch his beard, and pleaded hard for life,
But with his faulchion, rising to the blow,
On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
His tongue had ceas'd, his head was in the dust.
They took his helmet cloth'd with ferret's felt,
Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seiz'd his bow and spear,
And brave Ulysses, lifting in his hand
The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:
Hail goddess; these are thine! for thee of all
Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke
First to our aid. Now also guide our steps,
Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.
He ceas'd, and at arms-length the lifted spoils
Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,
Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds
And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize

* How could Diomede know his name? Some, therefore, have supposed the word in this place not the name of Dolon but a participle. Others, however, say in reply, that the siege having lasted more than nine years, many individuals of each army must necessarily be known to the other, and Dolon, in particular, was likely to be known to the Greeians, at least by name, being the son of a herald, and that herald a wealthy one.

Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,
Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn.
Thence o'er the bloody champaigne strew'd with arms
Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.
They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay
In triple order regular arrang'd
Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs.
Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first,
And, seeing, signified him to his friend.
Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds
By Dolon specified whom we have slain.
Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,
Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou
The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.
He ceas'd; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
Invigour'd Diomede. From side to side
He slew; dread groans arose of dying men
Deep-wounded, and the earth all swam with blood.
As when he finds a flock unguarded, sheep
Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,
With such unsparing force Tydides smote
The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve;
And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck
Ulysses by his ancles dragg'd aside,
With purpose that the steeds might pass with ease,
Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.
But when the son of Tydeus found the king,
Him also panting forth his last, last breath,
He added to the twelve; for at his head
An evil dream that night had stood, the form
Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devis'd.
Mean-time, the bold Ulysses loos'd the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad

Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge
He thought not in the chariot-seat secur'd)
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,
Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw
The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
The burthen off, or whether yet to smite
More Thracians dead; when him with various thoughts
Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake.
Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrained.
Some other god may rouse the powers of Troy.
She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds
Ulysses smote, and to the ships they flew.
Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
Apollo, forth in vain, but, at the sight
Of Pallas guarding Diomede incens'd,
Descended to the field where numerous most
He saw the Trojans, and at once awoke
Hippocoön, Thracian senator and chief,
Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.*
He, starting from his sleep, no sooner saw
The spot deserted where so lately lay
Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
Gasping around him, than aloud he yell'd
The name of Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,
Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar

* How then is it to be accounted for that he did not interpose to prevent the slaughter of his friends by Diomede? *Jupiter* had forbidden all interference of the gods. But *when* Apollo saw Pallas attending her favourite heroes, as *if justified* by her example, he descended into the field also. —*See Vill.*

Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—
Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
But not their authors—they had sought the ships.
Mean-time arriv'd where they had slain the spy
Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,
The coursers staid, and, leaping to the ground,
The son of Tydeus in Ulysses hands
Plac'd Dolon's armour clotted with his blood,
Then vaulted light into his seat again.
He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew
To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home.
First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said.
Friends! counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!
False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear,
Oh that Ulysses and brave Diomede
This moment might arrive drawn into camp
By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd
In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.*
He had not ended, when themselves arriv'd.
Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute
Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
And first Gerenian Nestor thus inquir'd.
Glory of Greece! Oh chief extoll'd by all!
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquir'd?
In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
Some god who gave them to you? for they show
A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.

* Nestor, having proposed the expedition, was naturally more interested in the success of it, and consequently listened more attentively than others to catch the first notice of their return.—*See Barnes.*

The Greeks considered their enemies as barbarians.

Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight
With Ilium's sons,—lurk never in the fleet—
Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe
Perforce, that ye have gain'd by gift divine;
For Jove and Jove-born Pallas love you both.
  To whom Ulysses, thus, discrete, replied.
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
A god, so willing, could have given us steeds
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.
But venerable chief! these which thou seest
Are Thracians new-arriv'd. Their master lies
Slain by the brave Tydides with no fewer
Than twelve, his noblest warriors, at his side.
A thirteenth also, at small distance hence
We slew, by Hector and the chiefs of Troy
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.*
  He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent
Of Diomede arriv'd with even thongs
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon plac'd, designing them a gift
To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
Their necks and limbs from stains of toil they cleans'd,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd.
Each thus completely lav'd, and with smooth oil

* Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered τρις to τετραχαιδεκατον.—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people.—See Villoison in *loco*.

Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.*

* Ulysses and his companion were not the only Grecians thus employed, for it was now morning, and the hour was come when others would consequently do the same.—*Schol. per Vill.*

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomede is wounded by Paris: Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles despatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

BOOK XI.

AURORA from Tithonus' side arose*
With light for heaven and earth, when Jove despatch'd
Fell Discord down into Achaia's fleet
Bearing the sign of battle in her hand.†

* Tithonus was the son of Laomedon and brother of Priam, a youth of such extraordinary beauty that Aurora stole and kept him concealed in Æthiopia. By him she had two sons, Emathion and Memnon. The former, defending the golden apples, was slain by Hercules, and Achilles slew the latter. Tithonus having asked and obtained immortality from Aurora, but forgetting to ask unfading youth also, grew old, and unable longer to endure the ills of human life, entreated that he might die; but that being impossible, the goddess transformed him into a grasshopper, that if she could no longer be happy in his embraces, she *might at least hear* his voice perpetually.—Vide Schol. per *Vill.*

† *Some say that the sign was lightning, some, an imag*

High on Ulysses' towering ship she stood
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
And of Achilles, who, confiding both
In their heroic fortitude, their barks
Had station'd last and utmost of the line.
There plac'd, a piercing cry she sent abroad
Among th' Achaians, such as thirst infus'd
Of battle ceaseless into every breast.
All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek
Their native country through the waves again.
Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks
Gird on their harness, and himself put on
Bright armour. First around his legs he clasp'd
His shining greaves with silver studs secur'd,
Then bound his corslet to his bosom, gift
Of Cynyras long since; for rumour loud
Had Cyprus reach'd of an Achaian host
Assembling, destin'd to the shores of Troy;
Wherefore, to gratify the king of men,
He made the gorgeous decoration his.*
Ten rods of azure steel that corslet bore,
Twice six of gold, twice ten of brightest tin;†

representing hostility, some, a sword, and some, a torch with which she fired the spirits of the combatants.

* Son of Bias, and so rich that he is said not only to have entertained the whole Grecian army many days, but to have promised also to furnish them with subsistence during the siege. But it is likewise said, that, proving unmindful of his promise, he was cursed by Agamemnon, and soon after slain by Apollo because he had dared to contend with him on the lyre. His daughters also, fifty in number, on the same account all perished in the ocean.—*See Vill.*

† The arrangement of these rods is supposed to have been alternate, first a rod of steel, then of tin, after that a golden one, then again a rod of tin, and again a rod of steel. Two of gold, according to this disposition of the

Six spiry serpents their uplifted heads
Cerulean darted at the wearer's throat,
Splendour diffusing as the various bow
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
A sign to mortal men.* He slung his sword
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.
His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
High-wrought and beautiful, he next assum'd.
Ten brazen circles bright around its field
Extensive, circle within circle, ran;
The central boss was black, but hemm'd about
With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
The loop was silver, and a serpent form
Cerulean over all its surface twin'd,
Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
Together wreath'd into a stately crown.
His helmet quâtre crested, and with studs
Fast rivetted around, he to his brows
Adjusted, whence tremendous wav'd his crest
Of mounted hair on high.† Two spears he seiz'd

rods, remain unaccounted for, which are supposed to hav been both attached to the superior part of the corslet where it adjoined the neck.

* Τρεις εκατερθ,—Three on a side. This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it no where but in the *Venetian Scholium.*

† Quâtre-crested. So I have rendered τετραφαληρον, which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted. The word quâtre-*crested may need* a precedent for its justification, and seems *to have* a sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of *Shakspeare.*

Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.
Sounds like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
And by Minerva rais'd to extol the king
Of Opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around.*
At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
Hold fast beside the margin of the trench
In orderly array; the foot all-arm'd
Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
Rose infinite into the dawning skies;
First, to the trench, th' embattled infantry
Advanc'd; then came the chariots near behind.†
Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
Excited, and from ether down he shed
Blood-tinctur'd dews among them; for he meant
That day to send full many a warrior bold
To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.
  Opposite, on the rising ground, appear'd
The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,
Noble Polydamas, Æneas rais'd
To godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
Agenor, and in stature, form, and air
Divine, the youthful Acamas advanc'd.
Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
Bore in the van, and as a comet now
Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,
Obscur'd by gloomy vapours, disappears,
So Hector, marshalling his host, in front
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear.
All cas'd in brass he flam'd, and on the sight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove ægis-arm'd.

* *This* seems the proper import of εγδουπησαν. Jupiter *is called* εριγδουπος.

† *The* translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of passage to us not very intelligible.

As reapers, toiling opposite, soon strike
An alley through some rich man's corn, his wheat
Or barley, severing swiftly from the soil,
So Greeks and Trojans, with resistless force
Assailing and assail'd, each others ranks
Swept; ignominious flight alike they scorn'd,
Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft, and rush'd as wolves to blood.*
Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight
Beheld exulting; she, of all the gods,
Alone was present; of the powers beside
None interfer'd, but each his bright abode
Quiescent occupied wherever built
Among the windings of th' Olympian heights;
Yet blam'd they all the tempest-stirring son
Of Saturn, for his purpos'd aid to Troy.
Th' eternal father reck'd not; he, apart
Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd
His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd
Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash
Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.
While morning lasted, and the light of day
Increas'd, so long the weapons on both sides
Flew in thick vollies, and the people fell.
But, what time his repast the woodman spreads
In some umbrageous vale; his sinewy arms
Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,
And his wants satisfied, he feels at length
The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,
Then was it, that encouraging aloud

* Such was their manner of reaping. Two reapers or more, beginning on opposite sides of the field, persevered till they met in the middle.—See Vill.

The original simile is said to have been a great favourite *with Alexander* the Great, and probably would be so with *any modern hero* acquainted with it.

Each other, in their native virtue strong,
The Greeks forc'd every phalanx of the foe.*
Forth sprang the monarch first; he slew the chief
Bianor, nor him only, but with him
Oïleus also driver of his steeds.
Oïleus, with a leap alighting, rush'd
On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault
Encountering, with well-pointed spear his front
Met full; nor could his helmet's brass sustain
That violence, but scull and helmet both
Shattering, the bloody weapon all his brain
Polluted, and his martial rage repress'd.
The king of men despoil'd and left them both
With shining bosoms naked. Isus, next,
And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons
Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne,
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
And Antiphus, a warrior high renown'd,
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surpris'd
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loos'd.
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
Above the pap pierc'd Isus; next, he smote
Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
And from his chariot cast him to the ground.
Their arms in haste he stripp'd, well knowing each;
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.
As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
The tender offspring of the nimble hind,
Entering her lair, and takes their feeble lives;

* The poet thus marks the moment the more clearly to illustrate the valour of the Grecians. The woodman at noon grows weary, reposes himself and takes his sustenance, but exactly then it was that the Greeks exerted themselves most and bore down all before them.

She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts
Herself away, trembling at such a foe,
So them no Trojan there had power to save,
Self-saving flight the sole concern of all.
Pisander and Hippolochus the brave
He next assail'd, whose mercenary sire
Antimachus, with gold by Paris bought.
When others would, still, resolute, refus'd
To render Helen at her lord's demand;
His sons, in one bright chariot borne, the king
Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)
With trepidation and united force
Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment
Seiz'd both; Atrides with a lion's rage
Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.
Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept
Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,
And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report
That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
Will recompense thee with a glorious price.
So they with tears and gentle terms the king
Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.
Are ye indeed the offspring of the chief
Antimachus, who when my brother once
With godlike Laertiades your town
Enter'd ambassador, his death advis'd
In council, and to let him forth no more?
Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire.*
He said, and from his chariot to the plain

* *The person* of an ambassador was then, as it is now *sacred, and to violate* them was deemed an outrage of whi *only barbarians* could be capable.

Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance
His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
He slew; cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,
And roll'd it like a mortar through the ranks.*
He left the slain, and where he saw the field
With thickest battle cover'd thither flew.
By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.
The scatter'd infantry constrain'd to fly
Fell by the infantry, and bruis'd beneath
The wheels of rolling chariots charioteers
Lay gasping, while the steeds with thundering hoofs
The dust excited, and the king of men
Incessant slaughtering, call'd his Argives on.†
As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
From side to side in flakes the various wind
Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks
Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
So under Agamemnon fell the heads
Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud
The empty chariots through the paths of war
Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers depriv'd;
They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives.
Hector, the while, withdrawn by Jove, escap'd

* Antimachus, as we have seen, had *contaminated his fingers with base bribes* received from Paris, and Agamemnon, considering the son as a substitute, inflicts on him the punishment which his father's crime had merited.

Ολμος was a round stone scooped hollow in which they pounded pulse and other hard substances.—*Schol. per Barnes.*

† *The* Grecians at large are indiscriminately called *Danaï*, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The *Phthians* in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.

The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field,*
And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
Call'd loud the Grecians. Through the middle plain
Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son
Of Dardanus, toward the fig-tree flew
The Trojans panting to regain the town,
While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,
Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,
And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.†
But at the beech tree and the Scæan gate
Arriv'd, the Trojans halted, waiting there
The rearmost fugitives who o'er the field
Came like a herd, which in the dead of night
A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd
To death inevitable; her with jaws
True to their hold he seizes, and her neck
Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;
So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
Slaying, and still pursuing, urg'd them on.
Many a dismounted warrior press'd the field
Supine or prone, by Agamemnon's spear
Exerted with surpassing fury, slain.
But now, at last, when he should soon have reac
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the sire
Of gods and men descending from the skies,
And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed
Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot

* Homer surpasses all poets in the art of exaggeration. These various particulars thus rapidly enumerated amount only to a battle, but give a much more forcible impression of the subject than could be conveyed in the aggregate.—*Gellius.*

† *The tomb of* Ilus, as has been already mentioned, stood *in the midway* between Troy and the Grecian camp, and *the fig-tree grew* close to the walls of the city. The form *translation* of the passage therefore was erroneous.

The golden-pinion'd Iris, thus he gave
The rapid messenger his will in charge.
  Iris! away! Thus speak in Hector's ears.
Long as he sees the king of men engag'd
Thus fiercely in the van, and mowing down
The Trojan ranks, elsewhere he must alone
Direct and rule, not wage, himself, the war.
But soon as pierc'd by either shaft or spear
He shall regain his chariot, Hector's force
Redoubling, I will strengthen him to slay
Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
  He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
Storm-wing'd ambassadress, but from the heights
Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found
Amid the throng of chariots and of steeds
The son of Priam; at the hero's side
She stood, and thus the will of Jove declar'd.
  Hector, brave son of Priam, wise as Jove!
I bring thee counsel from the sire of all.
Long as thou seest the king of men engag'd
Thus fiercely in the van, and mowing down
The warrior ranks, elsewhere thou must alone
Direct and rule, not wage, thyself, the war.
But soon as pierc'd by either shaft or spear
The king shall to his steeds again, thy force
Redoubling, he will strengthen thee to slay
Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
  So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd.
Then Hector from his chariot at a leap
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,
Rang'd every quarter, animating loud
The legions, and rekindling horrid war.

Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and fac'd the Greeks;*
The Greeks their host to closer phalanx drew;
The battle was restor'd, van fronting van
They stood, and Agamemnon into fight
Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.
Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy
Oppos'd the force of Agamemnon's arm?
Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,
Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace
Mother of flocks was nourish'd.† Cisseus him
His grandsire, father of Theano prais'd
For loveliest features, in his own abode
Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd
The measure of his glorious manhood, thence
Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,
Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his bride
As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve
Following the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
The same course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,
And, there debarking, came on foot to Troy.‡
He first oppos'd Atrides. They approach'd.
The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;

* Our language perhaps will hardly bear the boldness this metaphor, but the translator was unwilling to lose the import of the original ἐλελιχθησαν, and could find no medium.

† Nursed and educated in Thrace but born in Troy; for his mother being priestess of Minerva could never have visited Thrace herself. She, therefore, soon after his birth, had consigned him to the care of her father, Cisseus, who gave him his aunt for a bride.—The wife of Diomede bore the same relationship to her husband.—*Vill.*

‡ Percope stood on the banks of the Hellespont, and he landed at that city because the Grecians being masters of the sea, he could not with security to his fleet conduct farther.—*Schol. per Barnes.*

The Thracian him beneath the corslet reach'd
And with his whole united weight and force
Essay'd to pierce the zone; but, temper'd ill,
His point against the silver press'd in vain,
And doubled with the pliancy of lead.
Then royal Agamemnon in his hand
The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage
Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe
Extorting it, with faulchion keen his neck
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
So slept Iphidamas the soldier's sleep,
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
Aiding his fellow citizens in arms
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.
He gave her much, at once an hundred beeves,
And promis'd her a thousand sheep and goats
Beside, for numberless his meadows rang'd;
But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.
No sooner Coön, that illustrious chief,
And eldest-born of old Antenor, saw
His brother's fall, than sorrow dimm'd his eyes;
To Agamemnon's side unseen he came,
And through the thick protuberance of his arm
Below the elbow, the whole glittering point
Of his keen lance impell'd. The king of men
With thrilling horror seiz'd, from battle, yet,
Ceas'd not, but, grasping still his ponderous spear,
Rush'd after Coön. Coön, by his heel
Dragg'd his own father's offspring thence away,
His lov'd Iphidamas, and, as he dragg'd,
Call'd every Trojan leader to his aid,
When him so occupied Atrides pierc'd
With his keen point beneath the bossy shield.
Expiring on Iphidamas he fell

Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.
Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand,
Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
By turns employing spear, sword, massy stones,
While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.
But when the wound, once dry, had ceas'd to bleed,
Anguish intolerable undermin'd
Then, all the might of Atreus' royal son.
As when a labouring woman's arrowy throes
Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
Infixt, dispensers of those pangs severe;
So, anguish insupportable subdued
Then, all the might of Atreus' royal son.
Upspringing to his seat, at once he bade
His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,
Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,
With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.*
Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks
Now ward, yourselves, the battle from your ships,

* Ilithya is used by the Roman poets as another name for Lucina, but Homer speaks of a plurality of such goddesses, yet gives us neither their number nor their respective names. His Muse also is always nameless.

The poet, it is observed, first sends the king of men from the battle, then the principal and most distinguished leaders, in order that the subsequent firing of the fleet may seem to have been occasioned rather by the disorder of the host in the absence of their chiefs, than by their want of courage. —*Schol. per Vill.*

The Grecian ladies were wont to say of the original simile, that it must have been composed by some female Homer who had borne a child, or was, perhaps, at the very moment, in the article of labour.—Plutarch. Lib. de Amatoriis.

For, by command of all-controlling Jove,
Myself, ere yet the day descends, retire.
He ended, and the charioteer his steeds
Lash'd to the ships; they not unwilling flew,
Bearing from battle the afflicted king
With foaming chests and bellies gray with dust.
Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy.
Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus! oh summon all your might,
Now, now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!
Glory and honour from Saturnian Jove
On me attend; now full against the Greeks
Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name.
He spake—and all drew courage from his word.
As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
Against the lion or the forest-boar,
So Priameïan Hector cheer'd his host
Magnanimous against the sons of Greece,
Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among
The foremost warriors, with success elate
He strode, and flung himself into the fight
Black as a storm which sudden from on high
Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood.*
Then whom slew Priameïan Hector first,
Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?
Assæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaus,
Autonoüs, Hipponoüs, Æsymnus,
Opheltius and Opites first he slew,
All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,

* *The storm* is described as rushing down immediately *from the clouds*, because storms that take such a direction *are most violent*, and cannot be guarded against. So unforeseen *and so terrible* was the arrival of Hector.

e.* As when whirlwinds of the west
ncounter from the gloomy south,
s roll multitudinous, and the foam
by wandering gusts fills all the air,
swept the Grecians. Then defeat
dy and havock had ensued,
the routed Grecians, flying, sought
s again, but that Ulysses thus
brave Tydides to his aid.
e comes it, Diomede, that we forget
d courage! Hither, O my friend!
ing at my side, ward off the shame
be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.†
m the valiant Diomede replied.
irm; fear not; thou ne'er shalt find
ing; yet small fruit of our attempts
w, for the Thunderer, not to us,
Trojan, gives the glorious day.
o spake, and from his chariot cast
as to the ground pierc'd through the pap,
Ulysses' hand his charioteer
olion fell. The warfare thus
r ever clos'd, they left the slain,
ing deep into the warrior-throng
the multitude. As when two boars
erate on the close-pursuing hounds,
eturning on the host of Troy,
ll sides, and, overtoil'd with flight
tor's arm, the Greeks mean-time respir'd.
iors, next, their chariot and themselves
, both brave plebians, and whose sire,

as a Dolops also among the Trojans—See Book
are he assails Meges and is slain by Menelaus.
now takes his turn to encourage Diomede;
tely fled himself and was called back by Dio-

Percosian Merops, in prophetic skill
Surpass'd all others; he his sons forbade
The mortal field, but disobedient they
Still sought it for their destiny prevail'd.*
Spear-practis'd Diomede of life depriv'd
Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,
While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus
Died and Hypeirochus. And now the son
Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, pois'd
The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.
Tydides plung'd his spear into the groin
Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
Agastrophus. No steeds at his command
Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer
His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van
Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.
But Hector suddenly through all the ranks
Discern'd and with ear-piercing cries advanc'd
Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.
The son of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach
Perceiv'd, and instant to Ulysses spake.
  Now comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!
Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.
  He said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam
Smote Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd
Nor err'd, but brass encountering brass, the point
Glanc'd wide, for he had cas'd his youthful brows
In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift.
Yet with rapidity at such a shock
Hector recoil'd into the multitude
Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd

* The original says—They took—though Diomede only took them; making the act of one common to both, because they fought in concert.

On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
But while Tydides follow'd through the van
His stormy spear, which in the distant soil
Stood planted, Hector, his suspended sense
Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,
And, driving deep into his host, escap'd.
The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand,
Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.
  Dog! thou art safe again, but hast escap'd
The mischief narrowly. Once more thy prayers
Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st
Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd,
And he hath rescued thee. But well beware
Our next encounter, for if also me
Some god befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.*
  He spake, and of his splendid armour stripp'd
The son of Pæon. But, conceal'd, the while,
Behind a stately pillar of the tomb
Of ancient Ilus, Paris arch'd his bow
Against Tydides. Of his corslet's mail,
His ponderous helmet and his bossy shield
He, stooping, stripp'd Agastrophus the brave,
When with an arrow of no devious flight
The paramour of Helen pierc'd the sole
Of his right foot, and fix'd it to the ground.
Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:†

* The expression does not imply a doubt in Diomede whether he had such an assistant among the gods, or not, for he knew well that Minerva was always ready to befriend him. But the problematical *if* has the force, here, of a strong affirmative, and the sense of the words is—As sure *as I have also among the Deities* a friend to aid me.

† *The poet* always anxiously attentive to the honour of *is countrymen*, takes care that Agamemnon and Diomede

Thou hast it, and it galls thee. Ah I would
That it had pierc'd thy heart, and thou had'st died!
So had our host who fly from thy approach
As kids before a lion, breath'd again!
To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied.
Tongue-valiant archer! exquisitely skill'd
In woman, and with womanish delight
To curl thy scented locks! Once, face to face,
Essay my force in battle, and thy bow
With all thy shafts shall, then, avail thee nought.
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot,—no more—
And I regard it as I might the stroke
Of a weak woman or a simple child.
The weapons of a dastard and a slave
Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
And whom they pierce, though slightly pierc'd, he dies.
His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.
He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the chief
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
But pierc'd with agonizing pangs the while.
Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
The brave Ulysses; not an Argive more

shall each receive his wound from an unseen enemy. Neither Coön dared to face the former, nor Paris the latter.—He is careful also to remind us continually of the crime of Paris, whom he rarely mentions without the dishonourable addition here annexed.

Remain'd, so universal was the rout,
And groaning, to his own great heart he said.
  Alas! what now awaits me? if, appall'd
By multitudes, I fly, no trivial harm,
And if alone they intercept me here,
Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host.
Yet why these doubts; for know I not of old
That only dastards fly, and that the voice
Of honour bids the fam'd in battle stand,
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?
  While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks
Of Trojans, fronted with broad shields, enclos'd
The hero with a ring, hemming around
Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
Around a boar, he bolts from his retreat
The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws;
They press him on all sides, and from beneath
Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy;
Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd
Ulysses dear to Jove. First, spear in hand,
He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierc'd
Deïopites; Thoon next he slew,
And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs
Alighting quick, Chersidamas; beneath
His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd
Right through his navel; on the plain he fell
Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.
Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,
Brother of Socus, portly chief, and son
Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid
Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.*
  Ulysses, glorious chief, renown'd alike

* (Ευηγενεος) τȣ τω σωματι ευφυȣς.—Schol. per Vill.

For strength and stratagem! Or boast to-day
Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,
Of armour and of life bereft by thee,
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own!
So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew
Transpierc'd his twisted mail, and from his side
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,
Retir'd a step from Socus, and replied.
Ah hapless youth! thy destiny impends;
Me thou hast forc'd indeed to cease a while
From battle with the Trojans, but I speak
Thy death at hand; for, vanquish'd by my spea
This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.*
He ceas'd; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
He pierc'd him, and the spear urg'd through breast.
On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall.
Ah Socus, son of Hippasus the brave
Equestrian chief! More rapid far than thou
Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escap'd.
Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes
Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw
Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing
While me the noble Grecians shall intomb!
So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew
From his own flesh, and through his bossy shie
The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and
His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,

* *His horses* are said to excel because death is ine

Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
Each other, and, with force united, all
Press'd on him.* He, retiring, summon'd loud
His followers. Thrice, with all his powers of voice,
He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
Hearing the sound, to Ajax thus remark'd.
  Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice
Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear
With such a sound, as if the hardy chief,
Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd
By numbers intercepting his retreat.
Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.
His worth demands our succour; for I fear
Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy,
Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.
  So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike chief,
Follow'd him. At the voice arriv'd, they found
Ulysses dear to Jove hemm'd all about
By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
Adust, for blood, swarm round an antler'd stag
Pierc'd by an archer; while his blood is warm
And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;
But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,
In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,
The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,
Conducts a lion thither, before whom
All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;
So swarm'd the bold and numerous sons of Troy
Around Ulysses, who with wary skill
Heroic combated his evil day.
But Ajax, bearing his enormous shield

* *Lycurgus* made a law that the Spartans should go to battle clad in crimson, that when they bled, their enemies might not know it.

Tower-like, approach'd and at Ulysses' side
Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispers'd,
And Menelaus led him by the hand
Till his own chariot to his aid arriv'd*
But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood
Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak
And many a pine the torrent sweeps along,
And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
Horse and man slaughtering; whereof Hector yet
Heard not; for on the left of all the war
He fought beside Scamander, where around
Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight†
There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
And horsemanship achieving, and the lines
Of many a phalanx desolating wide.
Nor even then the Grecians had retir'd,
But that an arrow, triple-barb'd, despatch'd
By Paris, Helen's mate, against the chief
Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
Pierc'd his right shoulder, and no small alarm

* The chariot of Menelaus is here intended; for Ulysses, it is observed by the commentator, had none, being an islander and an inhabitant of an island too rough for carriages.

† Trees are probably intended here which having been some time felled and either left on the bank to season, or that they might in due time be floated down the stream to the place where they were wanted, by a great swell of the waters were suddenly swept away.—See VIII.

The valour-breathing Grecians felt, lest he
In that disastrous field should also fall.
At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.
  Arise, Neleian Nestor! Pride of Greece!
Ascend the chariot, and, Machaon plac'd
Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet.
For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
Th' inherent barb, is worth a multitude.*
  He said, nor the Gernian hero old
Complied not or delay'd but to his seat
Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.
He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought
The Grecian fleet as their familiar home.
  Cebriones, mean-time, the charioteer
Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
Observing sore discomfited, began.
  Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts
Of roaring battle, and mean-time I see
Our host confus'd, their horses and themselves
All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there
Routs them! I know the hero by his shield.
Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage there

* It is observed by the commentator that Machaon, being wounded in the shoulder only, might have been sent to the fleet on foot, but that the poet provides him a place in Nestor's chariot, in order that, passing swiftly the bark of Achilles, he might be imperfectly discerned by that hero, who therefore sends Patroclus to ascertain him. Thence ensues the death of Patroclus, thence the return of Achilles to battle, and thence the death of Hector—On so slight a circumstance depends the whole catastrophe.

The observation is just, and in nothing are the wonderful *forecast and ingenuity* of Homer more strikingly exem*plified.*

Of horse and foot conflicting furious, most
Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.
He said, and with his scourge sonorous smote
The long-man'd steeds; they, starting at the sound,
Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men
Trampling; with blood the axle underneath
All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops
From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.*
Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
Among the Greeks, for nought he shunn'd the spear.†
All quarters else with faulchion or with lance,
Or with huge stones he rang'd, yet still declin'd
Th' encounter of the Telamonian chief.
But the eternal father thron'd on high
With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fixt he stood,
His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
And, hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askaunt,
Watchful retreated.‡ As a beast of prey
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.
As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,

* Thus it is that in few words and without seeming to intend it, Homer gives us a more adequate idea of the immense slaughter, than an inferior poet would have conveyed by the most elaborate description.

† This interpretation of—μινυθα δε χαζεΓο δορος—is taken from the Scholium by Villoison.—It differs from those Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either.

‡ The shield was not only borne in the hand but suspended also by a belt. It could not otherwise have been thrown behind.—*Vill.*

Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
Sullen, and with reluctance slow retir'd,
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,
Whose tough sides erst have shiver'd many a staff,
Enters the harvest' and the spiry ears
Crops perservering; with their rods the boys
Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
Scarce drives him forth when he hath browz'd his fill,
So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids
With glittering lances keen huge Ajax urg-d,
His broad shield's centre smiting.* He, by turns,
With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense
Facing, repuls'd them, and by turns retir'd,
But still forbade all inroad on the fleet.
Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd
Some, in his shield's thick folds unwilling staid,
While others, in the midway falling, spent
Their disappointed fury in the ground.
Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
Him seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelm'd,
Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,
And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck

* If these staves are supposed to have been broken by the boys, their might will appear rather formidable than puny. But in fact the poet compares Ajax to an ass so often exercised with the cudgel that he hardly feels such discipline as boys can give him. The line displaced by the present was therefore wrong translation.

Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd
The ruthless point, and, falling, he expir'd.
Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;
Whom soon as Paris from afar descried
Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,
He drew his bow against the chief and sent
A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed
Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within.*
Eurypylus alarm'd and shunning death
To his own band retir'd, but, as he went,
With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—
Friends! counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
Turn ye and stand, and from the evil hour
Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; his escape
From roaring fight seems hopeless, yet, oh stand
With firmness for the Telamonian chief!
So spake the wounded warrior. They at once
With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,
To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy
The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.
Thus burn'd th' embattled field as with the flames
Of a devouring fire. Mean-time afar
From all that tumult the Neleian mares
Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom,
Leader rever'd, Machaon also rode.*

* The timidity of Paris appears as often as he acts at all. The bow is his weapon for the sake of distance, and when he shoots, it is either from behind a screen, or at an enemy too busy to notice him.—*Vill.*

† Mares produced by those of Neleus, for the mares driven by the father of Nestor had been dead many years.—*Vill.*

The poet has now sent all his bravest and most distinguished warriors wounded from the field, Ajax alone excepted. Agamemnon, Diomede, Ulysses, Machaon, Eurypylus, and Teucer are all disabled, that the Trojan inroad on the fleet may be accounted for without prejudice to the honour of the Grecians. Ajax is from this time the princ

Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,
Spectator of the toil severe and flight
Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.
He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
Within his tent the sudden summons heard
And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware
That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.
Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.
  What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:
  Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!
Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.
But fly, Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!
Inquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,
I most believ'd him Æsculapius' son
Machaon; but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
My galley, that his face escap'd my note.
  He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.
  Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent
Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
Releas'd the coursers. On the beach awhile
Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool air
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
Then on soft couches in the tent repos'd.*

pal figure till Patroclus sallies, and after the death of Patr
clus becomes again conspicuous, till he is superseded b
Achilles, whose achievements close the poem.

* Critics, infected with a false delicacy peculiar to m
dern times, have been offended by this passage; but c
Homer have avoided the word ἱδρῶν by substituting c
ainty as perspiration in its place, he would hav

Mean-time, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,
The old king's beauteous captive, whom he brought
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd
The city, daughter of the noble chief
Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest
For Nestor, as the honourable meed
Of counsels always eminently wise.
She, first, before them blac'd a table bright,
With feet cerulean; thirst-provoking sauce
She brought them also in a brazen tray,
Garlick and honey new, and sacred meal.
Beside them, next, she plac'd a noble cup
Of labour exquisite, with golden studs
Embellish'd, which the ancient king had brought
From Pylus; it presented to the grasp
Four handles, and two golden doves on each
Sat feeding, by two twisted vines sustain'd.*
That cup once fill'd, another old as he
Could scarce have mov'd the weight, but it was light
In nestor's hand; he lifted it with ease.
The graceful virgin in that cup a draught
Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and savoury cheese
Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp,
Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepar'd,

dained to do it. If they will not allow a man to *sweât* on ordinary occasions, yet methinks after the fatigues of battle they may hold him excusable.

* For the new version of this long mistaken passage I am indebted to the very ingenious observations, relating to Nestor's cup, which Mr. Clarke, the Antiquarian, introduced into his learned work upon Saxon Coins—by giving a new and well-supported sense to the word Πυθμεν, that amiable scholar has most happily illustrated the description of Homer, and displayed the emblematic propriety and elegance of this celebrated cup.

She gave it to their hand; they, drinking, slak'd
Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat
Conversing friendly, when the godlike youth
By brave Achilles, sent, stood at the door.*
Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
Arose, and introducing by the hand
Entreated him to sit; but that request
Patroclus, on his part refusing, said.
Oh venerable king! no seat is here
For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.
He is irascible and to be fear'd
Who bade me ask what chieftain thou hast brought
From battle wounded; but untold I learn;
I see Machaon, and shall now report
As I have seen; oh ancient king! thou know'st
Achilles fiery, and not slow to charge
Even the unoffending with a fault.
To whom the brave Gerenian thus replied.
Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks
Such deep concern? He little knows the height
To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie
By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,

* Some of the commentators censure Homer for giving such a potion to a wounded man, while others affirm that no physician could possibly have prescribed a fitter. A third sort observe that the ancients concerned themselves little about the diet of their patients, who were more robust than we, and therefore less liable to injury by imprudent management. Be these things as they may, a cordial of some kind could hardly be unseasonable to a man faint with loss of blood and the fatigue of battle. A better than Pramnian wine possibly was not to be procured; the meal was perfectly innocent, and a few rasyings of cheese, if they liked it, would not much enhance the fever.

The garlick was perhaps the most exceptionable article *of all.*

Pramne was a mountain of Caria, famous for its vines

Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious chief,
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear;
Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,
And here lies still another newly brought
By me from fight, pierc'd also by a shaft.*
What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid
Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.
Waits he till every vessel on the shore
Fir'd, in despite of all Achaia's host,
Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs
No longer lives th' agility of my youth.
Oh for the vigour of those days again,
When Elis, for her cattle which we took,
Strove with us, and Itymoneus I slew,
Brave offspring of Hypeirochus; he dwelt
In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.
Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
Drove off abundant booty from the plain,
Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
As many, with as many sheep and swine,
And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
All breeders; many with their foals beneath.
All these, by night returning safe, we drove
Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart
Of Neleus gloried that a son, so young
A warrior, had obtain'd so rich a prize.
At early dawn the heralds summon'd all
Who had demands on Elis, and our chiefs,
Assembling too, distributed the spoil.

* *It* would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank *to have* mentioned *his* wound first; but Nestor making this *recital* to the *friend* of Achilles, names him slightly, and *without* any addition.

*For of our citizens no few had claims
On the Epeans, who, when Pylus fell
O'erthrown by Hercules some years before,
Advantag'd by our weakness and the deaths
Of all our mightiest, among whom I lost
Eleven brothers, and alone surviv'd
Of all my father's house, had thence presum'd
T' insult and harass us with many wrongs.†
A herd of beeves my father for himself
Selected, and a numerous flock besides,
Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.
For he a claimant was of large arrears
From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds
With his own chariot to the games he sent,
That should contend for the appointed prize
A tripod; but Augeias, king of men,
Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
Repining home. My father, therefore, fir'd
At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
For satisfaction of the claims of all.
While thus we busied were in these concerns,
And in performance of religious rites
Throughout the city, came th' Epeans arm'd,
Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
On the third day; came also clad in brass
The two Molions, inexpert as yet

* This interjected matter, rather intricate in itself and adding not a little to the length of a story long enough without it, is justified and even much admired by Clarke for the reason given at the end of the preceding note; and certainly none was ever more competent than Clarke to judge of Homer's beauties.

† It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—See Scholium per Villoison.

In feats of arms, and of a boyish age.*
There is a city on a mountain's head,
Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
Nam'd Thryoëssa, and, with ardour fir'd
To lay it waste, that city they besieg'd.†
Now when their host had travers'd all the plain,
Minerva from Olympus flew by night
And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow
T' assemble, but impatient for the fight.
Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm,
But hid my steeds; for he suppos'd me raw
As yet, and ignorant how war is wag'd.
Yet, even thus, unvantag'd and on foot,
Superior honours I that day acquir'd
To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on
Herself to victory. There is a stream
Which at Arena falls into the sea,
Nam'd Minueïus; on that river's bank
The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
And thither all our foot come pouring down.
The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites
We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
To Neptune, and a heifer of the herd
To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,
From van to rear, our legions took repast,

* Sons of Actor and Molione. They are said to have had two heads with four hands and feet, though but a single body, and, being so formed, to have been invincible both in battle and in athletic exercises. Even Hercules could slay them no otherwise than by stratagem, which he did when he desolated Elis.—See Schol. per Vill.

† The same that in the catalogue is called Thyrea, and it stood on the boundary between Pylus and Elis.—Barn

And slept beside the river on their arms.
Already the Epean host had round
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,
A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
For when the radiant sun on the green earth
Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,
We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
And the Epeans thus were close engag'd,
I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,
And seiz'd his coursers. He the eldest-born
Of king Augeias' daughters had espous'd
The golden Agamede; not an herb
The earth produces but she knew its powers.
Him rushing on me, with my brazen lance
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd
Into his seat, and plac'd me in the van.
A panic seiz'd th' Epeans when they saw
The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a chief
Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
Lay two slain warriors, grinding with their teeth
The dust, all vanquish'd by my single arm.
I had slain also the Molions, sons
Of Actor, but the sovereign of the deep
Their own authentic sire, in darkness dense
Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
Then Jove a victory of prime renown
Gave to the Pylians; for we chas'd and slew
And gather'd spoil o'er all the champaigne spread
With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven
To the Buprasian country rich in corn,
To the Olenian rock, and to a town
In fair Alesia situate, and nam'd
Colona. There it was that Pallas turn'd
Our people homeward; there I left the last

Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
Then drove th' Achaians from Buprasium home
Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of gods above,
Receiv'd most praise, Nestor of men below.*
Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
His virtues close, an unimparted store;
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,
His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
But recollect, young friend! the sage advice
Which when thou cam'st from Phthia to the aid
Of Agamemnon, on that self same day
Menœtius gave thee. We were present there,
Myself and Laertiades within,
And heard it all; for, gathering to the war,
State after state, the citizens of Greece,
Where royal Peleus dwells, at length, we came.
We found thy noble sire Menœtius there,
Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood
To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court
Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
Libation pouring from a cup of gold.
While ye on preparation of the feast
Attended both, Ulysses and myself
Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew
Toward us, introduc'd us by the hand,
And, seating us, such liberal portion gave
To each, as hospitality requires.
Our thirst, at length, and hunger both suffic'd,
I, foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars;
And ye were eager both, but from your sires

* The length of this story related to a person impa as Patroclus was, is excused by the critics as an ar employed by the poet in order to effect the subse meeting between Eurypylus and this friend of Achi At any rate it is a fine stroke of nature. The mor sonable the prolixity, the more characteristic.

Much admonition, ere ye went, receiv'd.
Old Peleus charg'd Achilles to aspire
To highest praise, and always to excel.
But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advis'd.
"My son! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
But thou art elder; he in strength excels
Thee far; thou, therefore, with discretion rule
His inexperience; thy advice impart
With gentleness; instruction wise suggest
Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."
So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,
In vain; yet even now essay to move
Warlike Achilles; if the gods so please,
Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
To rouse his valiant heart? Men rarely scorn
The earnest intercession of a friend.
But if some prophecy alarm his fears,
And from his goddess mother he have aught
Receiv'd who may have learnt the same from Jove,
Thee let him send at least, and order forth
With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope
Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.*
And let him send thee to the battle clad
In his own radiant armour; Troy, deceiv'd
By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance
From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite; it is all that war allows.
Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
May easily repulse an army spent
With labour, from the camp and from the fleet.
So Nestor, and with ardour fir'd his soul.
Back to Æacides through all the camp

* This suggestion, that Achilles might possibly have *more reasons than* one for absenting himself from battle, i *artfully made*, and with a design to pique and stimulate hi *the more.—See Vill.*

He ran; and when, still running, he arriv'd
Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
The forum, where they minister'd the laws
And had erected altars to the gods,
There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
Illustrious, met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
And halting back from battle. From his head
The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
And from his perilous wound the sable blood
Continual stream'd; yet was his mind compos'd.
Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
Compassion felt, and mournful, thus began.*
Ah hapless senators and chiefs of Greece!
Left ye your native country that the dogs
Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?
But tell me, hero! say, Eurypylus!
Will the Achaians still in any sort
Withstand enormous Hector, or is this
The moment when his spear must pierce us all!
To whom Eurypylus, discrete, replied.
Patroclus, dear to Jove! there is no help,
No remedy. We perish at our ships.
The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,
Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
Increases ever. But thyself afford
To me some succour; lead me to my ship;
Cut forth the arrow from my thigh; the gore
With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report

* Nestor had kindled the courage of Patroclus, and this interview between him and Eurypylus serves well to second *what Nestor* had begun. The sight of his wounded friend, *the intelligence* he receives from him, and the fall of the *rampart* while he sits conversing with him, are so many in*centives*, which, united, could not fail to determine his *conduct*.

Achilles taught thee; taught, himself, their use
By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind.
For Podalirius and Machaon both
Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,
Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid
Himself, and Podalirius in the field
Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.
  To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.
Hero! Eurypylus! I stand perplex'd.
How must we act? what course shall we pursue?
I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear
I bear a message from the ancient chief
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks;
Yet will not, even for that urgent cause,
My friend! abandon thee in thy distress.
  He ended, and enfolding in his arms
The warrior, bore him thence into his tent.
His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
With hides, on which Patroclus at his length
Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next,
He cleans'd the gore, and cast a bitter root
Bruis'd small between his palms, into the wound.
At once, the anodyne his pains assuag'd,
Dried the deep hurt, and staunch'd the sable stream.

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

BOOK XII.

So was Menœtius' valiant son employ'd
Healing Eurypylus.* The Greeks, mean-time,
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.
Nor was the foss ordain'd long time t' exclude
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built
Beside it for protection of the fleet;
For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,
Nor prayer to heaven, that it might keep secure
Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work
As in defiance of the immortal powers
Had risen, and could not, therefore, long endure.
While Hector liv'd, and while Achilles held
His wrathful purpose; while the city yet
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long
The massy structure stood;† but when the best

* Patroclus is more than once celebrated for his humanity and gentleness of spirit, and the attention he gives to Eurypylus in a moment when he knew himself impatiently expected by Achilles, is a proof that he merited that commendation. The virtues which Homer ascribes to his heroes appear always in their conduct. In his poems we find *no such person* as the *Fidus* Achates of Virgil, always *fidus* yet never evincing his fidelity.

† *That is to say*—a part of it; for part was demolish

And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
And of the Grecian heroes, some had fallen
And some surviv'd, when Priam's towers had blaz'd
In the tenth year, and to their native shores
The Grecians with their ships, at length, return'd,
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagu'd, devis'd
Its ruin; every river that descends
From the Idæan heights into the sea
They brought against it, gathering all their force,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,
Æsepus, and Granicus, with the swift
Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream
Simoïs, whose banks with helmets and with shields
Were strew'd, and chiefs of origin divine;
All these with refluent course Apollo drove
Nine days against the rampart,* and Jove rain'd
Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd
From end to end at once might disappear.
Neptune with his tridential mace, himself,
Led them, and beam and buttress, by the Greeks
With labour fixt, consigning to the flood,
Swept the foundation, and the level bank
Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restor'd.
The structure thus effac'd, the spacious beach
He spread with sand as at the first! then bade

by Sarpedon, and still more of it by Apollo when he levelled it before the Trojans.

* It is accounted strange by some commentators that the gods should be nine days employed in the destruction of a rampart built by the Greeks in one, and much ingenious labour is bestowed on the solution of this difficulty. But Homer, who seldom scruples where his gods and his countrymen come into competition, to give the advantage to the latter, intended, not improbably, a compliment to the Grecians at the expense of Neptune and Apollo.

The streams subside, and in their channels wind
With limpid course and pleasant as before.*
Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,
Design'd its fall; but now the battle rav'd
And clamours of the warriors all around
The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
Rang, while the Grecians by the scourge of Jove
Subdued, stood close within their fleet immur'd,
At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.
He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought.
As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
Turns short against the hunters and the hounds,
The troop before him in square battle form'd
Stand plying him with spears, while no dismay
He feels or terror in his noble heart,
But by his courage falls; oft-times he turns
Assaying hardily the ranks, and where
He points his onset, there the ranks retire;
So, through the concourse, on his rolling wheels
Borne rapid, Hector animated loud
His followers, urging them to pass the trench.

* How sublimely are the images which the poet insinuates by the names of Jupiter, Neptune, and Apollo, expressed in Scripture!

"*The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.*"

The poet having built his wall in honour of Achilles, whose absence from the fight made such an expedient necessary, introduces here an acconnt of its complete destruction soon after, in order to gain the more credit to his fiction. If no traces of any such structure could be found, it was no proof that none such had ever existed, for Neptune and Apollo had effaced them.

The lesson here inculcated is good, and is one of many instances in proof of Homer's piety, who was persuaded *himself*, and teaches others, that the most laborious works *of man* are vain, if begun and ended with an impious indifference to the will of heaven.

But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
That hazard; standing on the dangerous brink
They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight
To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt
To pass it through, so downright were the banks
On both sides, and set thick with massy piles
Sharp-pointed, interdicting all assault.
No courser to the rapid chariot brac'd
Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires
Possess'd the infantry of that emprise,
And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.*
Hector, and ye the leaders of our host,
Both Trojans and allies! the effort rash
I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,
So dangerous is the pass; rough is the trench
With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend
Or charioteer fight there; so closely pent
And hemm'd on all sides, he were sure to bleed.†

* Another Polydamas is mentioned by the commentato
a sort of giant among his cotemporaries, who when he w
a stripling only, slew a lion on Mount Olympus, without t
aid of any weapon. Entering a herd of cattle he seiz
the largest and fiercest bull by one of his hinder feet,
which he held him to the ground so fast that the bull co
only escape by leaving his hoof in his hand. He seized
chariot driven at full speed, and, pulling against the hors
stopped them. Many similar feats he performed, and di
at last the victim of his superior strength. For the roof o
cave in which he and his friends sat drinking in the heat
the day, threatening to fall in and crush them, the rest r
out and escaped, but he, supporting the ruin with h
hands, continued to do so till it fell and buried him.

† This, according to the Scholiast, is here the true me
ing of τρωσεσθαι—Ιωνες γαρ τας τροπας τραματα κα
—*See Vill.*

If Jove, high-thundering ruler of the skies,
Will succour Ilium, and nought less intend
Than utter devastation of the Greeks,
I am content; now perish all their host
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven
Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd
In this deep foss, I judge that not a man,
'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive
To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.
Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.
Bid each his charioteer his coursers hold
Fast rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot,
With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,
All follow Hector; for if heaven ordain
That, now, they perish, their defeat is sure.
So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
Pleas'd Hector; from his chariot to the ground
All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
(When once they saw the hero on his feet)
Ride into battle, but, unanimous
Descending with a leap, all trod the plain.
Each gave command that at the trench his steeds
Should stand detain'd in orderly array;
Then, suddenly, the parted host became
Five bands, each following its appointed chief.
The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts
Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage
The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd
And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
And chariot trusted to inferior care.
Paris, Alcathous, and Agenor led
The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
Deïphobus and Helenus, the third;
With them was seen, their partner in command,

The hero Asius; from Arisba came
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From the Selleïs' banks by martial steeds
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.
The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controll'd
Æneas; under him Antenor's sons,
Archilochus and Acamas, advanc'd,
Adept in all the practice of the field.
Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy
Led by Sarpedon; he with Glaucus shar'd
His high control, and with the warlike chief
Asteropæus; for in all his host,
Himself except, far bravest of them all,
None deem'd he brave or skill'd in arms as they.
Shield join'd to shield, at once right on they mov'd
With march impetuous, nought believing less
Than that the Greeks, too feeble to sustain
Their first approach, should perish on the shore.
The Trojans, thus, with their confederate powers,
The counsel of the accomplish'd prince pursued,
Polydamas, one chief alone except,
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave
His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
And sought at once the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
His evil hour was come; ordain'd was he
With horse and chariot and triumphant shout
To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.
Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades
Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.
Leftward of all the fleet he drove, the way
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,
Nor found the portal by its massy bars
Secur'd, but held wide open to receive

The fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.*
Right on toward the gates he drove, by all
His shouting band attended; for they judg'd
The Greeks no longer able to withstand
Their foes, but doom'd to perish in the camp.
Vain hope! for in the gate two chiefs they found
Of Lapithean race, brave offspring each
Of dauntless father; Polypœtes, this,
Sprung from Pirithous; that, the warrior bold
Leonteus, dreadful as gore-tainted Mars.†
These two, defenders of the lofty gates,
Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
On the high mountains day by day endure
Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil;
So they, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw,
Unmov'd, high-towering Asius on his way,
Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach.
Right on toward the barrier, lifting high
Their season'd bucklers and with clamour loud
The band advanc'd, king Asius at their head;
With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,
Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son
Of Asius, and Oenomäus, led them on.‡
Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud
The Grecians to defend the fleet, had stood
Within the gates; but soon as they perceiv'd
The Trojans swiftly rushing to the wall,
And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,

* The gate was held open in order that, if the (should threaten to enter, they who held it might in ately shut it against them.—*Vide Schol. per Vill.*

† The Lapithæ descended from Lapithus, son of I and the nymph Stilla.

‡ Orestes—an ally of Troy, bearing the same na the son of Agamemnon.

Both sallying, before the gates they fought,
Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills
The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
With start oblique lay many a sapling flat
Short broken by the root, nor cease to grind
Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die;
So sounded on the breasts of those brave two
The smitten brass; for resolute they fought,
Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,
And trusting in their own; they, in defence
Of camp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd
Of stones precipitated from the towers;
Rapid as snows they flew, which stormy winds,
Driving the gloomy clouds, shake down from heaven,
Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.
Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
The Trojans; arid casques of tough bull-hide
And bossy shields resounded, by that storm
Of millstone masses from above assail'd.
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd.
  Jove! even thou art altogether false
And tak'st delight in fraud. Full sure I deem'd
That not a Grecian hero should abide
One moment force invincible as ours,
And lo! as wasps ring-strak'd,* or bees that build
Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side
Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait
Th' invaders coming, in their brood's defence,
So these, although two only, from the gates
Move not, or will, till either seiz'd or slain.†

* The word is of scripture use: see Gen. chap. xxx. where it describes the cattle of Jacob.

† Homer's characters are always consistent. Asius, im-

So Asius spake, but speaking so, chang'd not
The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.
Others, as obstinate, at other gates
Such deeds perform'd, that to enumerate all
Were difficult to any, save a god.*
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end
Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks,
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
They guarded still; nor less the gods themselves,
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.
At once the valiant Lapithæ began
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son
Brave Polypœtes through his helmet pierc'd
Damasus; insufficient prov'd the brass
To guard him, for the weapon entering crush'd
The bone within, and mingling all his brain
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.
Mean-time Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt
He pierc'd; then, drawing forth his faulchion keen
Through all the multitude he flew to smite

pelled by rashness to attack the gate alone, by the same rashness is impelled to express the bitterness of his disappointment in blasphemy; and in blasphemy of the most unreasonable kind; for he charges Jupiter with deceiving him, merely because, by his own sanguine and unwarranted expectation, he had deceived himself.

* There is much controversy concerning this plurality of gates. Zenodotus even rejects the passage on their account, and Aristarchus insists on it that the rampart had but one. This seems strange; for when Nestor advised them to fortify the camp, he not only recommended a wall, but towers also at proper intervals, and in each tower a gate. Neither does it appear possible that when the whole host of Greece being routed, sought the shelter of their wall again, such a multitude and so confused could have gained admittance at one gate only.

Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next
He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd,
All three together, on the fertile glebe.
While them the Lapithæ despoil'd, mean-time
Polydamas and Hector at the head
Of all the bravest youths and most resolv'd
To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet,
Stood at the foss, still pondering the event.
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd,
Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still
And mindful of revenge; for while the bird
Compress'd him to his bosom, he his head
Retorting struck him at the throat; heart-sick
With pain the eagle cast him to the ground
Between the hosts, and clanging loud his plumes,
As the wind bore him, floated far away.
Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet
The spotted serpent ominous, and thus
Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake.*
Hector! my best advice in council given
Meets ever thy reproof; yet duty bids
The private citizen what most he deems
Conducive to thy good, That plainly speak
At all times, but in times of battle most.
Hear, then, my best advice yet once again.

* The Scholiast inquires why Jupiter, ordaining victory to the Trojans, sent them an unpropitious omen? And replies that he did it for the encouragement of the Grecians. Absurdly enough, as Clarke observes, since the Trojans were not destin'd ultimately to conquer, but to prevail for a time only, and then to see the victory snatched out of their hands.

Proceed we not in our attempt to reach
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
Respect the Trojans bent to pass the trench,
Then, as the eagle soar'd between the hosts
With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,
Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd
His eyry, or could give it to his young,
So we, although with mighty force we burst
Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
Should all retire, shall never yet the way
Tread honourably back by which we came.
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
An augur skill'd in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.
To whom, dark-lowering, Hector thus replied.
Polydamas! thy words now please me not;
Thou could'st have counsell'd better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the gods
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
Assurance to myself announc'd,* and make
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
Which I alike despise, speed they their course
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy east,
Or leftward down into the shades of eve.
Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,
But the best omen is our country's cause.
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
For lay we all in slaughter'd heaps around
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,

* *Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.*

Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
That moment stricken by this spear thou diest.*
So saying he led them, who with deafening roar
Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills
Jove hurl'd a storm which bore the dust in showers
Right on the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd
Of the Achaians, and the glory gave
To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm
In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore
The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,
And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd
To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheav'd.
All these, with expectation fierce to break
The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,
Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
Mean-time from tower to tower the Ajaces mov'd
Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
With harsh rebuke, if any they observ'd
Declining basely to partake the fight.
Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!

* After the desolation of Troy by Hercules, Priam ascending the throne sent messengers to consult the oracle at Delphos; they, having received their answer, returned to Troy accompanied by Panthus the Delphian, whom they persuaded to exchange his native place for a residence in the court of Priam that he might serve him as his domestic prophet. There he married Pronome, daughter of Clytius, and by her became the father of Polydamas whom he taught his art.—*Schol. per Barnes.*

Hector, telling him that his words *now* please him not, *intimates* that they pleased him well in the foregoing instance. *See line* 75.—This is implied in the Greek expression ὅκ ἔτ, as M. Dacier has justly observed.

Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note!
And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
All have not magnanimity alike,)
This day's occasion offers work to all,
As of yourselves, untaught by me, ye know.*
Turn not, retreat not to your ships, dismay'd
By sounding menaces, but press the foe;
Encourage each the other, and, perchance
Olympian Jove, the Thunderer, even now
Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
The routed Trojans to their gates again.
So they, vociferating to the Greeks,
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows
Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,
Then shakes them down continual, covering thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
And cultur'd valleys rich; the havens too
Receive it largely, and the winding shores.
But ocean bounds it there, while Jove enwraps,
As with a fleecy mantle, all beside,
So thick alternately by Trojans hurl'd
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
The stony vollies flew; resounding loud
Through all its length the batter'd rampart roar'd.†
Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd
To burst the gates, and break the massy bar,
But Jove his son Sarpedon urg'd t' assail

* Because the weakest, even women, might assist in tumbling down stones on the assailants.—*Vill.*

† When on a former occasion the poet compared the discharge of stones from the battlements to snow driven by a *stormy wind*, he intended to express the force and swiftness *with which* they flew, but here he intends their frequency. —*Schol. per Vill.* *See L.* 134 of this Book.

The Grecians with a famish'd lion's rage.
At once his polish'd buckler he advanc'd
With leafy brass o'erlaid; for with smooth brass
The forger of that shield its oval disk
Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout
Had lin'd it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.
That shield he bore before him; firmly grasp'd
He shook two spears, and with determin'd strides
March'd forward.* As the lion mountain-bred,
After long fast, and by the impulse urg'd
Of his undaunted heart, invades the flock
E'en in the shelter of their guarded home;
He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
And all their dogs awake, yet not for them
Resigns his hope, but either leaps the fence
And entering tears the prey, or in th' attempt
Pierc'd by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself;
So his high courage to th' assault impell'd
Godlike Sarpedon, firing him with hope
To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus,
Son of Hippolochus, his speech he turn'd.†
Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honour ours,
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
Why gaze they all on us as we were gods
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds
Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd
To firmness here, and to encounter bold
The burning battle, that our fair report
Among the Lycians, may be blazon'd thus—
No dastards are the potentates who rule

* One attached to the inside of his shield, the other in his right hand.—*Vill.*

† *Sarpedon* seems to distinguish himself here only that the greater glory may redound to Patroclus who slays him in the sequel.—*Vill.*

The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
But they are also valiant, and the fight
Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death
That threats us here, we also could escape
Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
Immortal, I would neither in the van
Myself expose, nor would encourage thee
To tempt the perils of the glorious field.
But since a thousand messengers of fate
Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,
If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.
He said, nor cold refusal in return
Receiv'd from Glaucus; therefore, right toward
The barrier, both their numerous Lycians led.
Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
Their dread approach, for to his tower they bent
Their threatening march. With eager looks he search'd
The Grecian lines for some undaunted chief
Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:
He saw, where never sated with exploits
Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent,
But vain his efforts were with loudest call
To reach their ears, such was the deafening din
Upsent to heaven, of shields and crested helms,
And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate
They thundering stood, and urg'd alike at each
Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.
To Ajax therefore he at once despatch'd
A herald, and Thoötes thus injoin'd:*

* *Teucer*, considering that no mention is made of any

My noble friend Thoötes! with all speed
Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;
Far better so; for havock is at hand.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower
My station. But if also there they find
Laborious conflict pressing them, at least
Let valiant Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.
He spake, nor was Thoötes slow to hear,
But close beside the rampart of the Greeks
Ran rapidly, and, at their side arriv'd,
To either Ajax, eager, thus began.
Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs
With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,
However short your stay; the aid of both
Will serve him best, for havock threatens there.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower
His station. But if also here ye find
Laborious conflict pressing you, at least
Let valiant Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.
He spake, nor his request the towering son
Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech
To Ajax Oïliades address'd.
Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both
(Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
The Greeks to battle. I depart to meet
The Lycians yonder, and, due succour given,
To brave Menestheus, will at once return.

vine interposition to heal him, returns very speedily indeed to battle; for it was but on the preceding day that Hector disabled him.—Schol.

So saying, the Telamonian chief withdrew,
With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,
Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.
Arriving at the turret given in charge
To the bold chief Menestheus, and the wall
Entering, they found their friends all sharply tried.
Black as a storm the senators renown'd
And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.
First, Ajax son of Telamon, a friend
And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge
That crown'd the battlement's interior side,
He smote him. No man of our puny race,
Although in prime of youth, had with both hands
That weight sustain'd; but he the cumberous mass
Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.
It burst his helmet, and his batter'd scull
Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tower
Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died.
But Teucer (for as Glaucus climb'd the wall
He bar'd his arm) transpierc'd it with a shaft,
And quell'd his fierce assault. The Lycian prince
Back from the lofty barrier with a leap
Descending, stole from battle; lest the Greeks,
His hurt perceiv'd, should triumph in his pain.
Grief seiz'd at sight of his retiring friend,
Sarpedon, who forgat not yet the fight,
But Thestors's valiant son Alcmaon pierc'd,
Then pluck'd the weapon forth; the wounded chie
Still following as he pull'd, fell prone at last,
And his resplendent armour rang aloud.
Then brave Sarpedon, tugging with both hands
The battlement, it fell, and ample space
For entrance left in the dismantled wall.

But Teucer with a shaft, and with a spear
Ajax, at once assail'd him. Teucer's shaft
Flew to his bosom; but the purple belt
That bore his shield (so Jove himself decreed
Who would not that his son should there be slain)
Effectual interpos'd. His mightier spear
Huge Ajax, springing to his thrust, enforc'd
Right through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock
With backward step short interval recoil'd,
But not retir'd, for in his bosom liv'd
The hope of glory still, and, looking back
On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,
  Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?
Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task
Not easy, through the breach that I have made
To win a passage to the ships, alone.
Follow me all—Most labourers, most despatch.*
  So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
Th' imbattled host to closer conflict mov'd,
Obedient to their counsellor and king.
On th' other side the Greeks within the wall
Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need;
Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain,
Nor, since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.
But as two claimants of one common field,
Each with his rod of measurement in hand,
Dispute the boundaries, litigating warm
Their right in some small portion of the soil,
So they, divided by the barrier, struck
With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,

* πλεονων δε τοι εργον αμεινον.—This is evidently
verbial, for which reason I have given it that air
translation.

And the light targets on each other's breast.
Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made.
Pierc'd through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
He died, and many pierc'd right through the shield.
The battlements from end to end with blood
Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides
Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move
The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight.
So hung the war in balance, as the scales
Held by some woman scrupulously just,
A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,
Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes,
Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
To Priameïan Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd
Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host,
Now press them, now ye warlike chiefs of Troy,
Advance together! Break the rampart—hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet.
Such was his exhortation; they his voice
All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct
Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
On the high battlement their glittering spears.
But Hector seiz'd a stone; of ample base
But tapering sharp before the gate it stood.
No two, though such as in these days are fam'd
For strength beyond all others, could with ease
Have heav'd it from the earth up to a wain,
But Hector swung it easily alone,
So light the Thunderer made it in his hand.
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within

Their corresponding force combin'd transverse
To guard them, and one bolt secur'd the bars.
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the bars
Endur'd not, and the planks riven by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.
In leap'd the godlike hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quivering spears.
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,
Save of the gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd;
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

JOSEPH WHETHAM,

IMPORTER,

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,

No. 22 South Fourth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

STANDARD LITERATURE.

Just received from Europe, upwards of ten thousand volumes of Standard Literature, among which are the following:—

Baxter's Complete Works, in 23 vols.
Simeon's do. 21 do.
Owen's do. 21 do.
Tillotson's do. 10 do.
Lightfoot's do. 13 do.
Hawker's do. 10 do.
Lardner's do. 10 do.
Flavel's do. 6 do.
Reynold's do. 6 do.
Skelton's do. 6 do.
Bingham's do. 8 do.
Chillingworths do. 3 do.
do. do. 1 do.
Hopkins' do. 4 do.
Hervey's do. 6 do.
Newton's (John Rev. do. 4 do.
Do. (Bishop) do. 6 do.
Robertson's Complete Works in 6 vols.
Knox (Vicesimus) do. 7 do.
Barrow's do. 7 do.
Sherlock's do. 5 do.

Watt's do. 9 do.
Bull's do. 8 do.
Edwards' do. 10 do.
Do. do. 1 do.
Jones (of Nayland) do. 6 do.
Shirley's do. 6 do.
Smith's (Adam) do. 5 do.
Secker's do. 6 do.
Hall's do. 3 do.
Halyburton's do. 1 do.
Witherspoon's do. 9 do.
Taylor (Jeremy do. 3 do.
Doddridge's do. 2 do.
Leighton's do. 2 do.
McGowan's do. 2 do.
Ambrose's do. 2 do.
Hurd's do. 8 do.
Jay's do. 3 do.
Chalmer's do. 1 do.
Fletcher's do. 2 do.
McLean's do. 7 do.
Howe's do. 1 do.
Blair's Sermons, 5 do.

Matthew Henry's Miscellany, 1 do.
Stewart (Dugald) complete do. 7 do.
Erskine (Ebenezer) do. 3 do.
Fuller's Worthies of England, 2 do. 4to.
Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials, 6 do.
Patrick Lowth and Whitby's Commentaries, 6 do.
Hewlet's Bible, 3 do.
Geddes' do. 3 do.
Bloomfield's Critical Digest, 8 do. 8vo.
Do. Greek Testament, 2 do.
Wittsius on the Creed, 2 do.
Do. Covenants, 2 do.
Jortin's Complete Works, in 3 vols.
Pittman's do. 2 do.
Whitfield's do. 1 do.
Latimer's do. 2 do.
Coleman's do. 1 do.
Atterbury's do. 2 do.
Wesley's do. 2 do.
Venn's do. 2 do.
The Preacher, 8 do.
The German Pulpit, 1 do.
The Churchman Armed, 3 do.
M'Knight on the Epist. 1 do.
Do. do. 4 do.
Do. with Greek, 6 do.
Charnock's Discourse, 1 do.
Burkitt on the New Testament, 1 do.
Guyse's Paraphrase, 6 do.
Burnet's History of his own Times, 4 do.
Burnet's Reformation, by Nares, 4 do.
Do. 6 do.
Do. on 39 Articles, 1 do.
Gurnall's Christian Armour, 4 do.
Harmer's Observations, 4 do.
Gill's Body of Divinity, 3 do.
Hills do. 2 do.
Dick's do. 2 do.
Ridgley's do. folio, 1 do.
Doolittle's do. folio, 1 do.
Scrivener's do. folio, 1 do.
Dwight's do. 4 do.
Watson's do. 1 do.
Turretin's do. 4 do. 4to.
Stapferi's do. 5 do.
Stackhouse's do. 3 do.
Lime Street Lectures.
Dewar's Moral Philosophy, 2 do.
Hall on Baptism, 4 do.
Gale's Reply to Wall, 1 do.
Warburton's Divine Legation, 2 do.
Hugg's Introduction to New Testament, 10 do.
Hall's Contemplations, 3 do.
Milner's Church Hist. 1 do.
Michaelli Law of Moses, 4 do.
Sturdivant's Preacher's Manual, 2 do.
Woodrow's Church History, 4 do.
Robinson's Scripture Characters, 1 do.
Brewster's Lectures on Acts, 1 do.
Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, 3 do.
Hewlett's Commentaries, 5 do.
Campbell on the Four Gospels, 2 do.
Do. on Miracles, 1 do.
Ecclesiastical History, 1 do.
Grave's Sermons, 1 do.

Penrose on Human Motives, 1 do.
Do. Scripture Miracles, 1 do.
Elsey on Gospel and Acts, 2 do.
Modern Divines of Geneva, 1 do.
Jenour's Translation of Isaiah, 2 do.
Booth's Pedo-Baptism Examined, 3 do.
Archbishop Land's Sermons, 2 do.
Law's Theory of Religion, 1 do.
Simpson's Deity of Jesus, 1 do.
Anacharsis' Travels, 7 do.
Turner's Anglo Saxons, 3 do.
Lelas' Life of Middleton, 2 do.
Lucas on Happiness, 2 do.
Good on Job, 1 do.
Crutwell's Concordance, 1 do.
Memoir of Simon Episcopii.
Luther on Bondage of the Will, &c. &c.

Persons purchasing for Colleges, Theological Seminaries, and Public Libraries, are respectfully invited to call and examine the stock.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to.

J. W.'S PUBLICATIONS.

Dick's (Rev. John) Theology, 2 vols. 8vo.
Jones' Church History, 8vo.
Witsius on the Covenant, 2 vols. 8vo.
Neale's History of the Puritans, 3 vols. 8 vo.
Massilon's Sermons, 1 vol. 8vo.
Leland's Deistical Writers, 1 vol. 8vo.
Ellis on Divine Things, 1 vol. 12mo.
Fisher's Marrow of Divinity, 12mo.
Jenning'e Jewish Antiquities, 8vo.
Cole on God's Sovereignty, 12mo.
How's Delighting in Jesus, 12mo.
Calvin on the Romans, 12mo.
Calvin's Life, 12 mo.
Memoir of Rev. John H. Rice, 12mo.
——— Halyburton, 12mo.
Canon of Scripture, by Dr. Alexander, 12mo.
Gurnall's Christian Armour, 8vo.
Brown's Pastor Manual, 12mo.
Alexander's Evidences, 12mo.
Miller (Dr.) on Baptism, 12mo.
——— Clerical Manners and Habits, 12mo.
Pike and Haward's Cases of Conscience, 12mo.
Bridges on the 119th Psalm, 12mo.
Court of Rome, 1 vol. 12mo.
The Nun, by Mrs. Sherwood, do.
Social Tales, by do. do.
Faber on Infidelity, 12mo.
Mathews on the Divine Purpose, 18mo.
Companion to the Sick, by Rev. S. G. Winchester.
Test of Truth, by Mary Jane Graham, 18mo.
Freeness of Grace, by do. 18mo.
Nulty's Elements of Geometry, 12mo.
Kennedy's Arithmetic, 18mo.
Smart's Horace, 2 vols. 18mo.
Drew on the Soul, 12mo.
——— Resurrection, 12mo.
Ramsey's Missionary Journal, 12mo.
Evangelical Music.
Bishop Berkley's Works, 3 vols. 8vo.
A Mother's Request, answered in letters of a fa
his daughters.